

*Always Plenty
To Be
Thankful For*

*Trowbridge, Eaton, & Argus
Family History,
Steuben County & Rochester, NY
1850-1980*

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and
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to the ancestors

and their descendants

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Introduction

The original version of these memoirs was handwritten in a spiral notebook. The first page was dated October 11, 1966, and began, “For a long time I have wanted to write some of the things I can remember as a child. Perhaps my grandchildren will enjoy reading this.” After returning to Rochester in 1978, I was able to visit Grandmother often, and began writing down the stories she told me about her youth, and asking questions. In this way we occupied many pleasant hours, and many more details were added to the original autobiography.

Even earlier, when I visited as a child, Grandma often took out the (cigar?) boxes of old photos and letters, and while pointing out different people told stories about relatives and friends who at that time were of little interest to me.

Besides family history, this narrative preserves a bit of Americana from a day when almost all the technology that influences our lives was new or unknown. It begins in a small farming community in the western Finger Lakes region of New York, when electricity, telephones, automobiles, and indoor plumbing were rare. Of course there were no radios, movies, shopping malls, or airplanes—although Hammondsport was soon to become a ‘cradle of aviation.’ Even vitamins and some basic sanitary practices were unknown. Travel was slow, usually by horse. Large parts of

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the Earth were unexplored. Neighbors and relatives did a lot more visiting than is now generally the case. Babies were born at home, and early deaths not uncommon. They made their own entertainment, not to mention making most of their own food and clothing. In the days of limited technology, there were far fewer *things* in people's lives. They lived in close contact with each other, and with the Earth and its seasons.

In the twenty-five years since printing the first edition of two hundred copies, I have gathered much more information from Grandma and have considerably filled out the family history with details from other sources, as will be apparent. The biography now contains first-hand information from six generations, and covers a period of about two hundred years. It is about six times as long as the original, and has been enriched with over two hundred photos.

Many people have contributed to this history. Jeff and Pat Eaton have been generous in providing old family photos and details of the life of their grandfather Lester, as well as information about the Eaton family. Bill Gillett, Onolee's grandson, has generously shared the results of his genealogical research on the Eaton family from the early nineteenth century. Grandma's children, Doris, Don, and Gene, have all shared memories of their childhood over the years. Gene's son Michael has provided photos from his family's collection. Carole Day, Grandma's only niece, has shared recollections of her grandmother Lottie Eaton (Argus) Delaney and of the rest of the family.

To these, and to all who have encouraged this work by their interest, I am most grateful. Josephine would certainly be surprised and pleased with what we have all accomplished.

As far as possible while organizing this material, I have attempted to retain Grandma's own words, merely deleting repetitions and changing phrases natural in conversation but not in a written account. Supplemental material should be readily identifiable, and appears for the most part in regard to the more remote times, or is from official documents.

It seemed so strange to me, that apparently not one in all the generations of our ancestors thought to make a record of what

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life was like for him or her. Besides the natural curiosity to know what life was like for our ancestors, the past is a part of us; we are created by events. In the 21st century, to know our family's history gives one a sense of being connected in a world where roots, and links with the past, seem unreal, and links with the present are increasingly abstract. Knowing one's background provides a perspective and self-knowledge that can be found nowhere else. Grandma's memoirs are a gift to all her descendants that I didn't want to lose.

As years pass and I grow older, some of Grandma's qualities come to seem more remarkable. When my thoughts turn to my own childhood half a century ago, for example, I am more impressed than before by her memory for details going back seventy or even eighty years. Yet it is her simplicity and enthusiasm that really stand out. What I wrote in the first edition feels even more true today: The center of her life was the family, a large, extended community. They had their trials, they didn't always get along; but they were always family. I continue to learn this lesson from her, and immersion in this history enriches that deep understanding of the heart.

Through her own warm interest, Jo Trowbridge invites us into the daily lives of many people, who become vividly alive on the page. The thought frequently arises, What sort of person would say, or do, that? and the personality begins to take shape. Faint and tantalizingly ambiguous at times, insights into their characters flash forth. In a way, the view is clearer for being reduced to a few telling incidents. And as we step back to get a larger vision, seeing generations come and go, individual existences look different, becoming small details in a large four-dimensional tapestry. In between the coming and going, the adventures of life as presented in this book have a poignancy perhaps heightened by having taken place in a simpler world. In telling the stories of those who make an appearance here, I came to love them. Throughout, I felt, How interesting! I hope the reader will feel that way too.

Our ancestors live on in us in many ways, almost all of which we are unaware. Only by living long enough, and through familiarity with the personalities and stories of our ancestors, can

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we begin to appreciate the wealth of family influences we carry with us at all times, and become aware of the watchful and caring energies emanating from those who have departed. They have not died, but we usually forget. Or perhaps we never knew them that well. It is for this reason I wanted to share these lives with future generations.

From the Trowbridge side of the family comes my sense of organization, and my love of writing. Dad loved words and enjoyed coming up with new ones, or humorous graphic expressions he'd repeat, like: "'Bread! Bread!' cried the actor. And the curtain came down with a roll." He was proud of his work as a carpenter and would take me around the desert mountains to show off the luxury homes he helped build. There were some things he would typically say about them outliving him, their being a legacy. His father was a skilled sheet metal worker, who helped construct the "Jenny", the first plane to fly the Atlantic. Hawley worked on the propellers, which were exhibited at the Smithsonian Museum. And his father and grandfather and great-grandfather were carpenters, or farmer-carpenters.

Grandma liked to write. She said that when they were living on Long Island, during the First World War after Curtiss Aeroplane transferred Hawley there, she wrote to her mother every other week. Her mother never answered, and Grandma told her "I feel like I'm writing to the Dead Letter Office." But she kept writing. She kept journals of the trips she and Hawley made after the Second World War, and she maintained the family accounts, and for a while kept a journal of daily activities. I used these in writing her biography *Always Plenty To Be Thankful For*, along with notes from the conversations we had.

RHT, 2000
Easter, 2008

The Context

The land in Steuben County was all forest, except for a few small Indian clearings, when the Europeans came. Well suited for agriculture, it was also well suited for transportation to the east through the Conhocton-Chemung river route. It straddles the great ridge separating the waters flowing into Lake Ontario from those of the Susquehanna basin. The topography consists of rolling hills and river valleys, and numerous ravines, lakes, and ponds, the result of at least two glaciations in the past million years. These ice masses worked over a landscape whose fundamental contours were the result of forces set in play around 550 million years ago.

In that long, long ago time, what is now New York State was gradually submerged beneath a shallow westward spreading sea. It was part of the continental shelf as the Atlantic Ocean, or 'proto-Atlantic Ocean', was born. Around a hundred million years later, the Taconic mountains began to rise. As they did, they eroded towards the west, forming an immense delta (the Queenston Delta) that covered the state. The sedimentation pattern had been spreading to the east along the gently sloping continental shelf. Now, as the mountains rose, the pattern reversed. By the time another hundred million years had passed, the proto-Atlantic had reclosed, and the collision of continental plates formed a range of mountains to the east of the worn down Taconics and much higher: the Acadian mountains. Over the ages, they eroded in the same direction as the Taconics, forming another enormous delta that spread westward. The remains of this sedimentation form the

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bedrock strata of the entire southern tier of New York, the Alleghany Plateau.*

Around 250 million years ago another epochal act began, with the final convergence of the continents. Now all the continents existing today were united as one super land mass, Pangaea, surrounded by a single super ocean. The Alleghany Mountains were created in this crustal convergence, but the effect on New York has yet to be understood by geologists.

One more great geological event, the Appalachian Revolution of around 220 million years ago, lifted the hardened sediment above the water, where it has remained. The Appalachian Mountains were formed. Although in some areas of the Appalachian Uplands the earth was tilted and folded greatly, in New York the layers of sedimentary rock were only gently sloped, toward the south. By the end of the Mesozoic period, the land was lifted to a position it maintained for the next 65 million years, exposed to the forces of erosion. All the main features of the Southern Tier are the result of erosion working on the uplifted plateau. Hundreds, thousands of feet have been worn away, particularly by streams. But this long period of steady evolution of the land ended abruptly about one million years ago, when the ice began to form and move south until most of North America was covered by glaciers that shaped the surface features, including the Finger Lakes.

* * *

The 'Indians' were the first people in what is now Steuben County, but few seem to have dwelt there. For the most part that area was occupied for hunting and travelling. Even such limited use had to be postponed until the last glacier retreated. At its maximum, around 20,000 years ago, a sheet of ice covered all of what is now New York, except for a small section in the Alleghany State Park area. It was a mile thick in some places. The ice then began melt-

* The term 'Southern Tier' refers to the counties west of the Catskills bordering on Pennsylvania. See Bertrand M. Wainger and Edith Brooks Oagley, *Exploring New York State*, new edition, New York: Harcourt Brace, 1948, p. 137.

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ing, but around 12,000 BC stopped briefly at the southern end of the present Finger Lakes, depositing a great amount of sediment now referred to as the Valley Heads Moraine. This 'glacial dump pile' dammed the southern flow of water; without this moraine, there would have been no Finger Lakes. In Steuben County, it passes between Hammondsport and Bath.

Into this land newly reclaimed from ice came woolly mammoths, mastodons, big-horned bison, barren-ground caribou, giant beaver, elk, deer, and many smaller mammals—and people. The first humans, referred to as 'Paleo-Indians,' entered southern New York around 10,000 BC, when the glacier still covered large parts of the state. They existed in small groups, few in number, and appear to have been highly mobile. Their tools were limited: scrapers, knives, borers and graters, made of stone. People similar to them inhabited much of North America, from Alaska and the Canadian prairies down to Mexico and Central America. Their culture in present day New York State lasted until around 6500 BC, when the Ice Age was in its waning phase. They saw the birth of Lake Ontario, which began to form around 8000 BC from the larger Lake Iroquois, which existed for about fifteen hundred years.

In Steuben County slight traces of different groups who appeared in the warmer period from 7000-1000 BC have been found. A few stone tools, beveled adzes, were discovered in northern Steuben County, and a rich 'Archaic' site just to the east on Lamoka Lake in Schuyler County. Another site is in Monroe County, and a large number of artifacts of the Archaic Laurentians were found on Frontenac Island in Cayuga Lake. Less than two thousand years ago the Hopewell Indians, or Moundbuilders, left traces in the Chemung valley in the southeast part of Steuben County—as well as in Illinois, Ohio, and other parts of New York. The people who would become the Iroquois, the Owascans, began arriving around AD 950, perhaps from central Pennsylvania. There are no signs that they dwelt in Steuben County.

The Owscan presence coincided with a warm period which drew to a close around AD 1300. It was followed by what is known as the Little Ice Age, lasting 300 years and leading to changes in the Owscan culture, particularly increased clustering of villages.

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By 1400 the Iroquois longhouse had reached its classic form. Overall population was growing, and their horticulture had reached its full development: the 'three sisters' of maize, beans, and squash were grown. Village and fields were overseen by women, while forests were the men's world, where they lived for months at a time, hunting, trading, making war and carrying on diplomacy.

By the fifteenth century, villages were clustered in areas later known as the homelands of the individual nations, which probably came into existence by the early sixteenth century. The westernmost nation, the Senecas, had settled in two primary villages, located around Honeoye Creek and Mud Creek (now East Bloomfield). As soil conditions required, they relocated short distances. There were additional small villages.*

For the Iroquois, war was the natural state; it was peace that had to be declared. The sixteenth century was a time of exceptional violence, whose memory is reported to be still preserved in Iroquois oral tradition. This constant warfare led to the confederation of the five Iroquois nations, Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca, by around 1525. The story of this event, through the efforts of the Peacemaker Deganawida, and Ayonhwathah (or Hiawatha), an Onondagan convert from cannibalism, is preserved in several forms. Shortly after this confederation was formed, the European influence began to be felt.

Cartier's voyages in the 1530s and 1540s along the St. Lawrence to the site of modern Montreal brought the French into contact with the St. Lawrence Iroquoians, but not the five nations. In 1609 Champlain explored south and west from Quebec to the lake now named after him, and encountered an Iroquois army.

In the same year, Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the employ of the Dutch, 'discovered' Manhattan and Long Island, and ascended the river now bearing his name. The Netherlands took possession of the territory. Trade was established with the Mohawks, and the years until 1634 were prosperous for both Indians and Dutch. In this period, a permanent outpost was established on

* Dean R. Snow, *The Iroquois*, Cambridge, MA: Blackwell, 1994, p. 87f.

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the upper Hudson River: Ft. Orange, later known as Albany. In 1615, Champlain penetrated transiently into Iroquois country to Onondaga Lake and perhaps further west.

Grandma was apparently related to Henry Hudson through her great-great grandmother Tryphena Hudson Chase. I have a note that Tryphena was a “great-niece” of the explorer (although you would have to add a few more “greats”). The source for this might be Chase and Chamberlain (1928)*, although I am not certain. Long before I learned of this ancestor, I had the story from Grandma that there was a tradition in the family that the eldest daughters were named alternately Tryphena and Charlotte, but that her mother, Charlotte, didn’t have the heart to name her baby Tryphena.

To return to our history. Measles and smallpox epidemics began to ravage the Iroquois in 1634, soon reducing their populations to less than half. The decline was to continue until by 1770 the Iroquois population, which numbered about 21,700 in 1630, was down to 7,300—and many of these were adoptees from outside by the Seneca.

In the meantime, in 1654 the English seized New Netherland, leading to the Second Anglo-Dutch War. New Netherland became New York. The French still claimed all of what is now the western part of the state, although the English king Charles I had granted the colony of Massachusetts Bay a charter of land one hundred forty miles wide extending from the Atlantic Ocean across the continent to the Pacific. In 1664, Charles II, disregarding his predecessor’s charter and the Dutch claim, granted his brother James, duke of York, land which, with later additions, included the territory from the Connecticut River to the Pacific. These two conflicting English land grants were to determine the history of central and western New York, including, of course, Steuben County. The French claim to territory in North America was eliminated in the French and Indian War, 1756-1763.

In the 1650s and 1660s, Catholic missionaries visited the Seneca, Fr. Fremin building a chapel at Gandaugarae (Mud

* John Carroll Chase and George Walter Chamberlain, compilers, *Seven Generations of the Descendants of Aquila and Thomas Chase*, Derry, NH, 1928.

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Creek). In 1669 LaSalle landed from Canada at Irondequoit Bay and travelled to Boughton Hill in the present Victor. In 1687 the Marquis Denonville, governor of New France, took an army of two thousand against the Seneca. He landed at Irondequoit Bay and destroyed several Seneca villages in his march to the heart of Genesee country. * Traders and missionaries followed.

James Folts claims[†] that until the middle of the eighteenth century there were no permanent Indian settlements in Steuben County, although the land was crossed with numerous Indian paths. In the seventeenth century, the territory south of the Finger Lakes was a no-man's land between the Senecas and their enemies to the south, the Andastes. Even after the Andastes were beaten, in 1675, the land remained unoccupied for several decades.

In the 1740s, Delaware Indians settled on the Chemung River. A wampum belt made in 1760 shows twelve villages along the Chemung and Canisteo Rivers, three in Steuben County: at Painted Post and Canisteo. There were also Indian settlements just outside the county to the north at Kiandaga, south of Canandaigua Lake, and in Kanuskago (now Dansville) to the northwest. In 1760 a young frontiersman, John Hays, attempted to travel the 'Forbidden Trail' through present-day Steuben county to an Indian council on the Ohio River, on behalf of the royal governor of Pennsylvania. He left a diary recounting his journey.[‡] Passing several small Indian settlements along the Canisteo River, he got as far as Kanistio before being turned back, "for there was an old agreement that no white man Should pas throw their country for fear of Spyes to See their Land."

In 1762, a band of Indians from Kanistio murdered a white trader. In 1764, the British Indian Superintendant William Johnson

* In his *History of the Genesee Country*, 4 vols., Chicago: S. J. Clarke, 1925, Lockwood R. Doty, ed., defines the Genesee country as bounded on the east roughly by Seneca Lake, and on the north, west, and south by the New York State borders. (Vol. 1, Foreword).

† James Folts, "Indian Paths of Steuben County," typewritten monograph, n.d., Rochester Public Library, Local History Room. James D. Folts, Jr. was later Associate Archivist at the NY State Archives, Albany.

‡ Robert S. Grumet, ed. *Journey on the Forbidden Path: Chronicles of a Diplomatic Mission To the Allegheny Country, March-September, 1760*. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1999.

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sent troops, including Mohawks, against the offending people, up the Chemung and Canisteo Rivers. They demolished the Indian settlements they found and caused the inhabitants to flee. A few returned, but were destroyed by the Sullivan-Clinton expedition of 1779.

The Canisteo River trail led from the Seneca towns on the Genesee River to the strategic junction where the Chemung and Susquehanna Rivers meet. During colonial times, travelers in present-day Steuben County were so few they can almost be listed individually. A Moravian Brethren missionary, David Zeisberger, passed through the region in 1767.

In the Revolutionary War most Iroquois sided with the British, leading to Sullivan's destruction of the Seneca. This campaign, in 1779, opened up the country to the knowledge of the Europeans, as the soldiers saw the rich and nearly unoccupied lands.

In addition, just to the northeast of present-day Steuben County, the government pledged to enlistees in the war six hundred acre parcels of land from a huge tract, and promised "to redeem this pledge as soon as the Indian titles were extinguished."^{*} This 2,800,000 acre territory, known as the New Military Tract, embraced all of modern Cayuga, Cortland, Onondaga, and Seneca counties, and parts of the counties of Oswego, Tompkins and Wayne. The moment was fast approaching when European migration, halted at Albany for a century, would spring forward to seize the rich wilderness forests.

Yet after the end of the Revolution, several years were to pass before settlers moved in. There was still no authority who could guarantee personal safety or security of land tenure. There was nobody to buy the land from. Massachusetts and New York had conflicting claims to the land—which was held by the Iroquois.

In 1784, a number of settlers moved beyond the Mohawk River to what is now Whitestown, one hundred miles west of Albany. That same year the first settlement at nearby Rome was made. But this was still a long way from the Genesee country.

An idea of the explosive growth of western New York can be gathered from the fact that when the Town of Whitestown was

^{*} Irwin Near, *History of Steuben County*, 2 vols. Chicago: Lewis Publishing Co, 1911, vol. I, p. 85.

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formed in 1788 it comprised all of New York State to Lake Erie, from Canada to Pennsylvania: 12 million acres comprising over half of present-day New York State. Very quickly other counties and towns were formed from this huge area.

Decisive for Steuben County was the end of the Massachusetts-New York dispute, settled through a 'Solomonic' determination at the Hartford Convention of 1786. New York was to have sovereignty over the land in question, while Massachusetts was given sole right to purchase it from the Iroquois and resell it. The same year, the first, temporary, white settlement in present-day Steuben County was made, by Samuel Harris at Painted Post. A trader with the Indians, he did not stay.*

The following year, the Massachusetts legislature accepted an offer of approximately \$175,000 from Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham to purchase the 'pre-emption' right to come to an agreement with the Indians and then sell the land that Massachusetts had a title to. This comprised New York west of the 'pre-emption line' running from Sodus Bay to the Pennsylvania border. Phelps and Gorham quickly purchased from the Seneca all their lands east of the Genesee River, as well as a tract west of it. The Senecas received \$5000 and a \$500 annuity. (The treaty of Buffalo Creek, July 8, 1788.) Irwin Near writes that

The first settlement of the Genesee country was made on the site of the Indian village of Kana-de-saga, now the city of Geneva, in 1787. It was attended with great difficulties, as there was nothing but Indian trails and paths for roads, and the whole country was one boundless wild, except where some squatter had settled upon an Indian clearing and made a little better improvement than that of the former occupants.†

It seems that there were a few squatters who were true pioneers yet not considered worthy of mention by name by any historian.

* Millard F. Roberts, compiler and editor, *Historical Gazetteer of Steuben County, New York*, 2 vols., Syracuse, NY: Millard F. Roberts, 1891, vol. 1, p. 29.

† Near, *History of Steuben County*, I, p. 90.

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In 1788, Asa Danfield and Comfort Tyler settled by the mouth of Onondaga Creek, and were the earliest residents of that entire region. Immediately following, John L. Herdenburg located at present-day Auburn, and James Bennett and John Harris settled on opposite banks of Cayuga Lake. "These were the greater part of the settlements west of the Mohawk valley. About this time, settlement of the Genesee country began in earnest; before it had been temporarily visited and occupied by Indian traders, fur hunters, and trappers."^{*}

In 1789, Oliver Phelps set up his land office in Canandaigua—a place of importance for the settlers, as it was here they needed to make arrangements before anything else could be done.

Reflecting the growing population in western New York, in 1789 Ontario County was formed from division of Montgomery County. Montgomery County itself (originally called Tryon County) had been formed from Albany County only seventeen years earlier, embracing all of the land in New York west of the Delaware River. Also in 1789, the first permanent settlement in what later became Steuben County was made, by Frederick Calkins in what is now the town of Corning. In 1789, followers of Jemima Wilkinson, seeking to establish a 'New Jerusalem,' settled on the west shore of Seneca Lake. She was one of many led to western New York through Sullivan's expedition, having heard glowing reports of the region from returning soldiers. Miss Wilkinson herself, the Universal Friend, joined the others in 1790. In 1794 they relocated to a site north of Branchport, calling it Jerusalem, a name it still bears. From this time on, more and more settlers poured into these frontier lands.

A 1790 census found "only 960 souls, including travelers and surveyors with their attendants within the bounds of the state west of the Pre-emption Line." The part of Ontario County that became Steuben County in 1796, had a population of 168 in 1790. The numbers grew rapidly. In Steuben county,

in 1800	there was a population of	1,788
1810		7,246
1820		21,987

^{*} Near, *History of Steuben County*, I, p. 86.

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1830	33,975
1840	46,138
1850	62,969
1890	81,473
2000	ca. 100,000

Present-day Steuben County contains about 1425 square miles, and is larger than the State of Rhode Island.

In the spring of 1789, the Phelps-Gorham purchase was divided into townships six miles square—a division still followed, with minor alterations. In 1789 and 1790, Phelps sold the land comprising Painted Post, the present Hornell and Hornellsville, Lindley and Campbell.* Then, in November of 1790, owing to a slow rate of sales, as well as fiscal circumstances beyond their control, Phelps and Gorham were forced to return the western two-thirds of the tract to Massachusetts, and sell all the other land still in their possession, except for the townships now bearing their names, to Robert Morris of Philadelphia. A few months later, Morris purchased the western tract from Massachusetts. He was soon approached by agents of three English capitalists, led by Sir William Pulteney, who bought the land he had acquired from Phelps and Gorham. But because New York law forbade aliens from holding property in the state, it was arranged to sell the land to Charles Williamson, who had come to the U.S. and became a citizen for that purpose. Williamson held the land in a secret trust for the syndicate, Pulteney having a 75 percent interest, until a law permitted the English speculators to take possession. Williamson founded Bath in 1793 as a headquarters for his land office.

The first known description of the Conhocton Valley† was left by Col. William Proctor, who travelled through Painted Post on his way to a council on Buffalo Creek in 1791. Going west from Painted Post, there was “nothing but a blind path to the

* According to Near (*History*, I, p. 92). Millard Roberts writes that Hornellsville, Canisteo, Erwin, Campbell, Corning and Lindley were sold by Phelps and Gorham (*Historical Gazetteer*, I, p. 21).

† The Conhocton river flows southeast through near the center of Steuben County.

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Genesee river,” with no habitations of white people.* Folts states that there was an important intersection of Indian trails at Bath, one of them

a path leading northeast from Bath on or near the old road to Hammondsport past the site of the New York State Fish hatchery. The trail branched at Pleasant Valley, as the modern highway does. One trail continued along the south side of the Keuka Lake inlet and thence along the shore of the lake where NY Route 54 runs today. Another path turned off from the head of Keuka Lake and ran east to Catherine’s Town, an Indian village at present-day Montour Falls. It passed between Lamoka and Waneta Lakes and probably followed in general the present road through Tyrone. The west side of Keuka Lake had a trail along its shore, the same as the east side. The path led to a small Indian village at Branchport and continued north. . . .†

Grandma grew up in Pleasant Valley by the spot where this trail branched.

Williamson has left an “Account of a Gentleman’s Journey Into the Genesee Country in February 1792”‡—a pamphlet narrating his initial examination of his purchase—in which he reports that the road from Albany to Whitestown was passible for wagons. Beyond that there were only a few straggling huts, ten to twenty miles apart. Travelers had to take provisions for themselves and their horses. From Geneva to Canandaigua, the road was only a slightly improved Indian path, and from Canandaigua to the Genesee there were only four families residing on the road.

In the early 1790s, old Indian fields with their corn hills were still visible in the area around Lindley and Erwin, and also where the Indians at Kanistio had lived. Virtually all the rest of Steuben

* Folts, “Indian Paths of Steuben County,” p. 12.

† Folts, “Indian Paths of Steuben County,” p. 13.

‡ Charles Williamson, 2001, “Account of a Gentleman’s Journey Into the Genesee Country in February 1792.” Excerpt in Orsamus Turner, *Pioneer History of the Holland Purchase of Western New York*, Chestnut Hill, MA: Adamant Media, pp. 323-324. <<http://books.google.com/>> accessed 9/5/2007.

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County was forest, great virgin stands of beech, maple, hemlock, white pine and oak.*

The first town in present-day Steuben County was Bath, Charles Cameron leading a party on flatboats and canoes in April 1793, and preceding his employer Charles Williamson by two days. The towns of Painted Post and Williamsburg (a large tract of country west of Painted Post) were formed the same year. There were only Indian trails from these settlements to the county seat of Canandaigua seventy miles away. In 1793 the first permanent settlers also came to Urbana, where the Arguses were to settle seventy years later: William Aulls and his son Thomas. Later in the year three other settlers came. But there was still unease over the threat from hostile Indians.

In the early 1790s, the Miami and Wabash tribes were causing great problems for the white settlers in Ohio. To prevent hostility from spreading into New York, a large council was convened at Canandaigua in November 1794 between representatives of the five nations and the whites. Some concessions were made to the Indians and an agreement arrived at, known as the Pickering Treaty (November 11). "From that time down to the present," Charles F. Millikin writes, "peace has continued between the whites of the Genesee Country and the people of the Iroquois confederacy."[†] This treaty didn't prevent the whites from taking more Iroquois territory, often by highly unethical means.

To induce people to come west and purchase land, Williamson was indefatigable in making improvements. He staged a fair in Bath in 1795, the main attraction being a horse race. Advertised in newspapers as far away as Albany, it drew between 1200 and 1500 people. He repeated the event the following year, but by 1801 had collected only \$146,000 to cover over one million dollars spent, and he was replaced as agent.

In 1797, Robert Morris's son, Thomas, settled with the Indians for the title to their lands west of the Genesee, except for ten reservations totalling 337 square miles. The Indians had not wished

* Folts, "Indian Paths of Steuben County," p. 1.

† Charles F. Milliken, "The Phelps and Gorham Purchase," in Doty, *History of the Genesee Country*, vol. 1, pp. 351-388, at 375.

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to sell, and Red Jacket extinguished the council fire, signalling the end of negotiations. Through pressure and bribery, however, they were induced to accede to Morris's offer. It appears also that the Indians did not understand the implications of this conveyance: for example, that they would be barred from use of the land they had sold. Morris himself was under some pressure. He had already sold this land (in a deal known as the 'Holland Purchase') to a group of Amsterdam banking houses, on condition that the Indian claim be extinguished.

With these transactions, the Iroquois were nearly destroyed. Snow writes, "The new landscape wrecked Iroquois morale. . . . By the end of the century, Iroquois culture was near death."^{*} That it survived is perhaps due to Handsome Lake, the visionary religious leader who met with President Jefferson in 1802, and whose Code is still followed. But the land now belonged to the Europeans.

In the early years of the nineteenth century our Bartholomew, Chase, Trowbridge, Sprague, and Eaton ancestors began moving to Steuben County. Cyrenius and Mary (Bartholomew) Trowbridge were in Howard by 1819, and Mary's father, Capt. Joseph Bartholomew, was an earlier pioneer there, arriving perhaps in 1809.[†] Solomon and Alice (Sargent) Chase, Tryphena (Sprague) Eaton's grandparents, settled in Unionville outside of Bath in 1817 and had a farm. William Sprague and his wife Elizabeth came to Urbana in 1842. George Eaton was born in Cameron in 1851. We don't know how long his parents had lived in Steuben County. His mother, Mercy (Yost) Eaton, was born in Yates County and had been in Cameron since 1840. His father Benjamin was born in New Hampshire and in Cameron three years as of the 1855 Census. The Arguses arrived in Urbana in 1863, not long after immigrating from Germany. Both Josephine's and her husband Hawley's families had been, for the most part, farmers for many generations.

Capt. Joseph Bartholomew was the first of our ancestors to settle in Steuben County. In his *Historical Gazetteer*, Millard F.

^{*} Snow, *The Iroquois*, pp. 156, 159.

[†] William Flint, "The Family of Trowbridge," mimeographed booklet at the Steuben County Historical Society.

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Roberts lists him as an early settler in the part of Howard that later became Fremont. The first settlement in Howard was made by Abraham Johnson at Towlesville in 1806. Howard's first sawmill went up that year, and the first grist-mill in 1810. The town itself was formed from Bath and Dansville in 1812. The first school opened about 1815. After naming the early settlers, Roberts writes that "When these settlers came, there was a camp of about twenty Indians on the Cotton Place, in the valley, where they hunted during the season."* Wolves were plentiful in the hills around. The last elk seen in town was killed in 1818.

W. B. Thrall adds some interesting information:

Prior to the coming of the Erie R.R. to Hornell, Howard was considered a place of some considerable note. For quite a number of years it was considered one of the best business centers of the county. . . . Howard had two hotels in the stage-coach days. It was on the stage-coach road, and was a station for changing horses and for refreshment of passengers.†

The *Gazetteer & Directory of Steuben County, 1868/9* says that Howard's surface is mostly a rolling upland, forming a part of the dividing ridge between the Conhocton and Canisteo Rivers. The soil is chiefly a heavy clay loam. The streams are all small, flowing into the Conhocton or the Canisteo River. The population in 1865, the year Hawley's father Del Trowbridge was born, was 2,373, and its area 36,000 acres. It contained two churches, two hotels, three stores, two wagon shops, a tannery and several mechanic shops, and about forty-five houses. The number of teachers employed was seventeen, with 861 pupils, although the average school attendance was 328. The amount expended for school purposes in 1867 was \$3,569.48.

Urbana, which lies at the head of Crooked Lake, as Keuka Lake was formerly called, is divided by Pleasant Valley (a continuation of Crooked Lake Valley) into two series of highlands, rising

* Millard F. Roberts, *Historical Gazetteer*, p. 299?

† W. B. Thrall, *Pioneer History and Atlas of Steuben County, N.Y.*, Perry, NY: W.B. Thrall, 1942, p. 69.

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from 800 to 1,000 feet above the Lake. The soil in Pleasant Valley is heavy clay, which, Clayton tells us, “upon exposure to the atmosphere and frost slakes into a fine dark mould or loam. It is very strong and productive either under the plow or for meadowland. . . .”^{*} The rich forests provided plenty of lumber, which was the area’s first commercial product, together with grains, and later cattle. Saw mills and grist mills sprung up from the 1790s. Wheat was successfully grown, along with barley, oats, buckwheat and flax. Cattle and sheep were raised on the table lands. At first they were shipped by ark—that is, rafts specially built to be dismantled and the lumber sold when they reached their destination, at that time Baltimore, Maryland. The arks traveled down the Conhocton, Chemung and Susquehanna Rivers to Chesapeake Bay. Then the merchants returned with goods to sell back home.

Until 1825, the land where the village of Hammondsport now is was mostly farmland. In that year Judge Hammond laid out lots, and the first store was opened by William Hastings. A number of businesses soon followed, around the public square. The opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 led to talk of building a canal from Keuka Lake to Seneca Lake and thence to the Erie Canal, which would make Hammondsport a center for shipping. When this happened, Hammondsport became the principle port for shipping to the markets of New York for several counties around. The Bath area was one of the major wool-producing sections of the U.S. in the nineteenth century. Once roads were developed, wagons transported goods to Keuka Lake and from there to the Erie Canal. Completion of the Crooked Lake Canal in 1831 gave great hopes that Hammondsport would become a major city. The town boomed, and land speculation flourished.

However, the Genesee Valley Canal, which opened in 1840, took away some of Hammondsport’s business. In 1851, the Erie Railroad was completed, running from New York to Buffalo, and though it stimulated commercial agriculture in the region, it further reduced Hammondsport’s role as port. Still, the town grew, and in 1856 it was incorporated. The land in Urbana, highly suited for fruit cultivation, was discovered to be ideal for growing grapes

^{*} W. W. Clayton, *History of Steuben County*, Philadelphia: Lewis, Peck and Co., 1879, p. 407.

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in the 1850s. By 1869 it contained six churches, the Hammond-sport Academy, three hotels, several manufactories, and about 900 inhabitants. There were 415 school children in 1867, with an average attendance of 175. Eighteen teachers were employed, and that year \$3,235.77 was expended for school purposes.* The Pleasant Valley School was built in 1795, when Charles Williamson, agent of the Pulteney Estate, gave fifty acres to the town for school purposes, and three different school buildings used that property until 1958. Parts of the school property not needed were leased to individuals, including Josephine Argus's father: Grandma and her sisters grew up on that property.

School attendance was not high. The first law regarding compulsory education in New York had been passed in 1853. New York was the second state, following Massachusetts, with a compulsory education law. However, it was hardly enforced. School attendance figures between 1866 and 1873 show that fewer than half the children over the age of six and under seventeen were in daily attendance. In his annual report of 1888, Superintendent of Public Instruction Andrew S. Draper wrote that the compulsory education law "has never been acted under to any considerable extent." The law was not very demanding: children under fourteen years old were required to attend school for at least fourteen weeks in the year, at least eight of them consecutive. A more forceful mandatory education law was passed in 1894. Up to the 1894-95 school year, the per cent of average daily attendance to the number of students registered was 60.7%.†

Josephine Argus and Hawley Trowbridge were born in Steuben County in the last years of the 1800s. At the beginning of that century, people were almost unaffected by technology. At its end, when Josephine and Hawley were almost ready to begin school, technology was bringing about revolutionary changes in the way people lived and earned their livelihood. These changes were slower in coming to the Finger Lakes region, and the fact that

* Child, *Gazetteer and Directory of Steuben County*, 1868/9.

† Charles E. Fitch, *The Public School: History of Common School Education In New York From 1633 To 1904*, Albany, New York: J. B. Lyon Company, n.d., pp. 95-102 for compulsory education.

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Jo and Hawley's early years were spent just on the other side of the great technological divide, lends not only charm to the story of their life, but a particular importance for those of us who would like to understand our own roots. Before commencing their story, told in her own words, let us take a quick look at conditions at that moment in history.

There was no electricity for those farmers, nor were there tractors or any motorized equipment. Even in the town of Hammondsport—and the farms were beyond the town limits—electricity production was very small scale until the 1920s. In 1918 service was increased, the current being left on until 11 p.m. one night a week. Farm work was done by hand. Mark Sullivan, who was a witness, said that in 1900, "Many of the tools for farming were still the same as they had been for a thousand years."^{*}

A pig and maybe a cow would be butchered on a cold day in late November or early December. The housewife canned in autumn, made her own bread, sent the children to the henhouse for eggs and killed the chicken herself for Sunday dinner. She had her own coffee grinder and sausage grinder. Fresh fruit and green vegetables were hard to come by from late autumn to early spring. Clothes, many of which she made, from fabric sold by travelling peddlars, were washed laboriously by hand. The iron was heated on the stove. The house was heated by the stove and the fireplace. There was no indoor plumbing. They had a couple changes of clothes. The doctor's equipment consisted mainly of the contents of his black bag. Medicines consisted mainly of traditional family remedies and patent medicines.

Travel was slow, on foot or by horse. The first automobiles, three of them, appeared in Hammondsport around 1902. They were, as all cars at that time, "completely exposed to the weather and powered for very modest grades only."[†] Besides, Hammondsport had no paved roads until 1915. There was a train from Hammondsport to Bath, and from there to parts beyond, but rural lives were mostly lived in a small geographic compass. Even bicycles

^{*} Mark Sullivan, *Our Times: 1900-1925, Volume I: The Turn of the Century*, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971 [1926], p. 417.

[†] Laura T. Swarthout, ed. "A History of Hammondsport To 1962," Corning-Painted Post Historical Society, n.d.

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were a new thing, and few country people had one. Cinder paths ran along the most highly used roads to facilitate bicycle traffic.

Country children had few toys; and with no electricity, no telephones, no movies, phonographs, radios, tvs or computers, few books or magazines, few stores—and being restricted in their travel to walking distances—they made their own entertainment. The Grange, started after the Civil War, helped support farmers and provided communal activities for young and old. There were no ‘organized sports.’ Boys might play baseball, but girls were not encouraged to engage in athletic activity. The county fair in Bath was a big event of the year.

The community was mainly self-enclosed, and outside forces did not seem very important. Knowledge of the outside world was limited. There were no radios, and no national news services or magazines. There were no celebrities as we know them. Even the president would not be recognized by most people. Consumerism hardly existed, advertising was small-scale, and the first brand names, such as ‘Uneeda Biscuit,’ were just being created.

Memories of the Indian presence were still fresh; at the edge of town or farm were still signs of nature untouched. Historian Frederick Jackson Turner saw the decade of the 1890s as a watershed in American history, when the vast expanse of frontier that had determined the American character disappeared. The massacre of the Sioux at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota, in December 1890, had marked the end of any major fighting with the Indians. In 1898 the last battle between Indians and whites took place, initiated by Chippewa in Minnesota who were tired of being moved around and having their land taken from them. The week Josephine turned one (October 6, 1898), the *New York Times* headline read “Troops Battle with Indians.”

In 1901 the average life expectancy for men was 48 years; for women, 51.* The average annual wage in 1900 was around \$400-\$500, and the average working day around ten hours, six days a week. Yet with little technology, life proceeded at a leisurely pace.

* Information Please® Database, 2005 Pearson Education, Inc., <www.infoplease.com/ipa/A0005140.html>, citing “Original Death Registration States” gives 1900-1902 life expectancy at birth as 48.2 for white males, and 51.1 for white females.

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Over sixty percent of the population was engaged in agricultural activity.

In 1900 women could vote in four states: Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho. Divorce was far less frequent: in 1900 there was 1 divorce for every 12.7 weddings. Sex was kept out of sight and hardly discussed. Women's skirts went to the ground, and consisted of much more material than nowadays—in addition to corset and hat. Men's clothes too were more formal. For men, collars were high and stiff, hats mandatory, and three-button coat and waistcoat everyday wear.

Large parts of the earth were unexplored. The realization that infections, and certain diseases, were caused by tiny living organisms, or 'germs,' had been proved just a generation earlier, by Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch. Typhoid fever and cholera were still common scourges—it was not known that they came from germs in unclean water and milk. Measles was still a deadly disease. McKinley was president, and America a farming society, when Josephine Argus's story begins.

I was born on October 12th, 1897, in Hammondsport, New York—or rather, what is called Mitchellsville Hill—at my Grandfather George Eaton’s home. He was a vineyardist and farmer, active in the Grange and holding public offices in Urbana. The year following my graduation from the Pleasant Valley School he was the president of the school Board of Trustees.*

He made so much of us children. How well I remember sitting on his lap, and he would put his face in my neck to tickle me with his mustache, and I would laugh and wiggle to get down. He was a kind and gentle man who liked everybody and whom everybody liked.

Grandmother Tryphena Eaton was very slim and stern, and too busy washing the doorknobs and everything else that had to be scrubbed continually, to have much time for us. I went to stay with them during the summer a few days at a time. I think she was the cleanest woman on this earth. When you went into her house it smelled like soap. Before wiping the dishes I had to scrub my hands, and after finishing she washed the towel and hung it out to dry. We heated the water in the teakettle. There was a milkpan for the rinse water, and it was scalding—you had to grab the dishes out as best you could. I guess she was used to it and thought we were, too. To comb my hair, I had to go out to the back porch, and every night before going to bed, fill the mop pail half way and wash my feet on the back steps. The last thing at night, she wiped off all the doorknobs in the house.

* A copy of the “Pleasant Valley High School, Rheims, New York, Announcement 1913-14,” which Grandma saved, names “George Eaton, President. Term Expires 1914.”

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Grandma Eaton combed her hair outdoors all year round. She put an apron around her neck and went out on the side porch, and laid newspapers down. I can see her shaking and shaking that apron to get any loose hairs off. I can't picture her wearing anything but a floor-length calico dress with a ruffle around the bottom, winter and summer, and a sunbonnet in the summer. She had long brown hair kept in a bun with hairpins.

I was visiting them one time when I was a little girl, before we moved to Penn Yan, and was wearing a dress with a bertha collar (a wide round neckline) that Aunt Katherine had made for me. Grandma thought it was so low she took one of Grandpa's white handkerchiefs and pinned it around my neck before the company she was expecting arrived for dinner. She was nice to us, but she had kind of a sour disposition. She never sat down and I never heard her laugh, and cleaning up all the time. I don't remember her ever kissing me, or anybody. On Decoration Day once, Grandma came downtown to see the parade and asked my mother, "Why isn't Josie marching with the other children?" My mother told her it was because I didn't have a white dress. She took us into the dry goods store right then and bought me one. Every Decoration Day they had a parade in Hammondsport, with the Civil War veterans. The night before, we girls made boutonnieres with two or three blossoms of lilies of the valley, and I think a leaf, and pinned them on the soldiers before the parade. We had a Civil War veteran who lived by Grandma Eaton's, and he would come up the night before and drill us older girls—Parker was his name—about how to march. We felt very proud.

Grandmother Eaton's father, who lived in Bath, had been in the Civil War. My Grandmother Eaton took me as a small girl up to Bath on the train to see him, and we stayed overnight at their place on 5 Chestnut Street. (My grandparents' house is what is now number 7323 Steuben County Road 13, or Mitchellsville Road.) My Great-grandfather Sprague had a second wife. And after we moved to Crueger Street in Bath—I must have been eighteen (a year before I was married)—I walked over to see them one day. He was a tall, slender man and didn't say much, a vineyard farmer.

Records we found in Bath relating to his service tell more.

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He was born New Year's Day, 1837, in Sussex County, New Jersey. Sussex County is the northwest county of that State. His father, William, was born in Sussex, New Jersey, in 1810, and married Elizabeth van Gelder. They came to Urbana—the township in which Hammondsport, North Urbana and the hamlet of Cold Spring were located—in 1842. My great-grandfather, John L. Sprague, was their oldest son, and they were to have seven more children, the youngest five born in Steuben County. William died in 1890. I do not know when Elizabeth died.

Great-grandfather Sprague was five foot ten, with brown hair and blue eyes, and dark complexioned. He enlisted in Company F of the 161st regiment of the New York Volunteers for three years on August 30, 1862, in Elmira.*

The volunteer infantry regiment, commanded by a colonel, consisted of ten companies, each company, at full strength, with ninety-seven men and three officers. The actual size of a regiment was usually half this number. Generally, the soldiers were from the same area, and acquainted with each other from civilian life. John L. Sprague was mustered in on October 27, 1862. Five days later he caught typhoid fever at Elmira and did not join his regiment until May 12 the following year. The typhoid caused him health problems which lasted the rest of his life.

During the 161st regiment's service, 1 officer and 32 enlisted men were killed in action; 23 enlisted men died of wounds received in action; 250 enlisted men died of disease and other causes. Total deaths 306—250 from disease and other causes.† Thus, perhaps half of the 161st regiment died in service.

Great-grandfather Sprague's "Declaration for an Original Invalid Pension", filed April 9, 1889, states that in Elmira, about November 1,

* From the "Volunteer Descriptive List and Account of Pay and Clothing," signed by Sm. F. Little, Captain, 161st NY Volunteers; and John Davenport, *Personal War Sketches, Presented to Custer Post No. 81, Bath, Department of New York*, 1892. Located in the Steuben County Historical Society in Bath, New York.

† Frederick Phisterer, Compiler. *New York in the War of the Rebellion*, 3rd ed., 5 volumes and Index. Albany: J. B. Lyon, 1912, p. 3879 seq.

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he was taken sick with Typhoid fever and sent home to Bath NY and staid at home until February 10 1863 and then reported at Elmira to Headquarters and was sent from there to the office of Dr. Way who after examination sent me back home for 30 days or until March 10 1863 was examined at Bedloes Island and was detained there until March 30 1863 on account of being unable for duty Reported at the regt May 12 1863 at Baton Rouge La this Sickness resulted in weakness of the Bladder which troubled me all through my service in the army and has become more aggravated every year and for the past six years I have been almost entirely disabled from said disease.

He was treated at Bath NY by Dr. John H Read during the Months of November and December 1862 and Part of January 1863

As a private in the infantry, Private Sprague saw action at Store Plains, La., May, 1863; the siege of Port Hudson, May-July, 1863; Donaldsonville, July; Sabine Pass in September; and Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana, April 8, 1864, as part of the Red River Campaign. At the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, the Confederate Major General Richard Taylor, greatly outnumbered, led a bold attack. "Charging forward like 'infuriated demons,' the Confederates smashed one, then another of General Banks's divisions, causing them to flee in a panic-stricken rout." Almost one-fifth of the 12,000 Union troops were killed, wounded or captured. John Sprague was reported killed. His wife filed for a widow's pension the following month. My Grandmother Tryphena, their only child, was four.

In fact, Private Sprague was taken prisoner by "Dick Taylor's army," as he stated in the summary of his service, written in his own hand.* He was held at Tyler, Texas. This would be Camp Ford, four miles northwest of Tyler. Shelter, food and water are reported to have been adequate there. He remained a prisoner until released by exchange on October 23, 1864.

* Davenport, *Personal War Sketches*. See illustration, p. A3.

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Later, Great-grandfather Sprague saw action at the battles of Vermillion Bridge, Carrion Crow, La. Spanish Fort in March and April, 1865, and Fort Blakely at Mobile, Alabama in April. He was discharged on October 17, 1865 in Tallahassee, Florida. I recall that Grandmother Eaton went to Florida with her parents during the Civil War, and perhaps it was on this occasion. I believe that is where the photo of him with his wife and daughter was taken.*

Great-grandfather Sprague's wife, Charlotte, had a cousin, Willard Almeron Chase, Jr., who was also a private in Company F of the 161st New York Volunteers infantry regiment. He was the son of her father's brother Willard, and enlisted the same day as John Sprague. Willard fell ill in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, suffering from chronic diarrhea. He was discharged and sent to New York State Soldiers Depot in New York City, where he died June 4, 1863.† Records show that Tobias Sprague and Elijah Sprague both enlisted as privates in the 161st Infantry, Co. A, nine days before my Great-grandfather and his cousin Willard, on August 21, 1862 and were discharged September 20, 1865. I imagine Tobias was John L.'s brother, who was two years younger than John. I don't know who Elijah was.

A report from the War Department, in 1889, to the Commissioner of Pensions, gives a summary account of John Sprague's service. The movements of the regiment‡ are added in parentheses:

Reported on roll dated Dec 31, 62 absent. Home sick. Bath N. Y.

Jany & Feby 63 absent. Left at home sick Bath, N. Y.

March & April 63 present. (Operations against Port Hudson
March 7-27. At Baton Rouge till May.)

May and June 63 same report. (The regiment was engaged in

* See p. A1.

† The details on Willard's family are from Stackpole, Thomas E., *The Heritage of Bath, NY 1793-1993*, published by the Historical Foundation of Bath, NY, Inc., 1998, pp. 647f.

‡ From Frederick H. Dyer, *A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion. Volume 3: Regimental Histories*. New York: Yoseloff, 1959, p. 1465.

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reconnaissance from Baton Rouge, May 13; Advanced on Port Hudson, May 14-24, seeing action at Plain's Store, May 21. Siege of Port Hudson May 24-July 9. Assaults on Port Hudson May 27 and June 14. Port Hudson surrendered July 9.)

July & Aug 63 absent. Detached, Nurse at Theatic Hospital (The regiment was in service at Kock's Plantation, Donaldsonville, July 12-13. At Baton Rouge till September 2.)

Sept & Oct 63 present (Sabine Pass Expedition September 4-11. Sabine Pass, Texas, September 8. Moved from Algiers to Brashear City September 16, thence to Berwick and Camp Bisland September 26.)

Same report to Feby 28, 64 (Western Louisiana Campaign October 3-November 30. At New Iberia till January 7, 1864. Moved to Franklin January 7 and duty there till March.)

March & April 64 absent killed in action ["killed in action" at Sabine Cross Roads April 8. 64 (Red River Campaign March 10-May 22. Advance from Franklin to Alexandria March 14-26. Battle of Sabine Cross Roads April 8.)

May & June 64 absent Prisoner of war taken at Sabine Cross Roads La. April 8, 64

July & Aug 64 absent. Prisoner of War since April 8. 64.

Sept & Oct 64 same report.

Nov & Dec 64 present. (The regiment moved to the mouth of White River, Arkansas, November 1, and was on duty there till February, 1865.)

Jany & Feby 65 same report.

March & April 65 absent. Detached by order of Genl Veatch. (Campaign against Mobile and its defences March and April. Siege of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely March 26-April 8. Assault and capture of Fort Blakely April 9. Occupation of Mobile April 12. Duty at and near Mobile till May.)

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May & June 65 present.

July & Aug 65 same report.

Mustered out on a detachment muster out roll Oct 17, 1865 at Tallahassee, Fla, a private. (Regiment ordered to Barrancas, Florida. Expedition from Barrancas to Apalachicola, Florida, May 31-June 6. Duty in District of West Florida and in Sub-District of Key West, District of Middle Florida, till November. Mustered out November 12, 1865.)

Pris. of War Records show him captured at Mansfield April 8/64, and paroled at Red River Ldg. La. Oct 23/64, and reported at New Orleans La. Oct 27/64. No further information on said records.

On November 26, 1894, T. O. Burlison, M.D., filed a General Affidavit in regard to a pension claim for great-grandfather Sprague:

I have been acquainted with the above Sprague for about ten years, and have heard him complain more or less and have known of him being sick more or less during the time. I have this day personally examined said Sprague and have found him to be suffering with the following diseases To wit—Cronic Pharyngitis and Bronchitis Chronic Prostitis and marked enlargement of the same. Being nearly 2½ ins in diameter. He also is suffering with old wound of left foot due to cut of an ax. Said wound is healed but it impairs the action of said foot and produces a limp. The enlargement of the prostate causes incontinence of urine which at times is very troublesome. I certify he is unable to perform any hard manual labor. . . .

Charlotte Chase Sprague died in May, 1881, and John married Sylvia Retan a year later, in Penn Yan. Apparently they lived in Hammondsport until 1898, and then relocated to Bath.

We have a few photographs of him, and one* of his wife, my Great-grandmother Charlotte Chase Sprague. She was the sec-

* Perhaps two. See p. A2.

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ond of five children (and the eldest daughter) born to Solomon P. Chase and Tryphena Hudson Chase.* Solomon P. Chase was born in Rutland, Vermont, in 1811, and married Tryphena Hudson from Braintree, who was three years younger. They resided in Bath, New York, from 1836, and were married March 24, 1839, in Bath. Tryphena Hudson was the daughter of Lot Hudson and Huldah Harding, and descendant of a sibling of Henry Hudson, the famed explorer for whom Hudson Bay and the Hudson River are named.

Solomon P. Chase died January 3, 1899 in Cameron, Steuben County. His wife had died twenty-seven years earlier. It's interesting to see the name Tryphena as Solomon P. Chase's wife. I was told that the names of the oldest girls in the family went Tryphena-Charlotte-Tryphena-Charlotte, and when it came to me, my mother just couldn't name me Tryphena, and so called me Josephine.

At the time I was born, Mitchellsville was a small hamlet, with a general store, a church, a district school, and a few shops. Mail arrived by stage from Bath. For most of their married life my mother's parents, George and Tryphena Eaton, lived there, growing grapes on their farm.

At the back of the long kitchen in their house was a closet where Lester and Charlie took their baths. Grandma kept Lester, the youngest, so washed clean, she bragged once nobody ever saw him with any dirt. Grandpa took his naps in the kitchen behind the cook stove. They had a dog with black curly hair named Fanny that would curl up with him. I think the family spent most of their time in this room. In the kitchen pantry, on the right, were shelves for their dishes, behind curtains that Grandma made. She kept the

* This and most of the following information on the Chase family that follows came to me via Bill Gillett, one of George and Tryphena Eaton's great-great-grandchildren. Bill is Onolee Eaton Gillett's grandson. This information was provided in part by Ms. Sheila A. Stratton-Peel (sapeel@earthlink.net) to Patrick Eaton 5/22/2000. I have supplemented it from an internet source, <http://members.bellatlantic.net/~dinabart/genealogy-pages/chase.htm>, accessed 8/8/2000, and from (I believe) the 1855 Census. John Carroll Chase and George Walter Chamberlain, compilers, *Seven Generations of the Descendants of Aquila and Thomas Chase*, Derry, NH, 1928, which Bill's information led me to, is also a valuable source.

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dishes covered with newspapers. Above the screen door in the kitchen she hung strips of cloth cut from a flour bag to flutter and keep the flies away. I don't know if that was her own invention, or whether it worked.

To the right as you went from the kitchen to the dining room was Grandpa's bedroom, and Grandma's was to the left. After their fourth child they didn't sleep together. There was a round reading table with a cloth over it in the dining room. Off the dining room was a buttery where Grandma Eaton kept all her baked goods and bread, and cookies for the kids, on a table. They always had something we didn't often have at our home. We only had the necessities, not the extras, and Grandma was great at baking. She had a grocery man come from the village of Mitchellsville, about a mile up the road, and she'd come out and pick what she wanted. At the end of the cupboard there were soda crackers, the way they used to sell them, loose in a big bag. On the left was a stool, and the cellar stairs went down from that room.

Out of the dining room were the stairs to the two upstairs bedrooms, a small one that was Charlie's, and the large one in front was John's. The parlor was off the dining room at the front of the house. The windows in that room had lace curtains that came down to the carpet and dragged on the floor. Everybody had them then. Of course, you had to be careful about where you walked. There was an old-fashioned couch of horsehair material (an imitation leather) in that room that was red, mixed with some black.* The parlor furniture was covered with newspapers, and there were newspapers under the curtains. Nobody was allowed in the room. The dining room was used as a living room. The dining room, living room and parlor were connected with double doors, and when they had company, they would open them all. Grandma Eaton's privy, though it was a privy, smelled good, like soap. Of course she cleaned it all the time, and she laid newspapers on the floor and under the toilet paper.

* At another time, Grandma described it as "An old-fashioned couch covered with brussels material in the sitting room (rough-textured). A lot of red, mixed, and black."

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Grandpa's step-mother* had lived with them in her late years (before I was around), and she smoked a clay pipe. I don't know if she smoked it indoors, though. Grandma wouldn't let Grandpa smoke his pipe inside. His father was born in New Hampshire, and married Mercy (Baker) Yost, a widow, later in life—perhaps when he was in his mid-fifties. The 1855 census† identifies Benjamin Eaton as 60 years old, a resident of Cameron for the past three years. Also listed in the household are Mercy Eaton, who was 41, born in Yates County and a resident of Cameron for the past fifteen years; my Grandfather, three years old at the time of the census; Benjamin H. Eaton, 27, born in Steuben County and 3 years in Cameron; Charles W. Yost, 11, step-child, 11 years in Cameron; and John F. Yost, 8, step-child. In the 1860 and 1865 censuses‡ the household is the same except Benjamin H. is not included.

My mother said that her grandmother, Charlotte Chase, was the prettiest girl in the Valley when she was young, and my mother was very good looking, too. My mother, Charlotte, was the oldest child, and there were three boys: John; Charlie, who married Clifford Jenkins' sister Lillie; and Lester, who was only two years older than I was. My sisters and I would walk over to visit them. When I was little and stayed there, Grandma would take Lester and me in bed with her at night. Lester and I used to have a playhouse in the barn. I can see my Grandmother Eaton with a sunbonnet coming out of the house to throw out the dishwater.

Aunt Lou and Uncle John lived in the first house below Grandpa Eaton's on the hill, and Uncle John worked in the vineyard. I visited them many times. Aunt Lou had bright red hair. She had one child, after they'd been married several years, and he died with pneumonia at one year old. When Aunt Lou had her baby, I went up there and got their meals for them for about two weeks. That's how long they used to stay in bed.

* I'm not sure what Grandma meant by "step-mother", if not Mercy Baker Eaton, his mother. She and Benjamin were married until Benjamin's death.

† Steuben County Census 1855 Cameron, p. 15.

‡ Steuben County Census, 1860. Cameron p. 107; Steuben County Census, 1865. Cameron, p. 42. In 1865, John F. Eaton is listed as Fowler Yost, 18, stepson.

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You know, how times change. Bath was eight miles from Hammondsport. Grandma would go shopping there once in awhile, take my mother and Aunt Lou on the train, and it would be an all day trip. There was a dress shop she patronized. Downtown was only one block but she would stop and look in every store. Then they would have lunch at Townsend's and come home on the afternoon train. And Dad went to Rochester once and bought two horses, and it took him two days to get there.

As far as I know, my parents were living at Eaton's when I was born. After they left Grandpa's, they moved into a small house on the hill back of the Great Western Wine Company. My sister Mildred was born there. The company owned the house and my father worked for them. I was told he earned eight dollars a week. Clifford Jenkins' family lived next door. My parents couldn't afford potatoes, and all winter they ate yellow turnips that we call rutabagas now, and my mother said she couldn't look at them after that.

We didn't live there long, because in 1901 Marian, my youngest sister, was born on North Urbana Hill, on the east side of Keuka Lake. Mama would sit Marian in my lap in the big rocking chair and I would rock her by the hour. Aunt Lona owned that house. The hill is still known as Argus hill as the Arguses owned so much of it. At the top of the hill, on the lake side of the road, my Grandmother Argus lived in a large home.

Grandma Argus—Mary Marie Ries Argus—had come to America with two of her sisters from Diedesheim, Germany,* in 1857, when she was twenty-three years old.† The *History of Steuben County*‡ gives some details of her background:

Mrs. Martin Argus, of Urbana, Steuben county, has a double claim to honorable mention in this historic picture of sectional progress and individual achievement. For

* Diedesheim is on the Neckar River, south of Mosbach.

† More than once, Grandma mentioned the story that Mary and Anna came over on the ship from Germany and the storm blew them off course, and they landed in Brazil. Mary didn't trust the ship to get back on, and her sister took her name in memory of her.

‡ Near, *History of Steuben County*, Vol. 2, pp. 926-7.

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some three decades she performed, with faithfulness and love, the many and exacting duties of a helpful wife and the mother of a large family, and, as has always been the case since family records commenced, took upon herself the greatest weight of the burdens involved in rearing the sons and daughters to useful and honorable manhood and womanhood. Then when all this had been accomplished, the husband was taken from her in the strength of his middle age, and she assumed the responsibilities of his business, which she has successfully carried for more than twenty years. The result could not be less than it is, namely—that no member of the community is more respected for her ability and more revered for her good works than the widow of Martin Argus, the venerable but still active proprietor of one of the best vineyards in Steuben county.

Mrs. Argus is a native of Rheinpfalz, Germany, born on the 24th of October, 1834, and is a daughter of Matthew and Gertrude (Hubschmitt) Rieks. Her father died in 1847, at the age of forty-four, a man of high intelligence who had filled for many years the office of notary. The mother, who passed away in 1872, in her seventy-third year, was a daughter of Sebastian and Apollina (Ochsner) Hubschmitt, who cultivated their vineyard with contentment and profit during all the years of their quiet married life. . . .

She went to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and there she married Grandfather Martin Argus. I don't know why she went west. I heard from someone in the family that Aunt Lona was born out there. Grandma worked in the fields like a man when she was young, even pulling the brush, the old stock that was trailing in the vines, to the end of the row where it was left till it dried, and then burned.

Prairie du Chien is located in the southwest corner of Wisconsin, in Crawford County. It is on the eastern shore of the Mississippi River where it joins the Wisconsin River just across from

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the Iowa state line. The explorers Marquette and Joliet had claimed the land for France in 1673, and Prairie du Chien is Wisconsin's second oldest community. By the middle of the nineteenth century, agriculture, transportation and retail trade had replaced the fur trade as the area's leading economic activities. Prairie du Chien was lively and growing.*

Locusts ate their crops in Wisconsin and they came back to Hammondsport in 1863, where Martin Argus had been for a short time earlier. He had come to America the year before his future wife did. Grandma Argus' obituary notes that, "They began grape culture in the early days of the industry."

In 1856, a ton of Steuben County grapes were very successfully sold in New York City, inducing many farmers to buy vineyard land. Grapes were first commercially cultivated in Urbana in 1857. So successful was the experiment that the following year the number of acres of grapes was doubled, to sixty. The price for table grapes soon collapsed, leading to the birth of the wine industry in Urbana. The Pleasant Valley Wine Company was established at Rheims in 1860; it later produced Great Western champaign. There were only a few acres of vineyards when the Pleasant Valley Wine Company started. The Urbana Wine Company, Gold Seal Vineyards, was organized in 1865. By 1869, there were some two thousand acres of vineyards.

There were a lot of German families in Hammondsport in the nineteenth century. The Arguses first lived on the west side of Keuka Lake, on the middle road. There were three roads on the west side of the lake. They lived first in a stone or stucco house, and my Grandmother used to walk downtown with a basket of eggs and butter and change them for coffee or tea, whatever they needed. I only saw that place once. They had a smaller vineyard of twenty acres there. Martin Argus is listed in the initial edition of the *Gazetteer & Directory of Steuben County, 1868/9*, compiled by Hamilton Child. He is noted as a subscriber, and the brief entry in the section on Urbana notes: "Vineyard and farmer, 15 acres."

* Adapted from Prairie du Chien Area Chamber of Commerce.
n.d. <<http://www.prairieduchien.org/visitors/history.htm>> accessed
8/16/2007.

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The *Atlas of Steuben County, New York*, published in 1873, shows my Grandfather Martin Argus and his brother John as residing next to each other on the Northwest side of Keuka lake, just north of Oak Point and the Urbana Wine Company. They both grew grapes, as the 1870 census states. My father is listed in that census as “male infant 1/12”—or one month old.*

Not too long afterwards, they moved to the east side of the lake. In his article on Martin Argus, Hakes writes,

His brother, Philip Argus, came to this country in 1855 [two years younger than Martin, he would have been nineteen then], and it was his report of the country here that induced Martin to leave his native land in November 1856 and come to the United States. He was first located at Rochester, where he was engaged on different farms for four years, and was then for a short time in Hammondsport, thence to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where he took up a farm and made his home there for two years. During this time he married Mary Ries, who was born in Diedesheim, Bavaria October 24, 1834, and in the spring of 1863 he came to the town of Urbana, where he bought twenty acres on the west shore of the lake, which he set out to vineyard, and was one of the most successful grape growers and wine makers of this section. In 1883 he bought 100 acres on the eastern hillside of Douglass Lockwood, where he erected a fine residence, and set out forty acres of vineyard, which is now managed by the surviving widow and sons, Charles, Fred and Martin, George the eldest son having died May 2, 1892. He also left three daughters: Apollonia, wife of Adam Strehl, and Katherine, the youngest, who lives at home.†

At one time they owned Willow Point. Grandma continued to operate the vineyard that ran from the house down to the lake

* DeBeers, *Atlas of Steuben County, New York*, 1873. Census for Steuben County, Urbana, page 12.

† Harlo Hakes, ed. *Landmarks of Steuben County*. Syracuse, NY: D. Mason & Company, 1896, pp. 352-3. He left out daughter Mary.

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after her husband died. She was short and heavy built, and wore her hair parted in the middle right back, in a bun. Her hair got very thin when she was older. He was only fifty-six when he died, and had a heart condition. Martin was a member of the Knights of Honor. I don't know any more about this organization.

Crooked Lake and the Grape, by Steuben County Historian Richard G. Sherer, has some interesting information about the family:

Philip Argus, in the early 1860s, had a few acres of vineyard on the west side of Keuka Lake. For some reason, in 1865 he moved to Kansas and tried to establish a vineyard and winery, but this endeavor failed and he returned to his former home by 1879. At this time he established the Western New York Wine company, which prospered.

His land extended to the lake shore and in 1896, he built a dock to facilitate the shipment of his wine by steam boat to the railroad at Hammondsport. By 1898 his business had expanded to the extent that Martin and John Argus [his sons, born respectively around 1862, and 1872] went on the road as salesmen for the winery. The winery existed until the start of prohibition, although on a much smaller scale after Philip's death on September 6, 1906.*

Sherer's book has two photographs of the New York Wine Company buildings as they look in the 1990s, being used by Dr. Frank's Vinifera Wine Cellars.

The *Hammondsport Herald*, Wednesday, February 5, 1890, reported the following:

Died.

At his home on the hill-side east of this village, on Sunday, at 6 o'clock, p.m., Martin Argus. Deceased was upwards

* Richard G. Sherer, *Crooked Lake and the Grape*, no publisher and no date, p. 75. This is a very handsome and well produced book. Sherer became Steuben County Historian in 1987.

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of 55 years of age, was born in Germany, and emigrated to this country some 30 years ago. After a few years' residence here, he was married to Miss Reese, who survives him. Seven children were given them, three daughters and four sons, viz: Lona, now Mrs. Adam Strehl; George, Charles, Mary, Fred, Katie and Martin, jr.

Martin Argus has always been one of our most progressive and enterprising German residents. He was an expert vineyardist and wine maker, which knowledge he obtained in the Old Country. He was industrious, frugal and prosperous. He was a good provider, and had given his large family the advantages of education and kindred privileges. For some time his strength has been waning from the effects of heart disease, from which he died.

The funeral was observed at St. Gabriel's church, Tuesday morning, the remains being taken to the Valley cemetery for burial.*

His brother John died just six weeks before he did, unexpectedly. And just two weeks after Martin died, two of John's daughters, Sophia, age five, and Louisa, age sixteen, died of measles. Grandma and Grandpa's oldest son, George, died two years later. He was just twenty-eight, and "died of heart failure at the family residence, east of this village, Thursday morning, May 12th, 1892, after an illness of about two weeks. . . . He was an industrious, kind hearted young man, and his untimely death is greatly lamented by his family and friends. The funeral was observed at the Catholic church Saturday morning at ten o'clock, a large concourse of neighbors and friends gathering to pay their last tribute of respect."† Regarding Martin and John's brother Philip, the *Landmarks of Steuben County* states that he

* This is another example of Grandma's trustworthy memory. Although Martin died seven years before she was born, and she was recalling this event when she was past seventy, she was correct that he died of heart problems.

† *Hammondsport Herald*, May 18, 1892.

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was born in Rheinzabern, Germany, in 1836, son of Jacob Argus, who was born in 1800, one of two sons and two daughters born to Leonard Argus, a farmer and vineyardist. Jacob Argus was a farmer and grape grower. His wife was Philipena Masel and their children were John, Martin, and Philip, all of whom came to America. John and Martin are deceased. Philip Argus, upon landing in America, went directly to Wisconsin, where he was engaged in farm work for five years. He then came to Urbana, Steuben County N.Y., where he worked in the vineyards for four years, after which time he moved to Kansas, spending eleven years there in farming and grape growing. He then returned to Steuben county and purchased his present farm of forty-seven acres, which he cleared and set out forty acres of vines, the entire product of which he manufactures into the finest qualities of wine. In 1859 Mr. Argus married Abolonia Beill, of Prairie du Chien, Wis. (formerly of Germany), and their children are Jacob, Martin, Barbara, Anthony, Mary, Lizzie, Catherine, John, and Abolonia. Mr. Argus is a Democrat and a member of the C.M.B.A.

When my grandparents first moved to the east side of the lake, they had a house on the upper side of the road, and an apple orchard, berry patches, and a great big barn. They lived there for years until they built the big house on the other side of the road. The house on the other side was used to store grapes after the new house was built. Some years later it burned.

The house on the lower side was a beautiful place, one of the nicest homes around when we were growing up. My Grandfather Eaton told me that Martin Argus had put ten thousand dollars into the house and the farm.* It had a slate roof. Around the glass in the front door and in the window in the upstairs hall were small panes of stained glass. In the hallway as you entered was a big foyer, with a long marble-top table with a dish on a pedestal for

* This was in the 1880s; the average annual income in 1900 was \$400-\$500.

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calling cards, a figurine and dish in one. There was a mirror over the table. There was also a wrought-iron fixture, like a lantern, in the front downstairs hall. The stairs, on the right, went up from the entrance, and the hall continued to the sewing room and the kitchen. Off the hall to the left was the parlor, with a piano against the front wall, and a pedestal with a bust. One the other end of this wall was a gondola sofa. There was a false fireplace against the outside wall, and a square table with a vase Aunt Katherine had painted with flowers—the house was filled with Aunt Katherine's paintings. Over this table was a shelf with a glass-covered alabaster clock, which was given to Aunt Lona as a wedding present. There were also a couple chairs in the room, and an oil lamp with two globes.

Behind this room, separated by wide sliding doors, was the sitting room. Along the wall adjoining the parlor, to the right, was a bookcase filled with books and statuettes. On the opposite wall was a daybed, and over that was a huge picture Aunt Katherine had painted of a girl walking along a lighted path in a woods. It was suspended from a wooden rod, with pieces of pink silk coming down either side of the picture. On the outside wall was a square bay window with stained glass around the edges, and a door on one side opening to a small porch. I can see that room as clear as if it were yesterday. Sometimes I can even smell the smells of that house. They always had morning glory vines growing on a chicken wire trellis on that side porch. Along the inner wall of the room was a marble fireplace, with a table and chair in front of it, and a lamp on the table. In the winter, Grandma kept a big heating stove right in front of the fireplace and closed off the front parlor and the dining room.

The dining room was behind the sitting room, also separated by wide sliding doors. There was a large window looking down the hill and over the lake, and another window on the side that gave a view to the southwest.

In the kitchen, against the wall between it and the dining room, towards the front, was the iron stove, and on the other side of the doorway towards the back, were two flour bins, covered to make counter space. Over these was a sliding panel through

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which things could be passed between the rooms. Grandma Argus always had a pot of coffee going on the back of the stove. I can still see her in the kitchen at the end of the big oval table, with the coffee grinder between her knees, grinding coffee for breakfast. I remember her there with the hired man, dunking a hard crust of bread into her coffee, to be able to eat it.

And soup on Sunday all the year round. Grandma Argus made soup every Sunday. I can remember as clear as anything Aunt Katherine saying, "I knew the soup was ready: I could smell it at the foot of the hill on the way back from Church." Grandma always did the cooking. She had a real nice set of china plates with raised flowers around the rim. I think they were Aunt Lona's originally.

On the far side of the back wall was the long sink with a pump, with a window above it. The room was lit by big oil lamps, one over the table that stood in the middle of the room. On the outside wall was a side door, behind stairs that went to the second floor and to the cellar. In the space between the stairs going up and the ones going down was the dish cupboard. At Grandma Argus', and I guess my mother's too, she used to have a long bin in the basement filled with apples. Grandma had a bin went all along the side of her basement. The bins were each at least ten feet for apples and potatoes, and shelves and shelves for all the canning. The bins were divided for different types of apples. On the posts holding the house were spikes on which were hung the pans that held milk. After a day or two the cream came to the top. The pans were a couple inches high and a foot in diameter. There was a cistern in the basement.

Between the entranceway and the kitchen was Aunt Katherine's sewing room. When it was really cold, Grandma sometimes slept there. She used soapstones about a foot long, heated up in the fire to keep your feet warm.

Upstairs were several bedrooms with high ceilings. There were fireplaces in them, and they were filled with antiques. The spare bedroom was in the front, over the parlor, and cold. It had a marble-top washstand with a washbowl and pitcher and old-fashioned furniture. Next to it and slightly behind it was Aunt Katherine's room.

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ine's studio. Aunt Kate sewed, painted, played the piano and did china painting. I can see her painting in the vestibule upstairs by the front stairs, where she got such good light. There was a tailor downtown, and she sewed for him and stayed with Emma Haase, her cousin, at the end of the lake. She went with Pete Larry, the chief of police in Hammondsport, for years. My father used to go out with his sister. Every winter, Aunt Kate used to come up to Rochester. Grandma thought she would find a husband, but she never did. She loved the city, though, and had a good time. One time my son Gene was over here and we were talking about the old days, and he said, "Good Time was her middle name." And I guess that's true.

A hall ran from these rooms the length of the upstairs. Behind the spare bedroom was Aunt Kate's room. It was a large room with two full-sized beds, and had a balcony. In the winter they used to take small wood burning stoves into the bedrooms. My cousins Margaret and Cecile slept in that room with Aunt Kate. Their mother, my Aunt Lona, went to work as a nurse in Patterson, New Jersey, after her husband Adam Strehl died. There wasn't any place at home where she could learn nursing, and Adam Strehl's family lived in Patterson, where there was a hospital. They must have gone to live there not long after my Grandfather Argus died, in 1890, and around the time his oldest son, George, died two years later.

Cecile—they called her Sis—and Margaret, who was very small when her father died, grew up at Grandma's. Aunt Lona took her son, Eugene, with her. She had another son, Lawrence, who died. I think he was just a baby. I think Margaret was only a year old when she went to live with my Grandmother. She was seven years older than I, and I walked to school with her sometimes. Sis was older.

Uncle Charley's room was behind Aunt Katherine's, and across from Uncle Charley's room was the stairway. Grandma's room was in front of that, and the back bedroom was across from hers. At the back end of the upstairs was a flight of steps going to the attic, which ran the length of the house. And in the attic was a ladder going up to the ceiling, which had a door you could raise

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and look out over the lake, the town, and the farms in the surrounding countryside.

A few steps from the kitchen door was the drinking well. There were sour cherry trees on the lower side. Across the front were maple trees. Directly across the road from the house was a black cherry tree; and a great big apple orchard, and pear trees. Currant bushes by the barn, from which she made jelly. A garden, and a potato patch. Both my grandparents had chickens and a garden. The barn is toward you as you look at the picture of the house. A driveway went completely around the house and Grandma would get into the buggy from the back door. She used a horse block, one step you used to get into the buggy. There was a hitching post with a little man figure. On Sunday she drove the horse and buggy to the wooden Catholic church that burned. She wore those little flower hats. After mass the congregation, most of whom were farmers and only saw each other that one day a week, would stop to talk for a long time in front of the church.

All across the porch in front they had tiger lilies, and I can still picture Grandma in her last years when her health was failing, in a chair on the porch, knitting with her eyes closed.

My sisters and I spent some time during each summer at Grandma's. She always had one hired man besides Uncle Mart living at home then, and part of the time my father worked on the farm and vineyard. Frank Garrison was the hired man there for years, and he had a room upstairs, the back one across from my Grandmother's. Aunt Katherine was home, and my cousins Cecile and Margaret lived with them. Margaret and I were talking once about Grandma and she said, "Why you remember more about her than I do!"

Grandma had seven children. Uncle George died before my parents were married. Dad's oldest sister, Apollonia (Lona) was a nurse until past her middle age. Aunt Mary Kniffen lived all her married life on a farm on Mount Washington and had three children. Then there was Uncle Charley, who never married; Uncle Mart, whom we all loved very much; my father, Fred; and Aunt Kate (the family called her Kit) never married. One of the children had been born without a midwife, but I can't remember which.

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The only thing I recall her telling me about her childhood in Germany was that they lived near the Black Forest and she went into the woods to gather sticks. She talked in German all the time to the family, and they did too. My mother would get so mad, because my dad used to talk German to his mother and she didn't know what they were saying. She would speak German to me and then say, "Ach, you don't understand." She was very mild mannered. Margaret told me that the most Grandma ever said to scold her all the years she lived with her was, "What in the world made you do that?"

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When we were very young, my father bought the house in Pleasant Valley, just outside Hammondsport, across from the two-room schoolhouse. He got it on a ninety-nine year lease from the cemetery association. The schoolyard belonged to them, too. I started school there, and Marian, before she was old enough to begin her lessons, used to come in and sit with me. She says she thought she belonged there as well as I did; and the teacher never said anything. She couldn't have been more than three years old, and often with a dirty face. Lester was going there at the same time I was, and Uncle Charlie Eaton, also. We used to play around the monuments in the cemetery. That was our playground.

There were a few steps to climb to enter the schoolhouse, into a long hallway, with the little room to the right and the big room to the left. We called it the little room because it had the first six grades together. In the hall was a wooden bench with a water pail and a tin dipper that all the kids drank from. We each had our own desk with an inkwell built into it, a slot for pencils, and an open shelf underneath. We also used slates that were about a foot long and eight or nine inches wide. To the right behind the school was the boys' outdoor toilet, and to the left way in the back the girls'. At holiday time we had a big Christmas tree in the school.

There was a creek in back, and we made dishes from the clay in the bottom. I let them harden overnight. I had a pitcher with a hole in the handle and there was a tree with a nail I hung it on. The creek emptied into a mill-pond that had a bank around it. The millrace ran over to the Champlin farm, and there was a flour mill on the other side of the pond. Some of the boys made a raft to play on, and the children skated there in the winter. I never learned to

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skate. One winter's day we were playing and daring each other to ride on our sleds as close as we could to the creek where it wasn't frozen. I took up the dare—and went through the thin ice with all my heavy clothes. One of the bigger boys, Chester Sprague, laid down on his stomach and inched his way along the thin ice until he reached my hands to pull me out.

When I was about nine or ten we moved to Penn Yan, where Dad went to work in the Empire State Wine Cellar. Mom washed bottles for the company. We lived in a double house belonging to the winery that Dad got rent free. A young couple by the name of Moneo lived in the other half of the house, in the back. One day Mrs. Moneo had a dish of baked pineapple slices cooling on her windowsill. I don't think we had ever had pineapple, and Mil tasted some, and stood right there eating it out of the dish until she finished it all. So Mom had to buy our neighbor another pineapple.

We all had the measles while we lived there, the three of us girls and my mother. I'll never forget the awful taste in my mouth. Dad sent for Cecile to help take care of us. She asked if we wanted any pineapple, and Mil said she'd have half of one. She imagined that it must be something like an apple.

The cupola was our playhouse. I used to make doll clothes—an inch of cloth and I'd make a doll's bonnet. And we'd slide down the two flights of winding banister that went from the cupola.

There was a big family named Carey who lived near us across a creek, and we crossed a footbridge to get there. They kept chickens, and we had a funeral one day for a dead chicken. We used to dress up and pretend we were angels, and jump off a shed in their back yard, like we were flying. One of the girls I went to school with was Jane Patterson, whose father owned a roller skating rink. I think roller skating had just become popular at that time. We would go after school. It didn't cost anything or I wouldn't have been there.

At night we played under the gas lights in the street. There were very few cars in those days. In the fall some of us went after hickory nuts, walking miles over a hill. We also jumped bobsleds once in awhile. We went to the movies—the flickers—and they

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flashed songs on the screen. A girl played the piano and the patrons sang. Years later, my mother was visiting us in my present home and we were laughing about the way my daughter Doris put pictures of movie stars on the wall, and my mother said, "I remember somebody else used to do that." I had forgotten completely that I had. The only one who's name I recall is Dustin Farnum. When we lived in Penn Yan, my father took me to see *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a play, and I cried when Eliza crossed the ice with the dogs behind her.

The father of another of my school friends, Mary Disbrow, was a blacksmith, and we often stopped in front of his shed to watch him make horse shoes. He started with a piece of iron that he held over the coals with long tongs, in a large open pit. When it was red hot, he laid the iron on the wall around the pit and pounded it into shape. It took some time and a lot of doing to shape it perfectly to fit the horse's hoof. Mary died when she was eleven.

This is where Mil cut her head open, jumping across the creek, next to the road. Another time she was climbing a cherry tree and fell out, and split her head open. A neighbor lady picked her up and carried her to Mom's, with blood all over her.

I still have some ancient valentines from those days, and an autograph album my father gave me on my eleventh birthday. At Easter time, Dad hid boiled eggs for us outside, under the bushes and back of the woodshed. During the summer we came up the lake on one of the steamers, to visit our grandparents. One summer we went on the boat back to Hammondsport and stayed with Aunt Lona. That was a twenty-two mile ride, twenty-five cents for adults. I don't remember what we paid. Mil and I once had blue dresses alike, and men on the boat sang "Two Little Girls in Blue"* to us.

Aunt Lona was always good to the three of us kids. Once she sent us a box of nice clothes. At Easter time she'd send each of us a box of candy. When I made my first communion, she sent me a box with a rosary and a prayer book and a handkerchief. While we were living in Penn Yan my father took the three of us girls to the Catholic church in Hammondsport to be baptized. We had

* This was a popular song that first appeared in 1893.

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never been to church before that. My father was Catholic, but my mother didn't belong to any church until shortly before her death. Aunt Katherine was my godmother. William Locker, who owned the hardware store, was our godfather.

The fall after my eleventh birthday we moved back up the lake on a freight with all our furniture. My mother packed a lunch for us. It took hours, and it was dark when we got there. When my father said we were moving into Aunt Lona's house on the hill, I cried, I wanted to move back to our place in the Valley. I don't know why, I had been so young you wouldn't think it would have meant so much.

I remember that house so well on the hill, and that burned afterwards.* There was a dining room and living room across the front. We had an apple orchard in the back and peach trees along the road. And we had chickens. We had a dog named Prince. My mother went up behind the house and found a patch of wild strawberries. We picked them and she canned them. My mother canned a lot of berries.

The house was close to Grandma's farm. At that time, Aunt Lona was in New Jersey. We stayed there less than two years, and Marian started school from there. Dad worked for the wine cellar in the winter and for his mother in the summer. He got eight dollars a week working in the vaults, shaking the bottles all day. I can still see the old tin dinner pail he used, about eight by ten inches, with oval ends, and the cover was a container for coffee that set in a rim about two inches deep, with a cap in the middle. He rode a bicycle to work, and would bring home rock candy they used to sweeten the wine. It was clear and there was no shape to it, several pieces on a string. We girls loved it. You couldn't eat it, you had to let it dissolve in your mouth. I used to walk to meet my father when he came home from work at the wine cellar, and ride home on his bicycle. One time I fell off and got cinders in my arm.

My mother picked berries in the summer, anything she could do to earn a day's wages, and she'd tell me to look after the kids

* Doris Draper lived on that lot later, and I visited her whenever we went down there in the 1970s and '80s.

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and clean the house. We wore aprons and dust caps when we did the cleaning. There is a picture of me with my dust cap and broom. If Mil was mad at me for anything, she would run along behind and mess everything back up to get even. So one time I locked her out to keep the place clean, and she followed me around from outside making faces in all the windows.

Sometimes I brought my girl friends, Effie French and Emma Gerson, home with me to stay the night. When we lived at Aunt Lona's I had a close friend named Jessie House. She lived up the 'Winding Stairs,' a road leading opposite the road into town that twisted up a hill. We walked part way home together from school, as far as where she turned to go up her hill. Charlie Slater used to walk with me down to school sometimes. He lived beyond. He was so tall and lanky they used to call him Ichabod Crane. There was another boy too, who would walk with us. It was at that time we girls first began to notice boys, and we talked about those we liked best. With one, Oswald Colclough, whose father was a Presbyterian minister, I walked over to the head of the lake, and we sat on the stone wall and talked. Jess Losey, who used to deliver the groceries, told me they were so poor you couldn't imagine how few groceries they'd buy. And he was later an admiral in the navy.

Three of us used to go to school together, Edith Barret, Jessie House, and me, and walk back home. I have a picture of Edith and Jessie and myself sitting on the stone fence going up the hill to Grandma Argus's, right next to the Millers', who lived on the next house down from her, across a gully. Albert Crandall took that picture. He was boarding there, after first living in town. Aunt Bell and Uncle David he called them. He came from around Unadilla to work in the grapes, with the Lewises up above us, and he stayed. He went with a girl, Margaret VonderEmpten. He used to go all over. He went around the Valley and the various towns taking photographs. One time he walked with my mother to Grandma Eaton's and took a picture of Uncle Charlie and his bicycle, and of my mother and Aunt Lou. I thought I was in love with that man. I must have been about twelve at the time. He committed suicide when he was young.

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Mil told him about me and he said, "You keep talking about your sister, what does she look like?" and Mil said, "Well, I don't know, but I can tell you she isn't very good looking." He took some of his meals with us when he was living with the Millers. One time he was sitting in the kitchen, and I was washing dishes and broke one, and he said, "Why didn't you break it before you washed it?"

Dad had a great sense of humor, and he'd tell jokes on himself. At Mrs. Miller's he lost his teeth down the well. Dad would tell that story funny, too. Then there was the time he was trimming the tree in the schoolyard when the ladder fell away and he was hanging by the rope he'd tied around his waist. How we yelled!

It was so beautiful on that hill overlooking the lake. At Grandma Argus's I rode on all the farm machinery, sitting on the hired man's lap and on the loads of hay. Margaret and I used to go to the crossroads in the morning to get the cow and take it to pasture. Then we watered the horses at a pool in a glen back of the barn. They had two barns with a lot of horses. Dad would go out to curry them. Mil saw my father with a curry comb one day, so she went in there—we were together—and began to comb a horse, too. But she got the horse they called the kicker, and it kicked her across the barn and down a couple stairs. She had a few things happen to her. She fell into the cistern in Pleasant Valley. They left the cover off, and she was running down the hill and fell in. I think John Eaton was there and pulled her out.

A couple times I walked down through the glen with my cousin Margaret. With the old barn way in the back field, the apple orchard, the grape house across the road, and that wonderful attic, we had great times. Margaret had a playroom in the back of the attic, with a dormer window. Aunt Katherine had rows of her paintings stacked against the wall. She must have had a hundred of them. I used to dream of Grandma's attic with all the old-fashioned clothes and the big trunks.

Aunt Kate ran the house, and she didn't want us kids in the front living room or to go up the front stairway. If she saw us she'd say, "You kids go around the back stairs." And she was the only one allowed to go to the basement to get a spoonful of real cream

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for her coffee. The rest had to use milk. She had her mother where she could get anything she wanted from her.

Aunt Katherine never sat at the table with the rest of us, and over the years when they had so much company, from New York City, she had her meals in the dining room with them. When Aunt Lona was nursing in New Jersey and New York, she met all these girls in places she worked, and sent them up to Grandma's in the summer time for the outdoor air. If I think of it for a second I'll come up with their names. And that suited Aunt Katherine, that was right up her alley, because she had someone to go out with.

Grandma Argus' sister was Mrs. Ropelt and they made Ropelt pianos, and that was the make they had. I remember somebody put a little scratch on the piano and Aunt Kate carried on as if they had taken an ax to it. She was very selfish. One time Aunt Lona sent a coat to Margaret, and Aunt Katherine told her it didn't suit her, so she took it. I don't know if Aunt Lona ever knew, but I never forgot it. Margaret was a girl who grew up hard, they never had anything. I have one picture of the big Argus house. On the back it was a penny postcard, with this note from her:

Miss Jo A Argus
Hammondsport, NY

How do you like your job? Say thanks for that postal. Ask your mother if Marian can come with me after church Sun. if she wants to. She can go to sch. Mon from here. M

It was postmarked Hammondsport Oct 21 5:30PM. The year must have been around 1911.

Saturday nights we would sit on the balcony of Aunt Kate's bedroom and listen to the band playing in the town square from across the lake. Different times we would be downtown at night and walk up that long hill in the dark. There were no lights those days and only a dirt road. You couldn't see a step ahead, but we were used to that.

One day I remember Dad came down after Mil and me from school. It must have been bad weather, because we always

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walked. We were standing up in the back when the horse gave a sudden lunge, and we both landed on the road, into the mudhole. We weren't hurt, but we were muddy.

While we lived on the hill, the Catholic church in town burned and had to be rebuilt; it is a beautiful small church now. Grandma donated a window that had the Argus name on it. Aunt Lona gave one too, in Uncle Adam Strehl's name. At that time, families paid pew rent, and had their own seats.

The fall I was thirteen we moved back to our own house in the Valley. All three of us children were going to the Pleasant Valley School. My mother had gone there too. During the summer vacation just before school started, my mother and Aunt Lou, her sister-in-law, cleaned the inside of the building. Eugene Trant taught the big room at that time, and Ora Keeler taught the little room, and later they got married. He was a strict Catholic and we three girls were the only Catholics there, and he used to show us a little partiality. Not in our lessons, but he used to talk with us out of class. Edwin Miller would make fun of us because we were Catholics, and then he married an Irish Catholic girl. He was great friends with my cousin Lester Eaton and they went around together all the time. I can see Lester sitting by my side in school and looking over at me. We did say prayers in school. I know one teacher—not all of our teachers, but some of them used to. They started the day with the pledge of allegiance.

Some of my schoolmates have been lifelong friends. That is where I first knew Lillie Beam, who later married Clifford Jenkins. We still laugh about how we read books behind our geography book in class. We had a teacher at one time who didn't know what was going on (not Mr. Trant). But I liked geography in school, and I still do. When we went across the country I could tell you for years every town we stayed in, because of the impression they made on me.

We had one cow when we lived in the Valley, Daisy, and it was Mil's job to take it to pasture next door on the Ward farm, and bring it home at night. We lived right next to the schoolhouse. Sometimes Mil would get up late, and one morning we looked

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out the school window and there she was going by in her school clothes hurrying the cow along. How we laughed!

Mil had nerve where Marian and I didn't. Mil saw some of the girls with new saddle shoes, and she wanted them, so she went to the one shoe store in town and had them charged to dad. One time Mil was visiting here and she said, "Do you remember the swing we had in the yard, and I used to swing so high. I couldn't go high enough. . . And I was climbing the tree with two of my mother's rings and they both fell off, and one we never did find in the high grass." I don't know what happened to Mil for doing that. The only time I remember my mother ever punishing me was one time I didn't want to wear what she wanted me to and I must have talked back to her.

In the picture of the school I have, * my second cousin, Kalma Chase, the daughter of Carrie Chase, is in the last row, the one on the right with the hat. In the last row, fifth from the right, the last tall kid is Charles Eaton. In the middle row, fifth from the left in the dark coat is Lester. Kalma Chase was a beautiful girl, with curly hair down to her shoulders, and her mother encouraged her to get acquainted with the well-to-do people in town. The teachers in that picture are Grace (left) and Pearl Wixom. Pearl taught the little room. They were twins. I remember that Miss Wixom tried to change Mil to right hand from left-handedness, and Momma went over there and told her to leave her alone. We lived right by the school, so we always went home for our lunch.

In Hammondsport our doctor was Dr. Alden, and he came to the house when we needed him. When I was about fourteen I had quinsy, and it ached terrible. Quinsy throat. It swells up your throat inside so you can't swallow. Sometimes I wish I was like those people who get sick and can't eat, but I never lose my appetite. The only time I lost my appetite was when I was a kid and had quinsy throat. All I could do was drink milk or water. Dr. Alden told me that the next time I'd have to have my tonsils out, but I didn't. I don't know how many times I had that when I was a kid at home.

* This picture seems to have gotten lost. *RHT*

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The Jenkins family were now living on the Champlin farm within sight of our house across the road, next to the pond. The houses that used to be there are all gone. Glen Curtiss' first flying field was on South Valley Road across the street past Jenkins'. The three boys were at our place all the time. One night Dad came back from work and wanted to know if the Jenkinses never went home. Oh how provoked my father used to get at those boys at our house all the time!

It seems to me that our house in the Valley was always a sort of gray color, like it still is, but it looks nicer now. The open porch is gone, where Mil banged up the spindles. She saw Dad putting them in and she wanted to do some hammering too. That was one of the few times he paddled Mil.

Years ago in the country people didn't take care of their yards like they do now. We didn't have a lawnmower, but Dad used a sickle to go over the yard when the grass got too high. We had a lot of tall grass and weeds growing in the back, and in the orchard. The apple orchard went from the back, on the right as you faced the house from the street. There were all different kinds of apples; 'pound sweet' were my favorite, and snow apples. In the front there were peach trees.

We lived from the garden plot in the summer, which was next to the house on the right. Dad grew potatoes there and other vegetables. Directly behind the house was the wood shed, and the outhouse was attached to the back of that. We kept the coal in the woodshed and we'd go out with the scuttle to bring some in. Further back was a chicken coop: we had twelve or fifteen chickens at a time. And a berry patch on the left, behind the kitchen, red raspberries my mother canned in the winter. We kids picked them, and I hated it. She usually had quite a few quarts of berries. Mother canned seventy-five quarts one year. She used to make grape sauce, the same way you make the pie filling. Mil and I were playing 'Auntie auntie over,' throwing a ball to each other over the shed once. She lost the ball and threw a rock and it hit me in the head.

In the kitchen, there was a big table against the wall on the dining room side, and a large stove on the outside wall. We had no gas or electric, and would build a fire for most of our meals.

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We had a little grocery store, Thorpe's, on the corner on Mitchellsville Hill, closer to the valley than Grandma Eaton's, and Dad went over there on Saturdays in the winter and bought a pound of sausage. On Sunday morning my mother would build up the fire, and we had pancakes, a big stack so they'd be falling over, and sausage. They didn't have preservatives in those days and the sausage tasted altogether different, so delicious. By the back door in the kitchen was a bench, or table, with the water pail and dipper. No sink. We usually did the dishes on the stove, put the dishpan on it. There was a reservoir attached to the back of the stove, so there was always hot water. We had a well, and one time Mil put the kittens down it. I mentioned it once when Mil was here, and she said, "I heard my mother say, 'I've got to get rid of these kittens.' So I took them to the outside cistern and dropped them down one by one." Momma had to put a ladder down to get them.

The ceiling was low in the dining room. I think it was papered—the living room was, too. They used more wallpaper in those days. There wasn't much wall space in that room. There were two windows looking out into the back yard, and the wall with the kitchen had three doors in a row. The first, in the back corner, went upstairs, the next to the basement, and then the doorway to the kitchen. In the opposite wall was the door that went to the bedroom Mil and Marian shared, and built-in cupboards with doors at the top and bottom, which we kept dishes in. There were pictures on the wall. One Christmas Aunt Kate gave us a picture of Keuka Lake she had painted, with a green frame. In the winter the kitchen was cold because it was exposed, and we ate a lot of meals in the dining room.

In the living room was a wood stove, a tall bookcase of light oak, and a light oak desk with a door that let down to write on, and pigeon holes. There was a square table with claw feet resting on glass rollers. A couch, and we had three rockers. One Mil and I got from the Larkin Company in Buffalo. They sent order blanks around for soaps, perfumes, and other toilet items, and if you sent in a ten dollar order you got a premium. We did, and got a missionwood rocking chair. I must have been about thirteen at that time. We went through the wine cellar to take orders. Another

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rocker was a morris chair, that reclined, with cushions in the back like corduroy. And we had a plain wood rocker. We had a platform rocker, too. We used oil lamps, and if you didn't get the wick straight it would burn up one side of the glass and blacken it. I hated washing those glass globes! Dad went to an auction once and brought home a lamp with a red shade, that I thought was beautiful. There was a nice heater in that room with isinglass on the front. You could see the coal burning, and I thought it was so pretty. At another time it had a chrome rim and we used to put our feet on it.

Mother and Dad had the front bedroom off the living room. They had a light oak dresser, low with two drawers, and a mirror over it. In my attic now is a white piece of furniture that was part of an old dresser we had. Dad used it to keep his hats in, and mother for her gloves. Mil and Marian had another dresser like that one in their room, and a double bed. We didn't have any clothes closets, except in the large bedroom upstairs, one without a door. There were two bedrooms upstairs, with low ceilings: a large one, and the little room at the top of the stairs that I had. I had a little washstand with a drawer in the top and two doors. I can remember in the summer picking flowers and putting them in a glass so I'd have them upstairs.

There was a mud basement in our house in the Valley, and my mother would make a big crock of sauerkraut, cover it with a plate and put a stone over that to keep it down so the juice would cover it, and that would be for the winter. Of course we canned fruits and vegetables, too. There were bins for cabbage, squash, potatoes and apples, and if we were lucky enough Dad would kill a pig in the fall, around November, and we had that all winter. We used to plan to have a sparerib from the pig for Thanksgiving dinner. Ordinarily we had meat on Sunday and not much in between. I don't remember ever having turkey.

We never had much. If my father worked for his mother in the summer, he wouldn't get paid until the fall when she sold the grapes, and then he had coal to buy. We never had any clothes other than we absolutely needed. One fall my mother bought us each a red sweater to wear all season. Marian wore hand-me-down shoes

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until she was in school, and as a result she had problems with her feet all her life. But there were a lot of families that didn't have much more. Lillie came from a family with ten children, so you can imagine that they didn't have much, either.

We had an old-fashioned square piano, with big carved legs that Dad picked up somewhere when we lived in the Valley the third time. We used to move the furniture around but we left the piano in its place against the dining room wall. Marian would play for the family and Dad would accompany her. And she picked out pieces by ear. Dad always played the violin. Mil learned to play chords on the piano. She took lessons and played one song, "Trip to Niagara," but never practiced. I think we had more company of young people than anyone around, on Saturday or Sunday evenings. Mom picked up the chords too, so we always had music. We had a pair of kittens and one morning when we were all in bed they got on the keys, playing.

Dad's family were all musical. Every one of them played something, and when they got together they would gather around the piano to play and sing. Dad was in his glory playing his violin. He had taken lessons downtown when he was going to school. He didn't play too much by the sheet music, but he could play anything by ear. Aunt Katherine and Aunt Lona and Aunt Mary played the piano, and Uncle Mart played the guitar. I don't know about Uncle Charley. We used to get on Dad's lap and ask him to sing songs, and he'd sing all the evening for us: "The Letter Edged in Black," "The Baggage Coach Ahead," which was about a young man who lost his wife, "The Ship That Never Returned," "The Irish Jubilee," "The Picture Turned Toward the Wall," about a girl who disgraced her family. I thought those songs were great. When she was in the Valley high school, Marian played the mandolin in a trio, and Mr. Trant played the trombone.

My mother used to take a nap in the afternoon, lie on the couch, and get me to read to her. I would read by the hour; I always loved to read. My mother had hay fever and asthma, and when we lived in the Valley she'd sit outside at night to get the air half the night, and lean over the railing because she had such a problem breathing. I'm surprised none of the three of us girls had allergies. She had three

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teeth taken out, beside her wisdom teeth. I've always prided myself that I've kept all the teeth I have, and in good condition.

My father used to put everything under the sun on his head to make his hair grow and nothing worked. Kerosene oil he used to rub on his head. I don't remember the other things, but I can remember I used to rub his head.

At Christmas time Dad went out to the woods and cut our Christmas tree, and set it in a pail of coal. We had real candles on it, about the thickness of a pencil and half as long. I don't know how we dared light them. We made chains of colored paper, red and green, and strung popcorn; and then we put the candles on and lit them. We were up bright and early Christmas morning to see what we got—a doll once in awhile, little sets of china dishes, knitted mittens and stockings from Grandmother Argus, and books and picture books. Usually my Grandfather Eaton got us an orange. My mother gave me a beautiful copy of *Evangeline* with a white cover one year, and one year she sent me a magazine subscription to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and I loved the stories in it. One Christmas I remember we spent at Grandmother Argus'. Another time, Grandpa Eaton gave us each a change purse with five dollars inside. Marian turned hers over to the music teacher downtown for piano lessons, and she played piano for the rest of her life. The music teacher was Mary Waters, who had been a friend of Dad's before he got married. She taught piano in town and Marian had ten lessons. She said that without that five dollars she wouldn't have played it. Mil's and mine probably went for clothes. I'm sure that was the first time we ever had that much money.

The Grange held dances all winter, and we nearly always went. They had midnight suppers of beans, rolls, pickles, cold meat, coffee and cake. That was our amusement through the winter. And through the summer on Saturday nights there were band concerts in town. A Mr. Love had a popcorn machine at one corner of the park.

The Bath Fair was a highlight of the year. I remember hearing horses with buggies or wagons going by our house at five o'clock in the morning. Farmers drove from miles beyond Grandmother Argus's and from all the surrounding country to the Fair. Aunt

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Kate always had pictures there and always won either first or second prize. That was about the first thing we looked for. One summer when we were all up to Aunt Mary's they took us to the Fair, and she made cookies and a chocolate cake, and killed a chicken the day before. What a nice day that was. We drove down in the horse and buggy. It doesn't sound like much, but to us it was a highlight, and I never forgot that day. My Grandmother Eaton had a jar of great big peeled peaches she had canned and arranged perfectly with the cut halves facing the outside of the jar. She won prizes with it, entering year after year. They probably wouldn't have tasted good after so long. There were also sulky races at the Fair that we liked to watch.

Women didn't just walk into a tavern in those days. In Hammondsport there was a back door into the Park Inn from the alley, and my mother went in that door with Aunt Lou, and they met their husbands inside.

Before we had Rural Free Delivery we had to go after our mail to the office of the Great Western Wine Cellar. The post office there was named Rheims, after Rheims, France. The original owners of the cellar were French.

Our houses were cold in the winter, and only warm by the fire. Dad packed straw around the foundation of the house for insulation. He brought his own fuel home on a wagon or sleigh. The kitchen wood box and the iron coal scuttle in the living room had to be filled from the woodshed. The big black cook stove used wood in the summer and sometimes coal in the winter. A heater in the living room burned coal or wood. We burned little 'pea' coal in the winter. Whoever had the bedroom the stovepipe went through was the lucky one. The water pail had to be filled from the well in the front yard, and in the winter we had to pour hot water on the pump to melt the ice on it. We kids had to keep the reservoir behind the stove filled in the winter. The pots that were kept under the bed had to be emptied every day. Oil lamps had to be filled. If we were short on oil we used a candle to go to bed by. I had a little agate-wear candle holder.

We took our Saturday night baths in a washtub in the kitchen, and had no bathrooms. There was a metal washbasin in the

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kitchen. Later, when we lived in Bath, we had our first bathtub, but no hot water. We snarled our hair (today it is called teasing), and curled it—burned it a little, too—with a curling iron heated by being held in the globe of a lamp, hooked onto the rim. My mother did that. No-one used rouge, but we used a little powder, cornstarch I believe.

There is nothing in the world like the three-holer in the back yard. What a place to go in the winter! To sit on that ice-cold seat is something one never forgets. To find your way in the dark, or with a lantern if it was working, that wasn't so bad. There wasn't such a thing as toilet paper at our place; the old Sears catalog on a nail answered that purpose.

The Edison talking machine, for those who could afford one, had a big horn for sound, painted like a morning glory, and used cylinder records. We never had one. And no telephone. The ones people had then were fastened on the wall. You cranked the handle instead of dialing your number. So many shorts and longs for the different homes. There were so few automobiles that the neighbors on Mount Washington, where my Aunt Mary lived, would call ahead that a car was coming by, and the people would rush out to see it.

We had the joys of riding on the hay wagons; cows and horses and chickens, and once a few pet ducks; our German shepherd dog, Prince; and always a cat. We had the pond and the creek and the barns at Grandma's and Aunt Mary's. Then there were the gypsies that camped about a mile below us in Pleasant Valley, towards the end of summer, on the Champlin farm where there was a lot of empty space. We kids were scared to death of them. I used to look ahead to that time and be afraid. They came to the door to sell bolts of material and kitchen utensils, ten-cent jewelry, things like that. They wouldn't stay only a week and then move on. The women had big full skirts and full sleeves tight at the wrist, and shawls of gay colors. The only time we kept our doors locked was when they were around.

I can't forget to mention the fun of washdays, heating the water in a boiler on the stove and washing the clothes on a washboard. The boiler was a tub with rounded ends, long enough to go over both the front and back stove lids, and with a fitted top. And

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the best part, hanging them out in the winter. They would freeze like boards.

What a job it used to be! Women dreaded to wash, and in the summer we did it outside where it didn't matter if you slopped the water around. We used a bench to put the wash and rinse tubs on. There was a wringer that clamped onto the wash tub, which was turned by hand, of course. We washed every Saturday to have clean clothes for the coming week, and were lucky to have two changes. For the ironing we used a set of three cast-iron flatirons and heated them over the stove. Use one till it started to cool, and then pick up another one. Grandma Eaton got so as she got older it took her two days to do the laundry. First, she'd scrub down the board. She boiled the clothes.

Once in awhile we had home-made ice cream, and popcorn made over the stove. We sold milk at one time for four cents a quart. Half the food today wasn't heard of when we were growing up. We never had macaroni, or tuna or salmon. Our toast was made on top of the stove, just laid on the stove lids. I don't think we ever had much butter, but oleo. You made your own oleo. Oranges were scarce and we never saw a banana. Breakfast was oatmeal all the time.

We had lots of johnny cake, and apple pudding. We would come home for lunch from school and my mother would have a big pan of apple pudding. I still make it. The recipe is with the others in the back of this book. My mother used to make apple dumplings, too. For them you use a biscuit dough rolled out thin, and put in a quartered apple. Then bring up each corner and pinch it and bake it. It takes about forty-five minutes, I think. For the topping you use a teaspoon of cornstarch, thickened with flour. One cup of milk or more. About a third-cup sugar, a little piece of butter and vanilla. You have to stir it every moment so it doesn't burn. My mother was a good baker—her mother had taught her. I didn't do too much baking at home. I did the potatoes and the dishes. We had potatoes and bread, lots of bread and milk and mush and milk when we were young. My mother would kill a chicken on Sunday, wringing its neck. Our dog ate the scraps from the dinner, and if there weren't any scraps we'd let him out and he had to find his own food.

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Lillie stayed all night with me occasionally. I think she quit school when she was around thirteen or fourteen. She lived with a family named Barber and worked for them, on the back road out of Bath. I went up quite often on the train to the Brundage crossing and then walked a couple miles to where she was. I took my clothes and would stay a couple days. That was a beautiful big house. Sometimes we walked into Bath and looked around the stores. She met a boy there who was a telegraph messenger, and he rode his bicycle out to see her.

How much we enjoyed our Uncle Charley Argus coming to visit. He worked on farms around Scottsville and Conesus, and would come unexpectedly to stay overnight. He made a lot of us girls. He had what we called the shanty: two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen—halfway down the hill through the vineyards on the same road as Grandma's. I can remember going down there with my mother. They always called it the shanty and called him Bill Hank. He didn't get along with Aunt Kate and neither did my father, all the time. Once when he came I sat on his lap and he said, "When you grow up you're going to be—" But I don't remember what he said. I think it was when he was returning from this visit that he got the illness he died from.

Death of Charles Argus

At the home of his mother, Mrs. Martin Argus, near this village, on Friday, December 13th [1912], occurred the death of her son, Charles P. Argus, after a week's illness of pneumonia.

Mr. Argus was born in this town in 1856 and had made this place his home practically all of his life. For the past year he had the management of the Chapin vineyards at Conesus Lake and came home for a few days' vacation when he was taken ill.

He is survived by his mother, two brothers and three sisters. The funeral was held at St. Gabriel's Church on Monday at 10 a.m. Interment in Pleasant Valley Cemetery.

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He had been visiting us and walked up the hill from the Valley to Grandma's and caught a bad cold that turned into pneumonia.

There aren't any pictures of Uncle Charley. He was a big man like Uncle Mart. There were two big and two small, like my father, who only weighed about a hundred thirty-five. For a while Uncle Charley was a guard at Sing Sing prison, and then went to work on a farm in Nunda. One year we girls didn't have winter coats, and he sent us three prison guard coats, and my mother cut them down for us.

It was about this time that Aunt Lona remarried, to Henry Neuville, and moved back up on the hill. They bought the Aber home. Uncle Henry Neuville was a retired Spanish War veteran and came from Patterson, New Jersey. He had never driven a horse before, and we laughed when we saw him driving the horses sitting up straight with his arms out stiff. In the winter he used to put a newspaper spread under his jacket for insulation. One winter long they came to the Grange dances every week, he and Aunt Lona. When we visited them, I remember he always said, "Don't forget to wash out the coffee pot!" I guess she wasn't as careful about that as he was. They'd sit on the porch all day looking at the lake. And he told me, "You know, I never get tired of looking at it, it's always different every day." His niece Gertrude married Eugene Strehl.

The next place we lived was in the wayside tavern in the Valley where the front and back roads branched off, the one on the left going into Bath, and the one on the right into Hammondsport. That is, the road from my Grandfather Eaton's forks off one side to the Valley and cemetery, and the other to Hammondsport. The tavern was right at the fork. This was in sight of our house by the school, only a couple hundred yards from it. There were living apartments on one end, and a big dance hall on the second floor. We only lived there one winter. Dad figured he could make some money by giving the dances they had. We girls made out invitations on penny postcards. Dad served cider, and a band from Bath played, Thompson's orchestra. There was a woman at the piano, two men playing violin, and a man did the calling. We had good crowds. If people knew that Thompson's was playing, they'd come. Otherwise, not so many came.

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Downstairs in the hotel was a tobacco shop where Mr. Fred Chase made cigars, at one end of the tavern. On our way home from school we would see him rolling cigars in the window. His wife, Carrie Haase Chase, was Dad's cousin. Their daughter was Kalma Chase. Her mother, my Grandmother Argus's sister, lived with them there. She looked so much like Grandma that when Mil was small she used to follow her along thinking it was Grandma. They moved to Unadilla before we lived there.

I was going to Hammondsport High now, and about this time I started going out with boys. Clifford Jenkins tried to teach me to skate on the pond, without success, but we had fun sitting by the fire he built to keep us warm. I went to a few movies with Preston Adams, who had recently moved from out of town to work in the wine cellar. The theater was upstairs over a grocery store. There was a reptile shop on Mill Street. My mother took me there once and the man had a button where he could make a hissing sound, and it scared me. On the Fourth of July one year, Lillie Peacock, Lester Eaton, George Cooley and I went to Penn Yan on one of the Keuka steamers. We had dinner there and sang all the way home.

Mil recalls that she wanted Ethel Vogt to think she was grown up, because her parents had a little more than we did, so she put on my mother's corset (without her knowing it) and walked up the hill to her place. It was so big she had to hang on to it so it wouldn't fall off. She was anemic at one time and the doctor prescribed port wine. Dad got her some, and he drank more of it than she did.

My first year in high school I took Latin and German and corresponded with a girl from Germany. Miss Masson was our teacher. Her family was one of the owners of the Great Western Wine Cellar. The school building is now the Curtiss Museum.* What a nice walk that was to school every day, rain or shine, snow and ice. I can remember on bitter cold nights riding the train, the B&H, from the school to our house in the Valley. I didn't have the money for it often. In English the first year we had to read *Ivanhoe*, each one had to read out loud, and when I knew my turn was coming up I'd stay home that day. I did that more than once. In my second year, in March 1913, we had to write an essay on the effects of

* As of 2000 it houses the library and town offices.

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alcohol and tobacco. I won second prize. The teacher told me the next day I could have won first prize, but I knew I would have to get up in front of the president of the WCTU and read it. I was so shy, my voice would shake and I'd be ready for tears when I had to read. So I stayed home from school that day when they came to give the awards, so I wouldn't have to read it in front of people.

I never forgot Mil in school. She played basketball her first year in high school. A team came down from Avoca and she got mad at one of the girls and slapped her face. She was a hard girl to get along with. Dad used to call her 'Dutch,' and 'Germany.' Marian and I never had a word all our lives, but Mil wasn't like that. Of course Marian was so quiet.

On our way home we sometimes stopped by the airfield to watch the planes. Hammondsport was called the cradle of aviation, and we saw many test flights with those first planes over Keuka Lake.

When I was older, from twelve to fifteen, I helped Grandma Eaton with housecleaning. I remember going up to the attic and wiping off the boxes. She used to have me iron grandpa's overalls, and they'd be stiff as a board. And I picked berries from the red raspberry patch, and worked in the vineyard with the hired workers.

From the time I was thirteen I worked all I could in the vineyards on Saturday and when school was out. We willow-tied in April, carrying willow withes two or more feet long in a pack on our backs and tying the new growth to the two lowest wires, getting four or five ties from one twig; the new shoots would grow onto the top wire. We took off from school to do that. It was hard work. I straw-tied grapes as soon as school was out—others had already started. We carried wheat straws about a foot long on our hip, and tied the second growth to the third wire.* I worked on the Bronson farm and the Champlin's, the Layton's, and my Grand-

* Grandma saved a postcard postmarked July 15 [1916] from "Your old pal—Stub/Shorty": "Dear Joe: Just a card to let you know I am still on this old hill working every day. We finished tying Thursday and at present I am working in the hay field. I am some tanned take it from me. Ralph has been up here every since a week ago to-day. He is right in the hay field & he was never there before. Take a few minutes and write me the news of H'port & what you are doing now days . . ."

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father Eaton's. I liked working there better than at other places, because Grandpa took me to the house to eat. Other places in the Valley I'd have to take my lunch.

There was a woman, Ida Sedan, who lived in the valley and used to tie grapes, and Grandma got so jealous once about her being there. She was so mad over that, she didn't have anything for dinner at noon and she wasn't anywhere around. Grandpa said, "Come on Jo," and we went to Aunt Lou's down the hill. I can remember Aunt Lou laughing about it. I don't think Marian ever tied grapes to amount to anything, like Mil and I. "I was young and I didn't like it too much," Marian said when I (Rick) asked her about working in the vineyards. "I was always sitting in the corner with a book in my hands. I practically knew that book by heart: *Grimm's Fairy Tales*."

When the grapes were ready to pick I was given a man to work with to help carry the heavy boxes. It seems to me we started about 7 o'clock. In those days you put in about ten hours a day. Two people worked together between rows of vines, with the crate between them. Believe me, it was no easy work on the hillsides. Most of the vineyards were on a side hill. The vines would be wet in the early morning, with a heavy dew on them. Our arms would be all wet until the sun came up. So of course our clothes were damp, and the rough ground was full of stones. At the end of the season you threw your shoes away, if there was anything left of them. They'd be worn out. If I remember correctly we got seventy-five cents a day. We wore gloves and used grape shears to cut the grapes. I still have a pair of grape shears my father gave me. You never tasted such good grapes as they were, cold with the morning dew. Most of Grandpa's grapes went to the winecellars. He never drank himself, but he made his own wine at home for company.

I bought many of my clothes, and always had a list of clothing I wanted. Twelve and a-half cents a yard for gingham. Three yards made a dress; my mother sewed them. There was a Mrs. Johnson up the Valley who used to make clothes, too. Peddlars would come around selling different things. The peddler would have great big suitcases and a horse and buggy. One year my mother bought

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fabric from a country peddler and made Mil and me two-piece dresses just alike: sage green with Norfolk-like blouse with box pleats down the front, which we wore with a red tie. I wore that outfit all winter to school, changing off with another blouse. That blouse was a gray flannel, just like a man's shirt, which girls were wearing then. It had a collar and we wore a bow with it. Two dollars for a pair of shoes; forty cents bought material for a nightie, always home-made. A hat for a dollar or two. We never had spring coats, just a sweater.

After that I packed grapes too, at Smith's packing house. Before this time I never had any spending money. No kids got allowances then. I saw an advertisement for packaged bluing and sent away for that, and peddled it around the neighborhood. It must have sold for ten cents a package—I got two cents. When I was about fifteen I used to help a Mrs. Eaton with housework. She was no relation to us.

I was about 14 when a lady died in Hammondsport and my mother wanted to go to see her, she had the feeling she knew her. That was the first time I'd ever seen a body, just lying on a slab. That night I dreamed about her, lying there, and she sat up and called to me, and that bothered me, and I still don't like to think about it much. Mil stopped to look at the salvage of a man who'd fallen through the ice on the lake, but I didn't.

Uncle Mart and Aunt Blanche were living in Montour Falls around this time. He got married late in life and moved there from his mother's farm, and worked as a machinist in a shop. He had borrowed some money from his mother one day, not telling her what it was for, and went up to Rochester where Blanche was a practical nurse, and they got married. Aunt Blanche was divorced and had a daughter Marian's age, Florence Duryea, from her former family. As his family was Catholic, it caused some trouble when he brought her back. Aunt Katherine cried and wrung her hands and carried on just like she'd lost all her possessions. His mother was more of a nature to accept those things, and I never heard her say anything about it.

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We girls visited Uncle Mart and Aunt Blanche a few times during the summer. We took the boat to Penn Yan and then the train to Montour Falls. I must have been about sixteen. Aunt Blanche's daughter Florence and I went with boys to Watkins and through the glen. We thought it was great fun to walk to Watkins. Florence married Harlan Leonard, and they had a baby a few months before my daughter Doris was born. Marian was his godmother and she used to keep in touch with him. Marian was good friends with her.

Once in the fall I was visiting them, and Aunt Blanche made two very nice dresses for me, with fabric from a peddler along the road. She made them from the same pattern, varying the colors. One was what you call a golden brown, and one was blue, and they had a vest that was reversible from one dress to another. I remember that day, her getting out of the wash tub in the kitchen, and it was real cold; I was already waiting for her. We got the bus or the streetcar and went to Watkins to buy the pattern.

Later they moved back to Hammondsport. One of those times we rode up the lake, Aunt Blanche was sitting outside her house when we got off the boat. They lived on the 'Haase block,' where Emma Haase's mother lived at that time, close by the dock in Hammondsport. She asked us where we were going, and Mil told her we could stay all night with them—Papa said—if she asked us.

Our favorite Sunday spot was the creek beyond the school at the dam, where the boys and girls would meet. The mill race went over to the Champlin farm. Mil and Marian learned to swim there but I never did, I was too afraid. I would just wade in. One winter I took a few dancing lessons down town at Hollenbeck's with Aunt Blanche's daughter, when I could stay overnight with them or with someone. But I was never able to go to the parties and candy pulls our 'fresh men' had, as there was no way for me to get home.

Mil recalls that "The boys used to play ball in the schoolyard, and every night I used to run across the street and play with them. Dad bought me boys' shoes because I was so hard on shoes.

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I'd go through them in a week. And he bought me a man's coat once that I didn't like very much. But I had to wear it."

The one and only time I skipped school was when I was going down to Hammondsport. A couple of the girls, Mildred and Ruth Scotchmer, and I were chums. We'd walk downtown at lunch, to have something to do, and one time the three of us ran into two boys I knew from Penn Yan. We thought it would be a lot of fun to take a walk in the glen with them. We decided, "Let's skip school this afternoon, as long as we met these boys."

After our adventure, when the boys went back to Penn Yan, we figured we'd have to have a story to tell the teachers the next morning. We decided to say that I had fallen in the glen and skinned my knee.

The next morning we went to school, and the teachers never said a word. By noon we said, "This is great, nobody's noticed." But in the afternoon after school was over they called each of our names, and then we knew that we hadn't got away with anything. We had to go to the school principal, Mr. Plu was his name, one at a time. Mildred was called in the principal's office first, and came out with tears in her eyes, and then Ruth, and she came out crying. So I could tell what was coming. He didn't do anything bad to us, just that we were so scared. Of course he gave us a good scolding, and we didn't dare tell him our story. Ruth Scotchmer and her mother died with the flu after World War I.

Our last day of school was always a big event, with exercises and a picnic. One year our teacher Miss Arland, who owned a cottage on Rye Point, the second point on Keuka Lake, took us over there for our picnic.

Moonlight excursions on Keuka Lake, how everyone enjoyed them! There were two boats, called the 'Steuben' and the 'Yates,' side-wheelers. Then a small one called the 'Cricket,' and a large one called the 'Mary Bell.' During the summer there was music on the Mary Bell, a three-piece orchestra from Rochester. We thought we could never ask for anything more than a trip on that lake. It is still one of the prettiest places I can think of. Dad took us all camping on Willow Point one summer for a few days. Just a tent, and we slept on the ground, but what fun it was.

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During the summer we visited our Aunt Mary at her dairy farm in Mount Washington, halfway between Bath and Hammond-sport, about five miles from my Grandmother's over the hill. My father would take me or somebody would pick me up, in a horse and buggy. I remember one time going with my cousin Walter in a buggy and the seat was just wide enough for the two of us.

Aunt Mary had about fifteen cows, and chickens, and all her butter and eggs went to New York. Aunt Lona was working in New York, so she got customers for them. The chickens had their nests in the barn and sometimes you had to hunt for the eggs. She'd give me a damp cloth to clean off the eggs and separate the brown ones from the white: put the white in one crate and the brown in another. They got more money for the brown eggs. And I rode on the horse drawn hay rake with the hired man and on the loads of hay. We looked forward to it in the summer.

She was always so nice to us, and made us things we liked to eat. I used to think it was the most fun of anything I could think of to go to Aunt Mary's to stay. When we visited she'd say, "Now what kind of a cake would you like?"

We loved to go there. We had the big farm to roam around and a creek to play in, and we used to ride on the harvesting machine. They had three children: Walter, Harry, and Pauline. Harry had been crippled from a fall from his rocking chair since he was a baby, and wore a brace on one leg. He was such a good-natured fellow and so full of fun. They trained a dog to take him to school on a cart, hitched to a harness. In winter the dog pulled him on a sled. The dog also worked their butter churn. They had a big barrel churn, connected to a tread, like an escalator with slats going up, in the kitchen, or sometimes on the back porch. The barrel was set into a frame and turned over and over. The dog would start it going until he got tired, and then someone took over. It made pounds of butter at a time. The whey left on top after the butter was churned was made into cottage cheese. That was something that you had all the time if you had cows. It was made differently than they make it now, commercially. Aunt Mary made it into balls about an inch in diameter. They were quite dry, and when we were over there she would put them out on a platter and tell us to help ourselves.

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Mil was there once and accidentally turned the clamp on the bar that held the top on the butter churn. The lid came off and all the partly made butter and milk spread all over the kitchen floor. I wonder how Aunt Mary ever cleaned it up. I know Mil didn't get scolded, Aunt Mary had such a good disposition.

Harry later worked at Corning Glass Works. Pauline married William Ehrmentraut of Rochester.

I remember one time in the winter my dad and mother and the three of us went to Aunt Mary's in what they called the stone boat. That's a low box about four feet wide, six feet long, on runners, and the horse pulled it. They used it to go through the vineyard to replace the stakes. Dad put a lot of straw in it and heated bricks and brought a lantern, and we drove up to Aunt Mary's for a few days. When we got to the edge of their yard the horse broke through the snow and ice and got stuck, but we were close enough to walk.

We stayed there several days: in the winter dad wasn't busy, and Uncle Gid had the cows and chickens to take care of. We all played cards, and Aunt Mary made big bowls of popcorn. I remember my dad and mom and Uncle Gid and Aunt Mary playing euchre and pedroe at night. Of course she had a piano, so we had music. Years later, after Aunt Mary had died, Uncle Gid was alone in winter and went to feed the cows, and fell and couldn't get up. They found him frozen later.

One of my friends then was Effie French, now Mrs. Marsh Rovin. Mabel Decker lived nearer town on what was then the back road into town—now it is the new road. Before the back road was paved, it used to be ankle deep in dust in the summer, and the trees and shrubs were coated with it, and great big cobwebs hanging on the trees. If a horse passed, you would be covered with dust.

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I walked home from school with Edith Barrett, who lived at Cold Springs. She was going out with Ralph Trowbridge. His family had recently moved to a farm near the fish hatchery there. One Sunday they came for me with a horse and buggy to go for a ride. Ralph showed me a picture of his brother, and the next Sunday brought Hawley to the dam to meet me. When I first knew him, he used to play ball with the kids in the school yard. Among the old postcards I have is one addressed to Mr. Holley Trowbridge when he was living in Hornell, RFD 4:

Dear friend

I have got one good ball player so you won't have to get only one more. let me know if they are going to play a weak from late Saturday from Roy

After our first meeting he became a steady caller at our house. Sunday after Sunday we walked up the railroad tracks to the Cold Springs fish hatchery, about three miles. Imagine doing that, Sunday after Sunday. But there wasn't anything else to do, and hang out by the mill dam. I was just sixteen when I started going out with him.

There was a dance at the Grange Hall one weekend when I first knew Hawley, but I went to Montour Falls, and missed it. Hawley went and took another girl home. That was the only dance I missed that winter!

Then I met a new boy, Arthur Hawley, I thought was wonderful, and Hawley found himself another girl, too. Arthur and I would meet at the dam, go to Grange dances, to the Bath Fair, where I met his family; and one time I took him up to Uncle John's. He

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had come from Elmira and was working in the wine cellar, staying with his grandmother. Hawley was a little upset because I was going out with other boys, and I didn't see him for awhile. Then, for the Fourth of July, Clifford and Lillie planned to drive over to Watkins Glen for a picnic, and they wanted Hawley to take me. Lillie was trying to get us back together, and I wasn't seeing Arthur anymore.

The night before, Mil and I and two boys from Geneva, Ed Ottlie and George Cook, had gone dancing down town. We had a great time, and I wasn't planning to go out on the Fourth. Hawley wasn't too enthusiastic either. When Clifford asked him to take me with them, he said, "Oh, I will this time, but don't ask me again!" The boys hired a livery with two seats. We took a picnic lunch, and it was an all day trip and late in the evening before we got home. We had such a good time that day that Hawley changed his mind about not seeing me any more, and didn't have to be asked to go out with me the next time.

All winter we went to the Valley dances at the Grange Hall. We just couldn't miss them, they were so much fun. They'd play two or three square dances and then a round dance—waltz or two-step—or schottische. I think they were held about every two weeks. We sat around the edge of the room and when they'd say the next dance would be a schottische I knew Uncle Charlie Eaton would ask me. He always asked me to dance that with him. Uncle John and his wife and my mother and dad all used to go to those dances. And Aunt Lona when she married Henry Neuviller and moved back up on the hill, used to come to our house on Friday and go with us. Those dances were crowded. And after the dance, about midnight, we'd have a full meal downstairs at long tables, a regular sit-down supper. The dance was upstairs. Everybody would bring a dish to pass.

Lester Eaton was going with Edith Dawson, and they used to come with a group of friends occasionally. She was from Bath. That was prestige, to be going out with a girl from Bath. There was Edwin Miller, who lived near Lester and Grandma Eaton. He was going with Theresa McGuigan, from Bath too, and Edwin married her. And Lester married Edith, when he returned home from the

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First World War after losing a leg from shrapnel. He served as a private in the Machine Gun Company in the 325th Infantry. He was seriously wounded in the Argonne Forest drive. The wound resulted in the amputation of his right leg close to the body. He was treated from October 15, 1918, to April 1, 1919 for the gunshot wound, and in February and March 1919, suffered from scarlet fever. Later, he received a purple heart for his actions.

Among the documents relating to his service, we have the following (slightly abridged):

HQ. 82d DIV., AMERICAN E.F., FRANCE

13 January 1919.

Pvt. Lester B. 1897226 Eaton, M.G.Co, 325th Inf.

During the operation near ST. JUVIN, FRANCE, October 12, 1918, at a very critical time, after all the members of his squad had been killed or wounded, Pvt. Eaton secured, and successfully brought up to the front, thru exceedingly heavy machine gun and artillery fire, reinforcements which were needed. By his courageous example and utter disregard of his personal safety he inspired all the men in his vicinity to greater efforts of resistance, which contributed materially to the successful resistance of an enemy counter-attack.

Lester and Edith lived on Morris Street and had seven children. He worked in the wine cellars, and Grandpa used to stop and buy a bag of oranges to take to the kids. Mary and Pat Eaton live in Bath now. Mary Eaton worked for the telephone company in New York City, and never married. Pat never married. Dick, the oldest boy, didn't marry either, and lives in San Francisco. Robert was a mayor in Geneseo, and a school teacher in Geneseo High School. I went to his wedding in Bath. He had two children. Bill married Patricia Mae Moore, but they didn't have any children; and Joanne had three children. Nelson was the youngest, born in 1936 I think, and the Mayor of Avoca at the same time Robert was mayor in Geneseo. He had five boys, including Patrick and Jeffrey, who supplied some of the photos included in this book, along with the information about their Grandfather Lester.

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Grandma used to say that nobody ever saw Lester with a dirty face or hands. And nobody ever did, but a couple years ago,* Mrs. Peacock at the Curtiss Museum told us that he came over to visit them one day, carrying a live turkey, and the turkey did its business right in his pocket. Lester could have died, she said, because he never had a speck of dirt on him.

Charley and Lillie Eaton had a daughter, Onolee, and two boys. Wendall lives in Buffalo and Wilfred lived in Bath in a trailer home. Whenever I go down there now I stop in to visit Onolee. She has three children. Patty has polio, Duane lives over beyond where my Grandmother lived, and works in the mercury plant. Gene is in Hawaii.

Hawley was seventeen when he came to Cold Springs on the Bath road to live with his father, who had remarried. Cold Springs is a couple miles closer to Bath from Hammondsport. He worked in the Great Western Wine Cellar for about a year, I think, and his father worked on the Brundage farm, until they moved onto the Brown farm, on the new road from the Valley to Hammondsport. At the wine cellar he worked with his step-mother's son, Seymour Townsend, who later joined the navy.

Hawley's father was a jack-of-all-trades, but worked on farms most of his life, wherever he had the best offer—sometimes a pig or cow. He was very good with his hands. He was about six feet tall, broad-shouldered and large built. All his children were slender. Hawley was born in Hornellsville, probably at his Grandmother Trowbridge's. She did a lot of nursing. His parents lived in Howard at that time. He was named after his Uncle Hawley Pettibone, who was married to Anna Trowbridge. They didn't have any children, and Uncle Hawley wanted one of Del and Rose's children named after him. The first two boys came and were named Jay and Ralph, but his uncle was with them when the third boy was born, on March 15, 1896, and said, "This one's going to be named after me!" And so the baby was called Hawley Pettibone Trowbridge.

Rose died when Hawley was ten, while they were living in Howard, on Thanksgiving afternoon, 1906. Ralph and Hawley

* This was around 1982, on a trip we took down there.

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were ice-skating on the pond, I think it was Louck's Pond, and Jay, who was thirteen years older than Hawley, came out to tell them. She had been sickly before that. I believe she was sickly all her life. When their father went out to work he would give the boys instructions for her medicine. She had lung trouble and died of tuberculosis, or "consumption," as it was called then. One of the things she took was aromatic spirits of ammonia.

Del and Rose Hunt were married July 24, 1883, in Hornellsville. A marriage notice appeared in the *Hammondsport Herald*. She was born in Minnesota,* had brown eyes, was an orphan and was raised by relatives named Lamphere in Hornell.

The *Trowbridge Genealogy* (1908) reports him as married to Rosa May Johnson, and makes no mention of Rose Hunt. However, all Del's children were by Rose Hunt. Del and Rose are both buried in Howard Cemetery.

The census for 1875, p54 Hornellesville 1 lists Albert Hunt, 34, b. Wayne Co., Printer foreman, Amelia 33, b. Allegheny Co., V?ola, daughter, 2 months, Clayton Mosher, 16, son, Rosa Hunt, 12, daughter, b. Steuben (possible) lack proof.

The census for 1880, Steuben County, 2nd District, reports Rose Hunt, age 17, living with Joseph Lamphear,† age 62, occupation bakery, and originally from Connecticut, his wife Caroline, age 57, and Carie, age 21, their daughter. Rose Hunt is listed as niece. Albert W. Hunt, Amelia, Vola, And Clayton Mosher (who is listed as step-son) appear in the 1880 census.

In 1870, p63, Rose is not with Lamphear. Nor is she with Albert W. Hunt, Amelia, and Clayton.

An Albert W. Hunt, 1843-1894 is listed in the index of graves in Steuben County. He is buried in Hornellsville, Hope Cemetery, PG 50.

* Another time Grandma (Josephine) said she came from out west but she didn't know where.

† This is another example of the trustworthiness of Grandma's memory, in recalling this name, although it was Hawley's family and Rose died when Hawley was only ten, and Grandma was relating this around 1980.

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Del's parents, Joseph and Calista, lived in Hornell, where they had bought a double house and were living on the top. At that time Joseph was a watchman for the railway, which was right behind the house. He had been a farmer all his life. They moved over to Neil's Creek, next to Uncle Loren Palmer's farm, so they could take care of Ralph and Hawley. Jay of course was grown and away most of the time. I think Uncle Loren's farm was the property* right next to the Greenville (or Neil's Creek) Cemetery on Route 70A north of Howard. Joseph and Calista are both buried in that cemetery, and Hawley's great-grandparents, Cyrenius and Mary Bartholomew Trowbridge. I donated their family Bible to the Curtiss Museum, but when Rick expressed an interest in it, we got it back and he has it now.

Grandma Trowbridge† told me she'd traced the Trowbridge family back to a General Bartholomew in the revolutionary war. She had nine solid silver teaspoons they'd bought in the Revolutionary war and gave them to Aunt Anna, and said give three of them to each of the sons. Jay died, and Aunt Anna was so funny. She went to live with a family and never passed them on, and then she died. We went down there, Hawley and I, and we didn't find them with her things. I think the people she lived with must have taken them.‡

Grandma Trowbridge's father was James Palmer, and he and his wife Abigail Peck Palmer are buried in Greenville Cemetery, too. I was told they were Pennsylvania Dutch. Mary Bartholomew Trowbridge's father Joseph Bartholomew is buried in Howard near the graves of Del and Rose Trowbridge, and Jay and Ralph.

The story of Hawley's Great-grandparents Cyrenius and Polly (as Mary was called) is an interesting one, but a little complicated. It appears that they were related—Cyrenius the son of Sereno and Susannah Bartholomew Trowbridge, and Mary the

* 3640 County Road 6.

† This is Calista.

‡ When I (Rick) was a child, Grandma used to tell me about Hawley's ancestors the 'Bartholomays,' and that one of them was an officer in the Revolutionary war. She said that Aunt Anna had a set of silver spoons from them, but when Anna died and Hawley and she went to clean up her belongings, they were missing. Later I found out that Mary Bartholomew was Hawley's Great-grandmother.

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daughter of Joseph and Clarissa Norton Bartholomew. Susannah was the daughter of Lemuel and Mary Squire Bartholomew of Skenesborough, now called Whitehall, in Washington County. Curiously, another of Lemuel's children, Rev. Justus Bartholomew, married Sereno's sister Elizabeth in 1794. And it may be this last relationship that led to the other ones, as it was most likely the first in point of time.

So the sister and brother, Elizabeth and Sereno Trowbridge, married the brother and sister, Justus and Susannah Bartholomew. And the daughter of Justus and Susannah's brother Joseph Bartholomew (Mary) married Sereno and Susannah Trowbridge's son (Cyrenius).*

Elizabeth and Sereno Trowbridge were two of the eight children born to Caleb Trowbridge and Bethia Russica Trowbridge, married in 1769, probably in New Fairfield, Connecticut, where Caleb's father had moved in 1741, and where Caleb was born. Elizabeth was the second child, and Sereno, about two years younger, the third. Elizabeth was just four days short of her twenty-first birthday when she married Justus, and Sereno probably eighteen at the time. The date of his marriage to Susannah (who was the widow of Dyer Beckwith of Whitehall) is not known, nor is the date of the birth of their first child, Erastus. Their second child, Cyrenius, was born July 15, 1797.

Sereno's father Caleb had served—for almost one month (September 1777)[†]—in the Revolutionary War, as a private in Capt. William Douglas' company, Col. Benjamin Symonds' regiment. Then he is said to have returned to farming in his native town, until about 1789. He may have lived a while in William-

* The records show him as the brother of Justus and Susannah, and eleventh or twelfth child of Lemuel and Mary (Squire) Bartholomew of Whitehall, Washington County, NY. Lemuel and Mary were married in 1750, and even though he is listed as their last or second last child, she would still have been along in years. In his mimeographed booklet "The Family of Trowbridge," a holding of the Steuben County Historical Society, William Flint does note that Cyrenus and Mary (Bartholomew) Trowbridge were cousins. Flint is a direct descendent of Cyrenus and Mary also, through their third child, Caleb Dyer Trowbridge, and his son James Ladroit Trowbridge.

† Massachusetts Revolutionary Rolls, vol 18, r. 164.

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stown, Mass., which is in the extreme northwest of Massachusetts, some 60 miles south and 15 miles east of Whitehall. He witnessed a deed from his brother Keeler in Williamstown in 1786, and had enlisted in the army from that location.

The other interesting fact is that so many of the Bartholomew and Trowbridge families moved to Howard, New York in the second decade of the nineteenth century. It appears that Polly's father Joseph Bartholomew, was the first to go out there. Joseph was a Captain in the War of 1812, and according to William Flint, he settled in Howard in 1809, three years after the first settlement was made in that area, and returned to his farm after the war, where he remained.* In the *Historical Gazetteer of Steuben County, New York*,† Joseph Bartholomew is mentioned in the description of the town of Fremont as an early settler in the section of Howard that was later (1854) formed into Fremont. The entry reads, "Captain Joseph Bartholomew, from Washington County, settled south of Job's Corners, in the southeast part of the town."

Joseph Bartholomew was born in Whitehall, and married Clarissa Norton there in 1802. She was born in 1781 in Connecticut. Flint writes that "He was a man of great courage and strong will as several incidents indicate. It is told that on one occasion he had frozen his great toe. It caused him such agony and pain that he took his chisel and amputated it from his foot." He seems like the sort of person who would head out to what was then the frontier. Justus and Elizabeth Trowbridge Bartholomew migrated to Howard also, and it seems that Cyrenius' older brother Erastus did too. In the 1820 census for Howard, Steuben County, an Erastus Trowbridge is listed, on the same page as Justus Bartholomew (page 233), the page before Joseph Bartholomew is listed. I do not believe that Cyrenius himself is listed in this census, although he must have been in Howard at that time. He and Polly were married January 18, 1820 in Howard.

While there is no certainty, it appears that Joseph Bartholomew went west, and was followed by the Rev. Justus and Elizabeth Trowbridge Bartholomew. Justus was in fact about ten years

* Flint, "The Family of Trowbridge," Flint, *Trowbridge Tree*, 1980.

† Roberts, *Historical Gazetteer*, p. 318.

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older than Joseph. They were joined by Erastus Trowbridge, Justus and Elizabeth's nephew and Cyrenius' elder brother. Shortly afterwards, Cyrenius joined them, unless he came with Erastus. The 1855 census states that Cyrenius had lived in Howard for thirty-six years, and so it is likely that he went west at the age of twenty-two. The census also states that Polly had lived in Howard for thirty-six years also, which is a bit puzzling. Did the pioneering father leave his children back in Whitehall for many years with a relative while he went west? If her father settled in Howard around 1809, she would have been one when he left Whitehall. Since Mary and Cyrenius were married in Howard very soon after they moved there, it seems likely that they had known each other before.

At any rate, Cyrenius and Polly settled down on a farm in the northwest corner of Howard, next to the farm Polly's younger (by two years) brother Eber would maintain for his entire life. Cyrenius' and Eber's farms are shown in the map of Howard in the 1857 "Topographical Map of Steuben County, New York," and the *Atlas, Steuben County 1873*.^{*} They appear at the very western side and at the north end, in District No. 10, listed as lot 54. Following the division made by Phelps and Gorham, this area is described in the Index Grantee books as township four, fifth range. It must have been here where Cyrenius and Polly lived their fifty-two years together, and where Hawley's Grandfather Joseph grew up.

We are fortunate that through the census records we can follow the course of their lives and the progress of their farms. In the 1825 Steuben County census Cyrenus Trobridge is listed, in Howard (p. 9). One male and two females, one of them over 45, are recorded in the household. Information about the farm is also included. The census records that there are 12 acres of improved land, 5 neat cattle owned by the family, 5 sheep, and 7 hogs. Three yards of fulled cloth are recorded as being manufactured in the domestic way during the preceding year, and 22 yards of flannel and other woollen cloth not fulled. 20 yards of linen, cotton or other thin cloths were manufactured in the domestic way in the same

^{*} Topographical Map of Steuben County, New York, from actual surveys by Mr. Levy, J. E. Gillette, publisher, 1857, 17, 19, and 21 Minor St., Philadelphia. A copy is in the Historical Society in Bath. DeBeers, *Atlas of Steuben County, New York*, 1873.

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family. In all of Howard in 1825, 1703 persons were recorded in the census.

In 1835, Cyrenus Trowbridge has five males and two females in the household, one male subject to militia duty, one male entitled to vote, one married female under 45, and one female under 16 years of age. There were 35 acres of improved land, 13 neat cattle, 5 horses, 25 sheep, 11 hogs. Twenty yards of fulled cloth were manufactured, and 50 yards of cotton, linen, or other thin cloths. These figures seem a little higher than the average family figures.*

In 1850, Cyrenus Trowbridge is named as a farmer, 55 years of age, with Polly Trowbridge, 47. Four children are listed: Byron 18, Erastus 16, Joseph 9 (Hawley's Grandfather), and Lucy 11. The four children are all noted as having attended school in the past year. There is no value listed for the property. Many families seem to have this entry omitted.†

In 1855, it is recorded that Cyrenus Trowbridge is 57, a farmer, and had lived 36 years in Howard. Mary Trowbridge had also lived 36 years in Howard. Three children: Byram H., 23, a farmer, and Joseph B., 12, and Lucy S., 15 were in the household with them. Byron Harlow was their fifth child, the fourth who survived. Lucy was the seventh, and was to be married, for the first time, the year following this census. She married two more times in the next thirty years. Joseph Bartholomew was the youngest of Cyrenius and Polly's eight children, and Cyrenius spent his last years with him—just as Hawley spent his early years with him.

In the same census, an extensive inventory is recorded of their farm. There are 137½ improved acres, and 25 unimproved. The cash value of the farm is \$3800; of the stock, \$565; of the tools, \$175. 30 acres were plowed in the past year, and 5 left fallow. 71½ were in pasture and 25 meadow. Twelve tons of hay were harvested. Six acres were in spring wheat, and 30 bu. harvested (40?); 6 acres in winter wheat, ___ harvested; 9 acres of oats, 250 bu. harvested, 4 acres of barley, 40 bu. harvested; 2 acres of corn, 35 bu. harvested; 3 acres of potatoes, 200 bu. harvested; 6 acres

* Steuben County census, 1835, Howard, p. 18.

† Steuben County census, 1850, Howard, p. 202. Cyrenus is listed on p. 241 of the 1840 Steuben County census, but that census gives no details.

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of peas, 50 bu. harvested; 50 bu. of apples; 300 pounds of sugar maple made; 3 gallons of maple molasses made; 250 pounds of butter, 200 pounds of cheese. There were 5 neat cattle under one year and 6 cows over a year were "exclusive working cows"; 2 working oxen; 4 cows; one cow killed for beef; four cows milked; and five cows were for butter. There were two horses, 4 swine over 6 months old; 44 sheep and 42 fleeces yielding 126 pounds of wool. Poultry was sold to the value of \$18. A half ton of plaster was used as "special manure".*

In the entry for Wm. Sprague (p. 2 reverse), it is noted that crops in 1855 were reduced to $\frac{1}{8}$ - $\frac{1}{4}$ because of drought.

The 1860 census lists Cyrenus Trobridge, 62, farmer, Mary, 56, Joseph, 17, farm laborer, Lucy Smith, 20 (Cyrenus and Mary's seventh oldest surviving child, apparently recently widowed), and Fayette (W. Smith?) 3 years. The value of the real estate is \$3940; of personal estate, \$1450.†

In 1865, Sirenas Trobrg, 68 is listed, and Mary, wife, 61 years. The census also notes the figure of eleven children (not named), and that they lived in a plank house.‡ The population of Howard in that year was 2,373. That was the year Hawley's father was born.

Cyrenius is listed in the initial edition of the *Gazetteer & Directory of Steuben County, 1868/9*, compiled by Hamilton Child, on page 201: "Trowbridge, Cyrenius, (Howard,) farmer 100."§ The number indicates the acreage of his farm. Also listed are Erastus Trowbridge of Howard, a farmer with 41 acres, and Isaac W. Trowbridge of Howard, a blacksmith and farmer with 5 acres. Perhaps these were relatives of Cyrenius. Eber is the one Bartholomew listed in Howard, a farmer with 87 acres. He was the only one of these who was a subscriber to the volume.

The 1870 Steuben County census, lists Cyrenus Trowbridge, age 74, farmer, and Polly Trowbridge, age 66, keeping house. No

* Steuben County census, 1855, Howard, pp. 10-11; Howard II Agriculture and Domestic Mfg.

† Steuben County, 1860, Howard, p. 13.

‡ Steuben County census, Howard, p. 55.

§ Martin Argus, John L. Sprague, Benjamin Eaton, and other members of the family are also listed in this *Gazetteer and Directory*.

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relationships are indicated in this census. It is noted that Cyrenus cannot read or write, and that Polly cannot write. The value of the real estate owned is \$4000, and the value of personal estate \$800.*

In 1875, the 77 year-old Cyrenius, whose wife had died in April 1872, is living with his son Joseph Bartholemew and his wife Calista. Also living with them is a 20 year-old niece, Augusta, the daughter of Calvin and Henrietta Trowbridge. Calvin was the fourth child of Cyrenius and Mary, born in 1829.†

In the *Directory of Steuben County, New York, 1891*,‡ Joseph is listed as “carpenter, house 54 Thacher” in Hornellsville city. This was just down the street from the house his daughter Anna Trowbridge and her husband Hawley Pettibone would later live in for many years. The *Trowbridge Genealogy* reports that “Joseph B. Trowbridge is a carpenter and lives in Hornellsville, NY.” We have a few pictures of Joseph and Calista, the first of our Trowbridge ancestors of whom we have a photograph.

When they were taking care of Ralph and Hawley, Joseph went to work on the farm for Loren Palmer, his wife’s older brother and Mae Shavers’ father. It was Aunt Anna’s opinion that they shouldn’t give up their house, that it would be too hard on them to take care of the boys, and the father should take care of them. But he was alone and not able to. Grandmother Trowbridge was strong-willed, and whether it was hard or not, she did what she thought she should.

I was told that Uncle Loren was the tightest man with a dollar there was. After Loren died, Libby, who was his second wife, and Mae, stayed in the house. Mae was her step-daughter. Libby said she’d go to the creek to catch fish for dinner. Doris visited Mae and Floyd Shavers and Libby, with John Temmerman and Marian, and she visited Mae and Libby after Floyd died. The Shavers are buried in Avoca cemetery.

After three years Hawley’s father remarried, and the boys went back to live with him and his wife. The grandparents moved

* Steuben County census, 1870, Howard, p. 20.

† Information in “Howard dist. 2, p. 12.” Calvin and Henrietta are listed in the 1870 Howard Census, p. 20.

‡ Roberts, 1891.

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back to Hornell. Mrs. Townsend, Del's second wife, had a son the same age as Hawley. They lived on different farms around Bath, and Hawley's brother Ralph began working on the farms with his father. Hawley quit school at fourteen and did farm work too, at one time for Eldon Sharp. He and Eldon kept in touch, and in later years we visited them near Hornell. When he was a kid his aim was to be a carpenter, and he was always making things in wood.

When Hawley's family moved onto the Brown farm, which was a dairy farm, Hawley worked for his father for a year or two and had the milk route over town. Mr. Brown was the editor of the *Hammondsport Herald*. Del bought a Rocky Mountain horse with big black and white spots, the only one in the area, so people always knew one of the Trowbridge boys was around when they saw the horse. Hawley told me once how much he missed his mother when he was growing up, and that he use to tell his troubles and feelings into the horse's ear and shed a few tears. When we moved to Bath, Dad gave our dog Prince to the Trowbridges on the Brown farm, and he taught the dog to chase the cows in at night. We all went over to my Grandmother and Grandfather Eaton's for Thanksgiving dinner one year, and Lilly Jenkins had a dress Grandma thought was too tight in the back. I remember her mentioning it. Hawley had his milk route and came late and she fed him later. We had a big goose, and we had to put side tables up for all the food. A common expression of Grandma's was "Now try to make a meal out of that"—with the table loaded down. She was great on desserts, and she always had lots of them.

Hawley and I went around so much with Grace Parker and Bob House, her steady then. She was a friend of mine from high school, and Bob worked with Hawley later at the Curtiss plant. Hawley and Bob roomed together with a couple in Hammondsport named Bess and Bill Werner. What fun we had! The boys would rent a horse and two seated wagon to go to Bath to visit Bob's parents or see a movie. Sometimes we'd go to Corning to a show—quite a long distance—or to dances around the country. We used to go dancing in the Valley at the Grange Hall. I don't think Hawley enjoyed it as much as I did, but I think he liked to dance. One weekend we went to Thurston to visit Bob's brother's family. I

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often went home with Grace after school Friday night and stayed until Sunday.

Then during the summer Hawley and Bob rented a house down by the lake and Grace and I would come for the weekend. We had a boat. That was a great summer. They rowed over the lake to work. Lillie was living downtown with the Seeleys and working for them. Effie French worked there too.

In the spring of 1915, Hawley went to work in the tin shop of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation. In the early fall, when I was eighteen, my family moved to Bath. It was nice weather yet. That place had a bathroom, the first place I'd lived that had a bathtub, and I took a bath every day for awhile. We had gas lights there that burned with a mantle. Dad went to Bath to work because they had no work on the farm. I don't think he was very happy there. It was a mistake for Dad to be living in Bath, because he was an outdoor person. He never had worked indoors at a machine shop; he wasn't cut out for that kind of work. Then he went to work at the Soldiers' Home in Elmira. I don't know what he did at there, I think he worked in the kitchen.

I quit school and worked in the knitting mill from that fall until the beginning of the following May. There were about twenty-five people working there. We made bathing suits. How I wish I had one of them. The pants were below the knee, with a skirt and short sleeves. They were black, trimmed with white braid. If I remember correctly, I was paid eight dollars a week. I sewed the inch-wide braid around the collars and sleeves. When women went bathing they wore stockings and soft canvas shoes, too. I had a raccoon skin coat that year, and Mil had a skunk skin coat that I thought was beautiful. The only time I saw Hawley was on Sundays. He walked into town for the day, I guess from Cold Springs, and took the 8:10 train back.

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When Hawley's Grandmother heard that we were going to be married, she said, "The last thing Hawley needs is a wife!" That was her way. She had two children, Delbert and Anna, and when Uncle Hawley had told her he wanted to marry 'Annie,' she said, "I don't know why you want to marry such a sickly girl as she is." Grandmother Trowbridge told me she was fifteen years old when she got married, and that night they went to Haskinsville and danced a country dance.

Nonetheless, Hawley proposed to me, while we were out on a boat on Keuka Lake. The night before we were married, Hawley came up to Bath, and we were married at ten o'clock on Saturday, May 6, 1916, at St. Mary's Catholic Church. I was eighteen and Hawley was twenty. Bob House and Mil were our attendants, and we were the first couple the young priest, Fr. Esser, had married. He looked the same age as Hawley. With money from my job at the knitting mill I had my wedding gown made: a white serge suit with a skirt to my ankles, with black specked white buttons. I wore a white panama hat with a black velvet band and bow, and white high-top laced shoes. I didn't have a handbag or pair of gloves. Afterwards we went for ice cream, and then Johnny Brace, the only one we knew who had a car, drove us to the train station. We spent two days in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and we ran into a friend of Hawley's from Howard. That night we went to Shea's Theater, Sunday to the Falls, and came home Monday.

My father got awful mad at me when he found out I was going to get married. He was away working in Elmira, coming home weekends. I decided to get married, and my mother said you'd better write and tell your father. When we left on the train

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for Niagara he was just coming back, and he said, "All over?" And I said, "Guess so, dad."

Our first place was a furnished three room and bath apartment in a lovely house on the southwest corner of Main Street and Myrtle in Hammondsport, with a small upstairs porch. It was a bedroom and a living room and kitchen, which were both converted bedrooms. The rent was four dollars a week. When we got back from our honeymoon, I put all my possessions in a trunk my mother gave me and Lester brought it up to us. Mrs. Colgrove, a widow, lived downstairs and we had the whole upstairs.* She was very nice to us. She had adopted a young girl, a survivor of the Johnstown flood, and mentally the girl was never quite right. Edda Packel and her husband lived around the corner and they used to come and visit us. Hawley's father bought us odds and ends, dishes and things. Aunt Blanche made me a white muslin nightie with a crocheted yoke. Aunt Kate, later, gave us a picture she painted for my wedding. My Grandmother Eaton gave me a white cotton tablecloth, and a few towels and pillow slips. No showers for us. I had the missionwood rocker from the Larkin Company.

In August we rented a small yellow house by the inlet of the lake for twelve dollars a month. I have pointed it out to the family many times. It belonged to Frank Hunt, a lawyer.† We had an outside toilet and outside spring water. Hawley's father was alone again then, and came to room with us, and had his breakfast with us. His wife had left him because her son Seymour, who had worked with Hawley in the wine cellar, went into the Navy and was unhappy there. The only way he could get out was to declare that he was his mother's only support. So she left Del.

We bought our first furniture from F. C. Fawcett's, the only dealer in town. Furniture dealer and undertaker. I still have the list of things, which came to seventy dollars. One iron bed complete, with an oak dresser, a small rug, one chair, and a round oak dining table and six chairs. I still have two of the chairs, and the dresser,

* I believe this is 25 Main Street on the corner of Main and Myrtle.

RHT

† I believe this is 54A Main Street, the first house by the inlet on the right, between the railroad crossing and the bridge. *RHT*

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now painted, in the attic. We had bought a cot bed before, and the boys Hawley worked with gave us money, with which we bought a library table. How I polished that table, you could see your face in it. It was my pride and joy. From the girl who moved out from the house on the inlet, I bought a few things: a kitchen table, an ironing board, kettles, and a clothes basket filled with odds and ends. Some of those things I still have. When Doris was born she slept in the wicker clothes basket until she was about a year old and we bought an iron bed for her.

I went to an auction one day with my neighbor and saw my Grandfather Eaton there. He bought me the reproduction of the Angelus by Millet that is in my dining room now, the white rocker that Doris has, and a washbowl and pitcher set, which got broken. Another day, Granddad took me to Bath with horse and wagon, and bought us a used kitchen range.

I was so happy there, I guess as much as anyone could possibly be. I think that first summer we were married was the happiest time of my life. Hawley worked at Taylor's Winery and came home for lunch, and I'd have it ready. On Sundays we took a lunch and magazines and walked to Willow Point, about two miles. We read and waded in the lake, and walked home in the evening. Hawley was earning fifteen dollars a week. He got a three dollar raise when he was married. We didn't have much money, but we managed to go to the movie on Saturday night. At that time they had movies over Fay's Grocery Store in Hammondsport, for ten cents. After the movie, we'd buy the groceries we needed. Sometimes we'd be halfway home talking about the movie, and then have to turn around and go back to get them. We had the use of the row boat, and I would row out the inlet to the lake over to the boat dock and then walk up town for a few groceries. I could have walked it in less time, but it was more fun to go out on the lake. The couple living next door, Decker I think their name was, had a little boy about five, and he'd come over every day. Open the door and walk in.

Grandma Trowbridge was such a nice old lady. She came over to the house in the inlet. Grandfather Trowbridge died that winter, and Aunt Anna and Uncle Hawley brought her over. Aunt

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Anna brought a pie. I wasn't expecting them, and I think I had a bit of ham for the two of us, and I cut it up and apologized for the small portions. Grandmother Trowbridge said if we always had that much to eat we should be thankful.

I have a couple recipes from her. She told me that her family had gravy with every dinner, and if they didn't have meat gravy she made milk gravy to put over the potatoes. My grandchildren have probably never heard of that, but I've had it and made it, too. You just add flour to the milk and a little butter. A recipe I got from her is for applesauce cake, and I've made it all my married life. Hawley's grandmother had a tradition of fritters with maple syrup for Easter dessert. It used like a pancake batter, and drop it in hot shortening. I don't know what they used, lard I suppose. You just dropped them in and they puffed right out, and oh boy, were they ever good!

Uncle Hawley had one sister, Stella E. Pettibone, and no brothers. She was from Alfred, and never married. The first time I saw her was when we lived on the inlet in Hammondsport. Aunt Anna brought her over and she said, "You're a big thing to be married!"

When you have so little, whatever you have you're happy with it. Five cents for a loaf of bread, and I think ten cents for a pound of hamburger. I managed two meals out of a pound of hamburger. We had a patty one night, and the next night I put bread and onion and we had meatloaf. When we were first married, the milk that was left on our doorstep in the winter would be frozen and the cream would push the cap an inch above the bottle. It wasn't homogenized then.

I packed grapes at the packing house that fall and bought Hawley a winter coat. At Christmas we squeezed out enough money to go on the train to Elmira, where my family had moved the summer I got married.

Later, I washed dishes and got my meal at Griswald's restaurant on Shether Street. They were so busy at that time just before the war, and Curtiss was going forty miles for election. They made a veal pie that I loved, and I got the recipe and made it after that. My mother worked there too.

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The next spring the Curtiss factory moved us to Buffalo, and I didn't think anyone could be so lonesome. Hawley went ahead to find a place. The company packed up all the furniture for us and moved it and we didn't have to do a thing.

For the first week we stayed in a room that was so cold I nearly froze, and I cooked on a hot plate. We had the whole downstairs. It had a kitchen in the back, and bathroom. The houses were so close together, it was so dark you couldn't see what the tub looked like. It had a fireplace in the sitting room. I thought that was lovely. Our place ran parallel to the Niagara River, and was just a block away from Niagara Street.

Hawley worked a lot of overtime. We didn't know anyone there, and the others that had been transferred with us, with the exception of Ard Dye, were people I didn't know much about. Hawley's boss, Frank Warren, invited us over, but I was so shy then of meeting people that we didn't go. Later on we did, a few times. I walked a lot, every direction from our flat at 1250 West Avenue, and spent much time in the Albright Art Gallery. That was a big change for a country girl from Hammondsport. We went to a vaudeville show every Saturday evening, and to the Falls a couple times. Finally we met up with a couple, the girl came from Mitchellsville, above my Grandfather Eaton's. We saw a lot of them. Grace Parker and Ralph Stone were married that June and visited us.

Aunt Lulu and Uncle John Eaton also came for a visit. She was tired of living in the country, but Uncle John hated the idea of moving to the city. Hawley went with him to a few factories to see about work, and told me that Uncle John wouldn't even ask. I guess he told Aunt Lou that he went looking, anyway.

Dad Trowbridge came up to Buffalo and then he sent for Anna Dimmick, who was to be his third wife. She stayed with us, and he found a room somewhere until they got married. She was real country. We went to the dry goods store to buy the material for her wedding dress, and she told the lady, "I'm going to make this dress myself. I dress-made all my life." I was so embarrassed.

Then we met Bess and Bill Warner, from Hammondsport, and they would stop by all the time, at night after the show. His



Above: Pvt. John L. Sprague, New York Volunteers 161st Regiment, Co. F. Original on glass.

R: Charlotte Chase Sprague, Tryphena (b Aug 2, 1859), and John Sprague. Grandma believed this was taken in Florida. Must have been right after the War. Original on glass.





APPLICATION FOR WIDOW'S ARMY PENSION.

State of New York }
County of Dutchess }
On this 12th day of May A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty four personally
appeared before me Osborn Merrill Butler the County Clerk
Mrs. Charlotte D. Sprague a resident of Bedford in the County
of Dutchess State of New York aged 22 years, who being first duly
sworn according to law, doth on her oath make the following declaration, in order to obtain the benefit of the provision
made by the act of Congress approved July 14, 1862. That she is the widow of John L. Sprague
who was a Private in company 7 commanded by Capt. John S. Stearns
in the 61st Regiment of Infantry commanded by
Colonel Gabriel T. Harmons of New York
in the war of 1861, who was killed on the 8th day of April 1864, at
Chimney Creek Road in the County of Dutchess State of New York
that his death was caused by a bullet from the Rebel gun She further declares that she was
married to the said John L. Sprague on the 10th day of March
1857, at Bedford by Peter Colquhoun a Baptist Minister
of Bedford that her husband, the aforesaid John L. Sprague
died on the day above mentioned, and that she (1) that she has remained a widow ever
since the death of her husband

Preceding Page: Charlotte and John L. Sprague (not certain, but I believe it is them—original in possession of Patrick Eaton, Nelson's son. If them, it would have been late 1870s). Below: Application for a Widow's Pension (excerpt) filed by Charlotte after her husband was reported killed at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, La. April 8, 1864.

Mrs. Charlotte D. Sprague . . . aged 22 years . . . doth on her oath make the following declaration. . . . That she is the widow of John L. Sprague . . . who was killed on the 8th day of April 1864 at Sabine Cross Roads in the . . . State of La that his death was caused by a ball from the rebels in battle.

At this battle Dick Taylor's outnumbered army routed the Union forces with great loss of lives. Pvt. Sprague was in fact captured and held in Tyler, Texas until released in October.

Below: Excerpts from Pvt. Sprague's record of his service, written in his own hand.

This Blank is to be used by the Comrade and
 →*POST HISTORIAN*←
 In preparing the Sketch to be transcribed to the
 —RECORD BOOK.—

Give the following information clearly and plainly written.

Your full name. John L. Sprague

When born? Sept 30 1862 Where born? San Jose County N.Y.

When did you first enter the service? August 30 1862

Where did you first enter the service? Bath N.Y.

What was your rank on entering the service? Private

What was your Company, Regiment, Battery, or Ship? Co. F 161 Reg. N.Y.

When were you finally discharged?

By reason of what were you finally discharged? Stove Plains la

What was the first battle in which you were engaged? Stove Plains la

State record, third, &c., including all engagements in which you participated. Seige of Port Hudson Donelsonville
Sabine Pass and Sabine Cross Roads la Vermillion Bridge Carreyind Crow la
Fort Sabine Spanish Fort Blakely at Mobile Ala

Were you ever wounded? If so, when and where?

Were you ever confined to hospital? If so, when and where?

Were you ever taken prisoner? If so, when, where, and by whom? yes at Sabine Cross Roads by Dick Taylor army
on April the 8—1864

In what prison, or prisons, were you confined, and from what time to what time? at Tyler Texas

When did you leave the prison, or prisons, in which you were confined, and in what manner and under what circumstances? by Exchange
on October the 23—1864

What was the first battle in which you were engaged?... Stove Plains la State . . . all engagements in which you participated. Seige of Port Hudson Donelsonville Sabine Pass and Sabine Cross Roads la Vermillion Bridge Carreyind Crow la Fort Sa----- Spanish and Fort Blakely at Mobile Ala Were you ever taken prisoner? . . . yes at Sabine Cross Roads by Dick Taylor army on April the 8—1864

In what prison, or prisons, were you confined, and from what time to what time?.....at Tyler Texas

When did you leave the prison. . . ? by Exchange on October the 23—1864



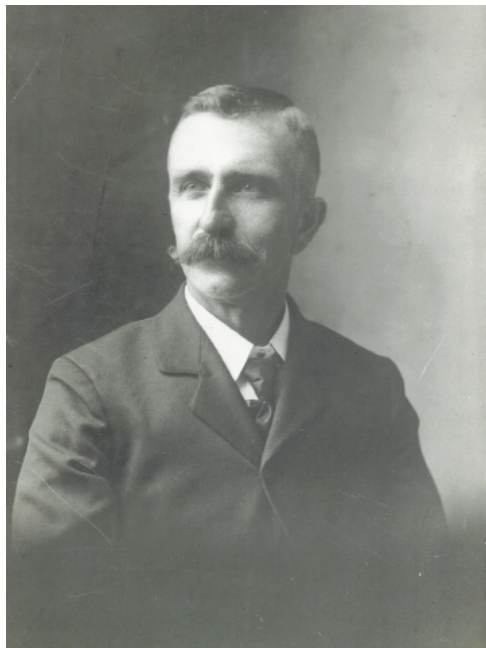
Above: George Eaton? on left, with unknown person. R: George Eaton, standing right, & I speculate, his half-brother Benjamin H. (by Benjamin and Mary Towle—24 years older than George), and Mercy's two sons Charles W. Yost (8 years older than George, and John F. Yost (5 year's older than George).



Tryphena Sprague and George Eaton c1880. Originals of photos on this page in possession of Patrick Eaton.



Tryphena & George
Eaton, c1885, from origi-
nal tintype.



George Eaton
c1890.



Mary Marie Ries Argus,
b. 1834 Diedesheim, Germany.

R: Grandma Argus seated right, and sisters Mrs. Gardner seated left and Mrs. Ropelt standing. The Ropelts made pianos.

Below: The Argus home overlooking Keuka Lake.





L: Martin Argus, b. 1876/7. He was the youngest of Grandma Argus's seven children: Apollina, George, Charles, Mary, Frederick, Catherine, and Martin. Everybody got along with Mart, he was so nice.

Bottom L: Catherine Argus, b. 1874/5, wearing a black velvet outfit she made. She never married, but went with Pete Larry, the chief of Police in Hammondsport, for years. My father went out with his sister.

Below: Fred Argus, c1895.



Aunt Lona (photo on A11) was a practical nurse in Patterson, NJ, and used to send some girls to stay with Grandma in the summer, and my father, one time before taking them to the station to return, stopped to give them a tour of the wine cellar, and they all got plastered. So they didn't return that day.



Charlotte Eaton,
b. 1879, at fifteen.

I guess my mother and
father met at the danc-
es they had. She went
out with Uncle Char-
lie a few times before
she went out with my
father.

Josephine Argus, 1898.





Sprague family reunion, c1900. Seated in front row, 3rd from left, with hands clasped around his knees, is David Sprague (John L.'s brother?). Some of the people are Grange members, not Spragues.



Top left: detail with Charlotte Argus (identified with pen mark) and Frederick, with mustache. *Top right:* detail showing John Eaton.

Bottom: Tryphena Eaton in black hat seated holding baby. George Eaton in the row behind her to left also holding a baby. The babies must be Jo, Mil, or Marian. Possibly one was Lester Eaton. There weren't any other babies. Child to immediate right of Phena may be one of these children.



Top: Jo, Babe, Mil, c1908, maybe in front of the house in Pleasant Valley, where Jo and her sisters, and her mother went to school. "Dad must have started school on the other side of the lake." The school was across the road from their house. Both lots belonged to the cemetery association, and Dad got a ninety-nine year lease. It was a two-room schoolhouse, and her mother (right, c1905) and Aunt Lou cleaned the inside of the building before school started in the fall.





Above: Fred Argus and daughters Marian, Josephine, and Mildred, in Penn Yan, 1908. Behind the Empire State Wine Cellar where he worked.



Left: Mildred, Marian, and Josephine Argus, 1909, with note from Lottie to Aunt Lona on the back: “Dear Lona—Will send you one of children’s pictures. We expected you would be home

for Christmas sorry you are not coming— Lottie Fred is in Rochester over Sunday” Grandma’s comment: “Seems to me I hated that dress. The gimp (yoke) was red plaid silk.”

Below: The house in Pleasant Valley “where we spent most of our growing up years”, as it looked in 1982, on a drive down with Grandma, and Uncle Gene, Aunt Jean, and Marian’s daughter Carole Day. Grandma said it looked nicer than when they lived there.





Top: Fred Argus taking a load of his mother's grapes to the Great Western wine cellar, c1912. Keuka Lake in the background, at the foot of 'Argus' hill.

Below: Babe, Jo, Albert Crandall, Mil, and Miller girls c1910. Across the road from my Grandmother Argus's house. The grapehouse in the back.



R: Frederick and Charlotte Argus, c1910.

Below: Josephine Argus, First Communion dress. This was at Aunt Lona's house. The dress Grandmother Eaton bought me, on Decoration Day, at the dry goods store, F. P. Green. I remember that rug, green with red flowers. Aunt Lona and Eugene Strehl gave me the prayerbook, a rosary, and a chain and a locket. I think Albert Crandall took the picture.

Below R: About 16.

Bottom row, L: Joe at 15, in the front yard of their home in Pleasant Valley. *Middle:* Jo c1913.

Bottom row, R: Jo out by the hollyhocks on the side of Aunt Lona's house where we were living, spring 1910.





Above: Aunt Lulu and Uncle John Eaton. She had bright red hair. c1912?

Right: My cousin, Celia Strehl Ellison, Grandma Argus, Aunt Lona, and Celia's children Katherine and Lorraine, c1915?



Below: Hammondsport fire, c1911-12. At Fawcett's, undertaker and he was also a furniture dealer.





Top: Tryphena Sprague Eaton, c1910. "That looks just the way she used to, with her mouth set. And her watch with the chain she wore in her belt." Original tintype.

Right: Mil and Jo, c1913.

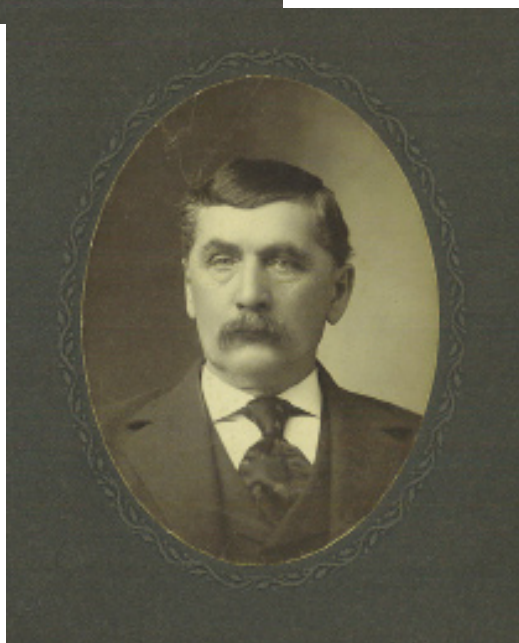
Bottom: John L. Sprague with second wife, Sylvina Retan, at their home at 5 Chestnut St., Bath, NY. Third person is unidentified. Original photo from Grandma, who identified the lady in a light dress as his wife.





Calista (Palmer) and Joseph Trowbridge c1886. This may have been their 25th anniversary. Originals are side by side on a single cardboard frame.

I (Rick) was told that Calista was "Pennsylvania Dutch". Until revising the second set of author's proofs for this project, I didn't recall this, but then thought of it in connection with Gene's story (p. 164) of Floyd Shavers, a relative of Calista's, visiting and saying "Tell those boys (Gene and Don) to come in. They can't play ball on Sunday!"





Top: Rose (Hunt) Trowbridge and Anna (Trowbridge) Pettibone, c1890-95. This is the only photo we have of Hawley's mother. Original tintype.
Above: Hawley, about 4 years old.

Bottom left:
 Dell Hamilton Trowbridge, I think his 50th birthday, 1913.



Top: Calista Palmer Trowbridge, in front of their house in Hornell, ca. 1895-1900.



Left: Uncle Hawley, c1880-85. Cropped from original tintype. Aunt Anna, c1884.

Bottom: Uncle Hawley and Aunt Anna, around the time they were married in 1884.





Top: Joseph & Calista Trowbridge in back, Uncle Hawley w pipe, Hawley w cat on his lap, and Aunt Anna teasing cat, c1907.

M: Aunt Anna, her cousin Mae



Palmer Shaver, and Hawley. Must be Neil's Creek, c1910.

Bottom fr L: Calista, Clara, wife of Lauren Palmer (front), Ralph T., Aunt Anna, unidentified woman on horse, Hawley P., Hawley T. Joseph Trowbridge, Mae Palmer Shaver. c1907.

Floyd Shaver took these photos.





Left: Hawley c1912, original tintype.

Below Left: Hawley, October 4, 1914.

Below Right: Hawley and friend Pete Mills, 1914.



Hawley, with the German shepherd Jack, and horses Zeke and Molly. Hawley was about 16.





Top: Dell Trowbridge on farm in Hammondsport, ca. 1915.

Above Left: Mil, Hawley and Jo, at the dam in the valley. Mil's coat is the one with wooden buttons she had from her father. 1913-14.

Above Right: Hawley, 1913. This is the picture that Ralph showed me of his brother, before we met. He and Edith Barrett were going together, and would take me on buggy rides with them. The next week he brought Hawley with him to the dam by the mill where the young people got together. It was the only place we had to go, by the millpond.



Top Left: Hawley and Jo, July 4, 1914. Hawley told Clifford he'd go out with me this time, but not to ask him any more. We had such a good time that day they didn't have to ask him any more.

Above: Hawley's brother Jay, about 1915. This is the only photo we have of Jay.

Left: Hawley and friends, David Faulkner and Robert House, in Buffalo, October 16, 1915.



Top Left: Hawley, c1915. Hawley proposed to me out in a boat on Keuka Lake.

Top Right: Ralph Trowbridge, Jess Losey, and Hawley. Jess was such a nice man. I kept in touch with them, him and his wife, until she died and he went into a home in Fairport, and I took the bus to visit him right up till the time he died.

Above: Lottie, Jo, Mil, Marian, and Fred, c1915.

Left: Fred Argus when he worked at the Soldier's Home in Bath, c1915.



R top: Curtiss Plant Garden City, LI 1918. Must be an official photo, from the number on lower left corner.

Below R: Commendation to Hawley from Navy Commander C. G. Westervelt, April 29, 1919.

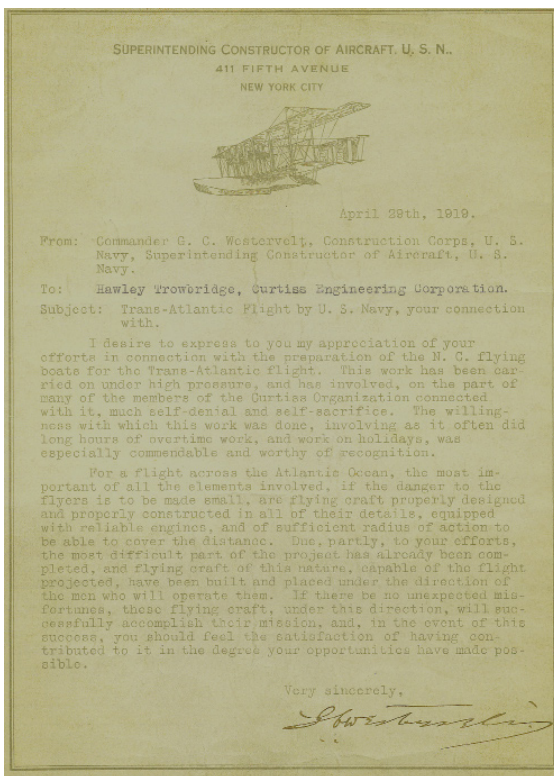
Facing page

Top L: Joe, age 19, married one year, in from of her mother's house in Elmira.

That's the time I saved up my money packing grapes to buy Hawley an overcoat and to take a trip on Christmas to Elmira. *Top R:* Hawley, Josephine, Ralph Trowbridge, Bob Shaut, 1918, Long Island.

Middle: Where we lived on Long Island, in Hempstead, 1918. It was a double we shared with a couple named Schmidt. She was French and he was German and they used to fight something terrible. She told me, "We don't have to go overseas to fight!"

Bottom L & R: Mil and Joe, July 1918, on Long Island.





Left: Lester Eaton c1918. Lester's discharge papers from the Army state that when he enlisted he was 22, a receiving clerk. He had blue eyes, blond hair, fair complexion, and was 5'8". He served as a private in the Machine Gun Company in the 325th Infantry, from Sept. 27, 1917 until discharge Sept. 22, 1919. He was seriously wounded in the Argonne Forest drive, and awarded a Purple Heart.



Below: Jo in front of house in LI, 1918, detail.

Top R: Joe and Hawley, Mil and Bob Shaut, on Long Island, c1918. The yellow dress was made by Mrs. Decker who was very nice to me. She lived next to us when we lived on the inlet in Hammondsport. *Above:* Hawley in our first car, a Maxwell, 1918. *Below:* Hawley and Jo in our



Sterling, fall 1918 in Long Island. It had right-hand drive.





Above: Charlotte Argus, Fred Argus, Marian, Mil and me. Charlie Locke behind us. In Elmira, where my parents lived. Hudson Avenue? Charlie came from Hammondsport and worked with Pete DeLaney, my mother's second husband, in Detroit during the war.



Left: Charlotte Argus and Hawley, in Elmira around 1918. Before Doris was born.

Below: Fred and Mart Argus, in Elmira in front of the house we lived, c 1920.



Left: Fred Argus in front of our house in Elmira, 1919-20.



Above: Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Jenkins, Charlotte & Fred Argus, Marian, Charlie & Lillie Eaton, Onolee & Wilfred. May 18, 1919. This is the only photo we have of Uncle Charlie. Middle



L: Uncle Hawley, c1910. Mid center: Uncle Hawley in front of their home in Hornell, early 1920s. Above: Aunt Anna & cat c1915. Left: Shether St., Hammondsport, March 1919.

HOLDERLE BROTHERS

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

SODA FOUNTAINS, CARBONATORS AND BEER PUMPS

COMPLETE MACHINE AND SHEET METAL DEPTS.

HYDRAULIC PUMPS
ELECTRIC PUMPS
SYRUP PUMPS
HYDRAULIC LIFTS
PACCKES

339-341 EXCHANGE ST. COR. ADAMS

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GAS AND AIR REGULATORS
DRAFT ARMS
WORK BOARDS
BEER AND SODA COOLERS
CARBONIC ACID GAS

April 30, 1920.

Mr. Hawley Trowbridge,
Savona, New York

Dear Sir:

Immediately you receive this letter will you
kindly advise if you would care to accept a
position at this time.

If we do not hear from you by Monday we will
take for granted that you do not care to accept
the position.

Very truly yours,
HOLDLERLE BROTHERS,

By

CLH/HW

Above: Holderle notice of hiring April 30, 1920. Hawley left Curtiss in early 1919 and we moved to Savona and stayed with his father. Hawley got a job with him in Painted Post at the Ingersol machine shop. Hawley began looking at ads for work out of town; we came very close to going to Detroit. We almost bought the house across from Dad and Mother Trowbridge in Savona: the lady who owned it wanted to sell. One Sunday Hawley saw an ad for Holderle Brothers on Exchange Street in Rochester, for a sheet metal worker, and he decided to go up to apply. They sent him a letter right afterwards notifying him that the job was his.



Above: Aunt Anna, Uncle Hawley, Grandpa and Grandma Trowbridge, c1918.

Right: Uncle Hawley in his Studebaker, Hornell.



Below: Uncle Hawley, Aunt Anna, Doris, Del and Anna Dimmick Trowbridge, c1923. This is the only photo we have of Mother Trowbridge. At Aunt Anna's.



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mother was German and they used to bring over kuchens she made. In Buffalo I liked it, and Hawley hated it. Even though I was terribly homesick, I liked it there.

We lived right next store to a saloon and it was so quiet during the day. I was so lonesome I used to walk downtown to Shelton Square, three miles. Dad Trowbridge and Anna Dimmick went back home to Savona and got married and then came back and got an apartment by themselves. Later they moved with us to Long Island.

I had quinsy again in Buffalo. Three or four years I had that, a good many years. The year we were in Buffalo, being alone, I was kind of afraid, and then the abscess broke. The lady upstairs, Mrs. Gitamen, had a daughter Jessie, and she came and took my head in her hands and held it down and said, "You poor kid." She got married while we lived there, and used our place for the reception.

I had quinsy throat again when we moved to Long Island, and in the city when we moved here to Rochester. For years whenever I'd get a bit of a sore throat I'd get so scared and worried I was going to get it, but I don't get it anymore.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Grandma's Diary

When I began revising Grandma's biography towards the end of 1999, I found a little green two inch by four inch (roughly) lined notebook that I'd never looked through before. On the inside cover Grandma wrote, "If lost return to Mr. & Mrs. H. P. Trowbridge Main St Hammondsport, N.Y." Below that, Hawley wrote, in a very light hand, "Have removed to 1250 West Ave. Buffalo." The inside front cover also has Hawley's signature.

On the facing page is an ad Hawley wrote: "Harley Davison Motor. A-1 condition fully equipped lights & new rear seat, \$85. Must sell 1250 West Ave. Call evenings or Sun." Hawley was left handed, and his back-slanting handwriting is very distinctive.

The book contains several items, mainly finances from 1917, and a diary for 1930, all written by Grandma except where noted. The diary is transcribed on pages 100-109.

There are 11 pages of hours worked and earnings, mostly in Hawley's hand, for 1917. He recorded it by the day, and in reproducing the entries, this is the only section I have altered (by summarizing it). In the week

Feb 26 Mon – Mar 3 Sat, he worked a total of	56 hours.
	Pay Total \$23.80
Mar 4 Sun – Mar 10 Sat, he worked	38½ hours.
	Pay Total \$16.47
Mar 12 Mon – Mar 17 Sat he worked	66½ hours.
	Pay \$28.26

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Mar 18 Sun – Mar 24 Sat he worked 73 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Pay \$31.13
 Mar 25 Sun – Mar 31 Sat he worked 48 hours. Pay \$20.40
 Apr 4 Wed – Apr 7 Sun he worked 56 hours. Pay \$23.40

1917 Rent

Jan 1	Twelve	\$12.00	
Feb	7	room	\$ 2.00
“	14	“	\$ 2.00
“	21	rooms Buf	\$ 3.50
“	28	“ “	\$ 3.50
Mar	7		\$ 3.50
“	21		\$ 3.50
”	28		\$ 3.50
Apr	1	\$20.50	flat
May	1	\$20.50	
June	1	\$20.50	
July	1	\$20.50	
Aug	1	\$20.50	
Sept		\$20.50	
Oct		\$20.50	
Nov		\$20.50	
“ house in Hemp			
	$\frac{1}{2}$ month		\$ 9.00
	Dec	18.00	
19	Jan $\frac{1}{2}$	9.00	
18	Feb $\frac{1}{2}$	9.00	
	Mar	18.00	
	Apr	18.00	
	May	18.00	
	June	18.00	
	July	18.00	
	Aug	18.00	

1917 Groceries \$130.80

Jan	6	\$3.84	June	9	9.50
“	13	\$4.77	“	16	9.00
“	20	\$4.80	“	23	9.50

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"	27	\$4.85	July	7	8.61
Feb	1	\$4.70	"	14	10.23
"	5	\$4.50	"	21	10.59
"	24	\$3.10	"	—	
"	15(sic)	\$6.50	Aug	4	9.13
Mar	3	\$4.56	"	10	6.36 (5 days)
"	10	\$4.83	"	17	5.85
"	17	\$3.65	"	24	6.91
"	24	\$5.30	"	31	6.20
"	31	\$4.40	S	7	5.00
Apr	7	\$6.50	"	14	4.41
"	13	\$6.50	"	21	4.02
"	20	\$7.50	"	28	6.85
"	27	\$7.50	Oct	5	\$6.65
May	4	\$6.00	"	12	\$4.69 (4 days)
"	11	\$7.50	"	19	\$4.68 (5 ")
"	19	\$8.00	"	26	sick—
"	26	\$8.00	Nov	2	\$6.65
June	2	\$6.50			\$130.80

Clothes

Jan		\$.15	June	pumps	\$ 2.98
	shoes rep.	.75		hose	.39
	—	.5		riding skirt	\$ 2.00
	—	.15	" 30	hat	\$ 2.25
	hose, underclothes	.55		dress	\$ 8.15
	shoes rep.	.25		shirt silk	\$ 1.15
Feb 1	razor	1.00	July 21	cap	.50
" 9	corset	1.50		garters	.25
"	" union suit —			hat	.50
	hose	1.25	Aug 6	shoes repaired	\$ 1.35
" 14	cap	.50	Sept 1	belt hand	.75
"	shirt	1.00	" 18	corsett	.89
	collars	.45	Sept 13	hat	3.00
Mar 15	fountain pen	1.50	"	shoes	7.00
" 20	shoes & rubbers	\$4.40	Oct 29	dress	\$11.48
Apr 12	shoes & hose	\$5.75	" 31	gloves	2.50

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

"	21	coat, gloves waist	\$17.57		cap	<u>2.00</u>
"	28	suit	\$20.00	Nov 3		\$107.56
May	12	shoes rep	.80	"	gloves	.89
"	17	" "	.90	" 17	coat	15.00
June	2	underware	<u>2.00</u>		tie	.50
			\$60.42	"	Waist shirt	<u>2.25</u>
						126.20

1917 Fuel

Jan	1	coal	\$ 1.70	Aug	10	.30
"	13	wood	\$ 3.75	Sept	10	.60
"		coal	\$ 1.95	Oct	10	\$ 1.20
Feb	6	oil	.13	Nov	10 Hemp.	\$ 2.40
Apr	1	mitior	\$10.00	Dec	coal	\$12.50
"	16	gas	.60		1918	
May	10	"	\$ 3.00	Jan	coal	\$21.18
June	10		\$ 1.80	Feb	"	\$11.25
July	10		\$.90	Jan	electric lights	2.88

This page has no heading. "Furniture"

Apr. 1	stove	\$16.	
"	"	two chairs	\$ 4
"	17	table	\$3.75
July	3	quilt (stamps)	\$2.00
"	23	silver creamer	
		& sugar bowl	5.00
Xmas	pictures	4.50	
April 16	bed & rug	\$32.23	
"	dresser	20.00	
	buffett	\$26.00	

The book also contains their

Earnings for 1917, entered by Grandma each week from January 5 to November 16.

The total is about \$1023.00.

Jan. 5 \$16.50

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“	12	\$12.17
“	19	\$18.57
Feb	2	\$17.50
“	9	\$16.40
“	16	\$19.25
“	26	\$ 8.50
Mar	2	\$21.89
“	9	\$23.70
“	16	\$16.45
“	23	\$28.26
“	30	31.13
Apr	6	20.40
“	13	\$23.40
“	20	\$28.40
“	27	\$30.49
May	4	\$25.83
“	11	\$23.59
“	18	24.56
“	25	32.29
June	1	\$29.93
“	8	\$28.05
“	15	\$32.28
“	22	28.23
“	29	30.90
July	6	27.00
“	13	23.59
“	20	27.45
“	27	27.90
Aug	3	29.50
“	10	29.50
“	17	35.35
“	24	29.90
“	31	27.56
Sept	7	22.64
“	14	23.52
“	21	\$35.00
“	28	\$30.00

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Oct	5	_____
"	12	_____
"	19	\$18.00
"	26	
Nov	2	\$35.74
"	9	\$21.95
"	16	\$28.00

Savings for 1917, entered by Grandma apparently every time they made a deposit or withdrawal. E.g.,

Jan. 5	Two	\$2.00
" 12	Three	\$3.00
" 19	Ten	\$10.00

At the beginning of June, they "drew out all—bought motor cycle", apparently \$55.00. Towards the end of June "sold motor" and made a deposit of apparently \$80.00. September 22nd, they bought a car.

Earnings		Savings
Began work in Brooklyn Feb 27, 1920		
First pay day		
Mar 5	\$53.50	_____ \$35.00
" 12	\$42.40	

(These are the only entries on this page.)

Then there is a page in Hawley's writing:

- Mandrel Stake
- Blow Horn Stakes
- Hatchet stake
- Bevel Edge sq. stake
- Round Head stake
- D. Seaming Stakes
- 1. Bench Plate
- 1 Burring Mach.
- 1 Turning Mach.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Then there is a page of figures, nine numbers summed up to \$69.35

A page of Spendings:

Jan 13	.20
“ 20	.20
“ 27	1.25
“ 29	.40
Feb 1 moving	2.00
“ 3	.55
“ 6	.18
“ 9	.12
“ “	.75
“ 23	6.00

Hawley

suit	_____	
hat		3.50
slippers		6.00
hose		.75
tie		.75

This brings us to the end pages, which are covered with sums of numbers.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

The first of December, 1917, we were moved by Curtiss to their plant in Mineola, Long Island. Hawley had been called for the draft and took his physical, but was turned down with a rupture, from his childhood, and because of the airplane work. Hempstead, where we lived, was a lively place during the war, and Dad had so much work. The Curtiss factory was next to Camp Mills and the town was full of soldiers. We used to get together, the couples who worked at Curtiss. That was always hard for me, visiting. I had an inferiority complex. It used to bother me so when we were first married and I had to go into a public building like a bank, my face would get red. Later, I couldn't go to the school parent-teacher conferences for the children, I felt so intimidated. And I couldn't see the doctor. I'd fret about it for two days in advance.

In Long Island our heating unit was so bad that Dad used to say it's a wonder we weren't asphyxiated. His father came up and stayed with us that winter and we closed off the living room, and Mother Trowbridge and I would pull up our chairs to the heat register and sit as close as we could to it.

Hawley's father worked in the Curtiss factory too, in Mineola, about three miles away. I remember him saying that when he had to get up at a certain time he set his mind on it and woke up at that time. He and Hawley both bought bicycles and rode them to work. But his wife had a daughter, Maude White, and a new grand-daughter, and she missed them so much she was always going back, and they finally returned to Savona.

After that, Robert and Florence Shaut moved in with us. Houses were very scarce. We went out a lot, several times to New

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

York to shows. They soon had a son, Eldon. In 1918 I saw the first big dirigible to fly across the Atlantic, as it was coming in for a landing in New Jersey. When armistice was signed the four of us got in our car and drove around from one town to another to see all the activity.

I had a close call one time at Rockaway Beach, on Long Island before Doris was born. They had rides that went up and down and I started to get on and I wasn't only half on and it started up, and all open underneath, three or four floors. I made a mad scramble and clung on.

I remember our first salad dressing and peanut butter, during the First World War. Peanut butter was ten cents a pound, in bulk, with plenty of oil on top, so we had to mix it every time we used it. The only salad we had when we were growing up was potato salad and cabbage salad.

During our first summer in Long Island I became pregnant. Just at that time, the first big flu epidemic they had in this country hit, and so many people died with it, and almost every pregnant girl. I caught it, too. The doctor came by every day to check on me. Hawley would leave the door open and I stayed in bed all day. I was so sick the doctor forbade me to even get out of bed. I didn't have a bedpan so I got out for that. There had never been an influenza epidemic like that before. It broke out in September 1918 and eventually killed half a million people in the United States—more in a single year than died in battle in both World Wars, the Korean war and the Vietnam War combined.

When I was approaching the end of my term there were rumors of the plant moving again, so I went up to Elmira to stay for about two months. Doris Muriel was born at Arnot Ogden Hospital on April 27, 1919, on Sunday at ten in the morning. Hawley came up to see me. When she was five weeks old, my mother went back on the train to Long Island with me.

Our house was struck by lightning in Hempstead. My mother was visiting us and it came right down the stove pipe and blew the lids off the stove, and knocked out the electricity. We all got up, we couldn't see anything. The next day we saw that the kitchen was covered with soot and we had tracked it through the house.

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When they were living in Elmira, Mil won a beauty contest, as Miss Elmira, and received a trip to New York. That summer Marian graduated from high school. She was determined to go through high school, and was the only one of us three girls to finish. It took her five years to graduate because they kept moving and she lost credits. Her last year there was no money for clothes, but she made do with what she had. She graduated from Elmira Free Academy. She laughed when she told us that, because it wasn't free: she had to pay a book rental fee, and she didn't have the money. She finished high school without having any books, just if she could borrow a book from somebody else. She told me that high school was the most humiliating time of her life. She had a Monday, Wednesday and Friday dress, and a Tuesday and Thursday dress, and the kids gave her a hard time because she always wore the same clothes.

It was her ambition to go to business school, I think it was Meekers Business College, in Elmira, and my father didn't have any money. She wrote to us in Hempstead to ask if we could see our way to help her through. So we sent her a check every month, and I think the first thing after she graduated, before she bought anything, she paid us back. She said, "When I graduated I couldn't go home because there wasn't a home to go to." As soon as she finished school, she and Mil moved to Rochester to Troup Street.

We lived on the Island three years. Mil came once to visit, and Florence and I visited lots of women, all Curtiss families we knew from Hammondsport. Then Hawley asked the Shauts to move, which made them very unhappy. I was so homesick. Nobody wrote. My mother hated writing letters, and she never did. But I wrote to her every two weeks just the same. I used to say I was writing to the dead letter office.

Hawley worked on the first plane, a 'Jenny,' to fly the Atlantic, for which he was given a citation. He did the cowl work, the sheet metal around the nose of the plane. He worked on it night and day during the First World War, for two days to finish for the deadline, without coming home. The first time we went to Washington, we visited the section of the Smithsonian Institute where the planes were. Dad looked up and I heard him say, "It can't be. I wonder if

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it can be. I'll be darned." They had part of that plane exhibited, the front end he worked on.

After he was transferred to their shop in Brooklyn, at the end of February, 1920, a lot of the people, like Frank Warren, had gone back to Hammondsport. Hawley would leave in the morning for work before Doris woke up and be home after she was asleep, and one day he decided he wasn't going to do it anymore. That surprised me, when he said he'd had enough, and we were going to move back—he'd stay with his father and said he'd find a job. It was a pleasant surprise, because I was so homesick down there. I never said anything to him, but I was tickled to death when he decided to come back.

We had a new, one-seated Ford roadster, our first new car. Six hundred twenty-five dollars. We got it on Long Island just before we moved back up. We thought we were rich when we bought it. But every time we bought a car Hawley was never satisfied. He had to do something to it, to remodel, and as soon as we got that one he took the engine and put it from the front to the back. One of our cars was an old Overland that had side curtains you had to get out and button when it started to rain. When we had that Ford, I used to drive. Dad Trowbridge had tried to teach me to drive in Long Island, in a school yard, but that didn't work. I never did learn.

Doris was nearly one year old when we moved back. Every article of furniture had to be crated; Hawley got the lumber and made all the crates. We sent it to Savona where Dad Trowbridge lived. We followed on the first of February, and stayed with him until the beginning of May.* Hawley got a job with his father in Painted Post at the Ingersol machine shop. I kept the reference Hawley got from Curtiss:

Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corp.
Garden City, LI, New York
March 30, 1920
To whom it may concern:

* They must have left Long Island the first of April, not February. *RHT*

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This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. Hawley Trowbridge, has been in the employ of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation for the past five years in the capacity of sheet metal worker and bumper. During this time he has been under my supervision and it gives me great pleasure to recommend him as being honest, upright and industrious.

He is a thorough mechanic and especially fitted for aluminum work in aeroplane construction.

He is leaving thru no fault of his, and we would be glad to reinstate him in his old position at any time.

CURTISS AEROPLANE & MOTOR CORP.

G. F. Warren

Foreman, Sheet Metal Dept.

Mother Trowbridge loved babies. I would walk over to town, which was quite a little distance, and while I'd be gone she'd rock Doris the whole time. She would sit for hours with the baby. She loved it, and she cried when we left Savona to move to Rochester, I think mostly because of Doris.

She made two batches of cookies, sugar cookies and molasses, every week about Thursday or Friday. I can see her kitchen table now clear as day. In the country they kept their salt and pepper and vinegar cruets on the table, and she had a thin cheesecloth and she'd spread that over the table and make the cookies. She kept them in two big crocks in a pantry off the kitchen, covered with a towel. She made real good bread, and taught me. She taught me to cook.

Del was her third husband, and she was a little older than he was. Her first husband was a baker. It almost seems to me that both her husbands were named Dimmick, related. Her son, Guy Dimmick, and his wife Clara, lived in Auburn and in Syracuse and we used to visit them back and forth for years. We went to the Syracuse Fair with them. Maude was Mrs. Dimmick-Trowbridge's daughter and Doris visited her in the summer in Savona. Maude had a son Delbert. The Shauts were living in Campbell at that time and we used to visit them, too. We drove Dad Trowbridge's horse

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and buggy to visit. And they came here to see us, when we lived on Chalford.

Hawley began looking at ads for work out of town. We came very close to going to Detroit. We almost bought the house across from Dad and Mother Trowbridge in Savona: the lady who owned it wanted to sell. One Sunday Hawley saw an ad for Holderle Brothers on Exchange Street in Rochester, for a sheet metal worker, and he decided to go up to apply. They sent him a letter right afterwards notifying him that the job was his.

My parents had moved to Elmira, where my father was working. He was unhappy there, and my mother didn't want to go back to Hammondsport. So he went alone, and Mom stayed in Elmira. It was around this time my parents got divorced. We used to say we weren't surprised. There was a ten years age difference, and they had two entirely different personalities. My mother was more easy-going than my father. He had what Mil called a German disposition. He could get mad about things, and she put up with a lot. He was all right until something crossed him, maybe when he had a little too much to drink and things didn't go right. He liked to drink, like Aunt Katherine. Uncle Mart too, but he didn't drink as much as Dad. In late years he didn't drink as much, maybe because he couldn't take it as much, and he didn't have the money.

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Grace and Ralph Stone had moved to Rochester and were living on Champlain Street. When he came up to apply to Holderle's, Hawley visited them, and Grace was thrilled to hear we would be moving there. Ralph and Hawley had worked together at Curtiss, and I had known Grace from school in Hammondsport. I asked her to help us find a place to live. For our first few days in Rochester we had a room, a kitchenette, and then Grace found an upstairs flat at 69 Cady Street for us, whose back door faced theirs across an alley. It was close enough to the shop that Hawley walked to work.

The people we rented from were the Macksons, and they had a son Clarence. They were very nice. We had the upstairs. I have a picture somewhere of Doris standing in the window. The couple who lived next to us, she and I would go to the ball games on ladies' day, on Monday. Mrs. Mackson lived downstairs. She sewed for other people and Doris would sit and pick up the pins for her. Doris always called her Mrs. Mackus. She had a daughter who lived in Sodus, and we went with them to visit one time.

When we were first living in Rochester, we went to Hornell almost every week—we didn't know what else to do on the weekend. Uncle Hawley used to make such a fuss over Doris. He read a lot lying down, and she'd come over and say, "That's *my* book, Uncle Hawley!" They got the biggest kick out of that. And she started going up and down stairs, she thought that was great—we'd always lived on one floor. Aunt Anna made her a coat, plum-colored, from an old one. She took an old coat all apart, cleaned it, turned it inside out, and made it up to fit Doris. It was like new.

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We went down there once when Doris was about one and Aunt Anna bought a little jar of mayonnaise to see how it was. It had just come out.

They had a two story brick house at 148 Thatcher Street in Hornell, a few houses beyond Grandma Trowbridge's house, on the other side of the street. That house had a reception hall, as wide as my kitchen, and longer. Big enough to have a day bed in it. A bookcase was opposite the daybed. You went into the front, took a step to the left, and went up a stairway. The bathroom was right to the head of the stairs. You could go straight through the reception hall to the kitchen, or to the right into the living room. The dining room had double doors into the living room, and there was a door from the back of the kitchen, on the right-hand side, into the dining room. They had one of the first electric refrigerators that was made. It was round, and Aunt Anna didn't have room for it in the kitchen, so she put it in the corner of the dining room.

They were so pleased when we would come down there. I remember one time Aunt Anna was out when we arrived, and Uncle Hawley was sitting there in the kitchen, and he said, "Oh, Jo, I'm so tickled to see you!" He got Hawley the offer of a job in Hornell, but we decided to stay in Rochester. Uncle Hawley had an office in a building with Clyde Schultz, a lawyer who had the other office. Fay Trowbridge, a cousin of Hawley's Grandfather Joseph, ran a grocery store in Hornell, near to Aunt Anna.

We lived on Cady Street three years, and we and the Stones were together nearly every weekend. We took auto rides, once in awhile to visit her people in Pulteney, above Keuka Lake, and to Elmira to visit my family and Ralph's sister. We went to the hill climbs in Egypt, motorcycle races. The four of us traveled in our Ford roadster. There was hardly a Sunday while we lived there that we didn't go for a ride. We used to go on Sunday picnics to Honeoye Falls or out along the Genesee River. Potato salad and meatloaf were my favorite.

Lillie and Clifford Jenkins, Grace and Ralph Stone were our two best friends. The lady in the grocery store used to call Ralph the man with the hard name. We went to movies Sunday nights at the neighborhood theater on Jefferson Avenue, and played cards

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and had late lunches afterwards. We saw *The Perils of Pauline*, and had to keep going the next week to find out what happened to her.

After we had been there awhile, Hawley came home one day and said, "Guess who I met who lives on Cady Street?" It was Matt and Mil Corbett, whom he knew from Avoca. Then he met another couple he had gone to school with in Avoca, Claire Wightman and his wife, who lived on Columbia Street. Later we all moved to the same neighborhood in Greece at the same time, where we stayed.

The first holiday season, at Christmas, Dad Trowbridge killed two chickens and sent them to us through the mail. They were probably frozen when he sent them. He was awfully good to us. One year he sent us three bushels of potatoes, and they lasted all winter. We never came home empty-handed from there. One year I brought some strawberries, and Mother Trowbridge canned them for me and we took home a lot. Doris remembers visiting her Grandparents and Del took her out to the barn to milk the cow and gave her the warm milk. They had a stereopticon, and she looked at that for a long time. It was a viewing device that looked a little bit like a pair of binoculars. You slipped a card in that had two photos of the same object taken at slightly different angles so it appeared three-dimensional. And my Grandfather Eaton in the fall, if we went down, always had a basket of grapes for me. He had the barn he called the grape house, that had sawdust on the floor.

More than once Hawley came home from work and said, "Let's go see my Grandmother," and we'd get in the car and go down to Hornell. He was very fond of her, and I was too. Aunt Anna and Uncle Hawley brought Grandmother Trowbridge up to visit us one time on Cady Street. We were going to take them out to a movie close by. There were steps in our house that narrowed at the bottom, and the railing ended a couple steps up. When Grandmother Trowbridge got to the end of the rail she went flying. We were scared stiff. I told Hawley "I think we shouldn't go to the movie, I think Grandma's shook up. Maybe we should go back upstairs and she can lie down." She heard me and said, "I'm all right," and we went to the movie.

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The last couple years of her life she lived with Aunt Anna and Uncle Hawley. She died there in 1921 when she was seventy-four years old. That morning she had been walking around, and then she got taken with a spell, and laid down on the cot in the reception hall. She had a bad heart. Aunt Anna was going to get some help and she said, "It's no use," and died. The newspaper notice said, "Mrs. Trowbridge was very widely known throughout the city, where she has been a nurse for some time. She possessed a kind and cheerful disposition and was deeply loved by all her friends."

That was the only time I saw Hawley cry. The funeral was at Aunt Anna's house. We were sitting on the bottom steps of the stairs, and Aunt Anna was sitting beside us. All of a sudden I heard him cry, and he cried so hard. She was buried in Neils Creek Cemetery.

Uncle Hawley was all of ten years older than Aunt Anna. When they were first married, he worked on the railroad, it seems to me he was a fireman. They went to Troy to live. He ate health foods, and one winter in Hornell slept in the attic where it was cold, because he thought it was healthy. He did smoke cigars and had an occasional glass of wine.

His sister Stella lived in Chicago. She was a business woman, and sold women's undergarments at one time. She never married. She smoked cigars, and when she visited her brother, Aunt Anna went around the house pulling down the window shades so the neighbors wouldn't see.

Once they first started, Aunt Anna and Uncle Hawley came often to visit us on Cady Street. Uncle Hawley, who sold Mutual Benefit Life Insurance, would have somebody to call on, and Aunt Anna did a lot of shopping when she came to town. One year we took them to see the Water Carnival. Above the Clarissa Street bridge they used to have shows on the river, just like a parade. Floats on the water, and colored lights.

Grace and I walked downtown often. We often went to the Powers Building in Rochester, Duffy Powers' store. We said if we can't find what we want anywhere else, we'll find it there. About 1921 or 1922 we got an oak victrola from Sears and Roebuck.

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Grace and I walked downtown and we both bought victrolas. While we were on Cady Street I got my first ice box, given us by Aunt Anna. We had ice delivered whenever we needed it by putting a card in the window.

When we came to Rochester there were open street cars, and horse shows in Edgerton Park, and circus parades on Main Street. Fire stations had horse drawn wagons. Troup Street and Plymouth Avenue was our elegant section. I took Doris in a stroller and she played in Plymouth Avenue Park many afternoons. In the spring there were tulip beds in the park. And we had Sunday picnics. We had fun all the time. I entertained Grace's people when they came to visit. They were very fond of Doris. We—Grace and Ralph and her parents, and Hawley and I—spent a week together at a cottage on Keuka Lake. When Doris was about four, the Stones moved to Elmira, and later to Endicott.

After he had been at Holderle's about a year, Hawley was made a foreman. Then for a couple years, at least, from 1921, he took a full course in sheet metal working from the International Correspondence School. He spent his evenings doing the work.

Holderle's made barrels and countertops for foamy root beer, and Hawley did the soldering on the inside of the barrels. After a couple years he began to get boils all over his body, two or three at a time, terribly painful, from the fumes of the soldering, working on the inside of the barrels. He stayed out of work for awhile, but as soon as he went back he broke out again. He liked the job and the people, though, and worked there three times before he left for good. They offered him a road job, going around to all the cities in the East where they had counters, to see that they were working properly. But having a family, Hawley wouldn't do it. Then in February 1923, he was in the hospital for the first time, with a mastoid, and so painful, and home for about four months with that. He had a great big abscess come on the outside and I guess he was all summer laid up. When he came home from the hospital he was worse than ever. That was his first illness. Then he had a blood clot in his leg, and we had to keep it elevated.

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One Sunday in the fall of 1923, we came up Dewey Avenue to Greece to visit Twyla and Clare Wightman, who were building a home in an orchard area, and who had what they called a garage house. We had such a nice time there that day. Mr. Denise had a fruit farm and was selling it for houses. The lots were divided and had markers indicating the lot numbers. This one was a peach orchard, and had number 24 on it. I tore the lot number off the post and Hawley said, "I guess you bought something!" I think it was \$375, and I went up to Denise's and gave him a ten dollar deposit.

Rochester and Lake Ontario Water Company
Serial 6717 contract 3125 District 1
Application of Consumer (Quarterly) 11/23/1923
Chalford Rd. Lot 24 between Denise and Griffith
Roads.

Written at the bottom by Grandma:

This is when we moved here at 103 Chalford.

We had the house built while we were still in the city. Mr. Denise and George Sealy built it. When we were building, the Wightmans and Corbetts were building at the same time. They were a little further along than we were, and every Sunday for a couple months we took turns, the three couples, of making Sunday dinner. One Sunday it was my turn, and Uncle Hawley and Aunt Anna came down. He saw the baked goods sitting out and said, "You must have been expecting us!" The week before we moved in, we left our flat on Cady Street and stayed with the Wightmans. The Duke-lows were also on Delmar Road by the Corbetts.

There were three rooms to start with. What is now the dining room was the bedroom, and our present living room was the dining room and living room. So at first we just had what's the kitchen now and those two rooms. The back end of the living room was the dinette. We didn't have a back entryway, but the wall behind where the sink is now continued, and we had our cupboards where the door at the top of the entry stairs is. We used a chemical toilet in the garage, like all the others around here. Uncle Hawley

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loaned us the money to build. It cost seven hundred dollars, and it took us two years to pay him back.

When we moved here they didn't have electric lights and sewers. I think it was three or four years before we got electricity. We used oil lamps, and I had a real nice one. There wasn't a paved road then, and this area was all a fruit farm. One evening looking out the front door, there were no houses around and you could see all the way to Willowbrook, just a couple lights here and there. I called to Hawley and said, "Look—if this isn't living out in the country!"

As I mentioned, Hawley and I used to go dancing at different places around Hammondsport. And here on Chalford we used to go from one house to another. If they had a porch, we'd dance on that, or if not, push the carpet back. The first couple years we were here we had house parties with the Feeneys, the R. Joneses, the Appletons, the Warners, and with Ed Failings, who built the cute house on the corner of Groveland, as well as with the Corbetts, the Dukelows, and the Davises. The Failings were from Hornell. We took them down one weekend, and the four of us went to Aunt Anna's and Uncle Hawley's for dinner. She made a big chicken dinner and I remember Uncle Hawley made the remark, "Boy, that girl ate!"

The Corbetts had square dance records, and he called the dances. We would put back the carpet and have a square dance, and also had home-brew to drink. Dukelows used to make cider in the fall. Of course we women would be lucky to have one or two. The first Saturday night after Prohibition was done away with, the Topper Brewery on Lake Avenue, this side of State Street, had a big open party, with snacks and crackers and cheese, and we went up there with a group.

In the summer we had hotdog roasts. Twyla Wightman and I walked to Lake Ontario often. One day the Manitou street car was ready to leave when she said to me, "Let's take the ride to Manitou." The tracks were over the water for some distance. They had the pleasure boats to Sea Breeze amusement park then, too, from Charlotte, and the boat trips across the lake to Coburg. I'd make two big batches of cookies every Saturday. That was a rule. Not

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only that, but a cake and a pie or two for the week. We had an awful lot of fun. I think about the young couples now, of course they have cars and just go.

When Marian came here from Elmira, she stayed with us until she located uptown. Mil also stayed several months before she and Win were married.

After Hawley left Holderle's, he went to Richardson's where they made the syrup for the root beer. Later, he worked at a hardware store hanging gutter pipes, I think for a man named Arley Bull. Then he worked for the furnace companies, installing furnaces during the depression. The Holland, the Kalamay, and a third one.

Mrs. McKnight moved in on Chalford Road the same time we did, and the house next door on the north side, Bogarts built. Jennie McKnight and I were good friends until she died around 1980. She used to call and say, "Gertie's here, come on down!" That was Gert Ainsworth, who lived next to Jenny. Then she moved out, to Stone Road, and would come and visit. And Jenny would have a pot of coffee, and something to eat. She was a good friend, one of my best friends. They moved here from Canandaigua. Her daughter Agnes bought the house next to me on the south side and has lived there many years.

We had just moved to Chalford when Hawley had trouble with his prostate gland, which usually affects older men. The treatments were painful. That was Rochester General hospital. In November, 1924, about a year after we moved here, my mother married Pete Delaney. He was a tool and dye maker, very quiet, very odd really. He gave my mother a good home. My mother liked Hawley a lot, and I used to say she'd take his part before she'd take mine.

The next Spring after my mother remarried, Don was born in what is now the dining room, on April 18, 1925.

The fall before Gene was born, Bob Denise, from the farm family who owned all the land around here, came and asked us what we were planning to do with the property. When we built this house we had no intentions of using it for a permanent home,

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and the man who built it said you're putting too much money into it for a garage home. He offered to loan us fifteen hundred dollars to have the basement dug and add on the two bedrooms and the sun parlor. So we finally got a builder over and he sat down with us and showed us plans for building on, still keeping this one. We took off the east end of the living room and put in the bathroom. The house had no storm windows, and at that time it had a black felt roof. Years later we put on the white asbestos siding and wooden storm windows.

We had an Atwater Kent radio, all metal, and we listened to that on the weekend. We had it on a square bench table: a man on Denise Road made them. He used to peddle eggs in the neighborhood. On Saturday night every week Hawley and I had a bag of salted peanuts and we would dump them in a bowl and eat them all up, and listen to the radio. It seems we got a lot of western music. When we first got radio, we had it in the sunparlor on the little table. Hawley and I would sit in there and listen till one or two, and the music was so good. We had that radio till Doris got married and then we went uptown and bought a cabinet radio. It sat next to the east window in the living room, and we got them one for a wedding present.

Hawley was quiet; he never got mad about anything. Any kind of food he liked. He never cared too much for the refrigerator, though. He said it made the food too cold to eat. A hundred forty was the most he ever weighed. He liked all the white part of the bread, and I liked the brown—so we did all right! He loved chocolate. Every morning of his life, he ate an egg. That was his breakfast, and toast, juice or fruit, and a cup of coffee. Not two or three slices of toast. One slice. And he liked his pancakes with the gravy from the sausage and a little sugar on it.

Something else Hawley liked so well was fried salt pork. You've probably never heard of it. It was about two times as thick as bacon, and I'd try to find a little piece as lean as possible, and then slice it as thin as I could. Parboil it and drain it. That got some of the salt out. Dip it in milk, and then roll it in flour and and put it in the frying pan. I don't think I've made that in years, since he's been gone. That was one of his favorite dishes, and I'd fry up a

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platter for us at night. We liked it so well, both of us, that if there was just one piece left we'd look at each other to see who wanted it more. I never made that before we were married, that was a Trowbridge dish.

Hawley came back one day from Denise's with a cat bundled inside of his jacket. We had kittens here. We didn't have a basement then, and she had them right under the baby's bed. Another time Doris brought home a little kitten she found over on Britton Road.

A couple times we almost went back to Hammondsport. On Cady Street we talked about it with the Stones, and when we went down to Hammondsport we'd visit Frank Warren, Hawley's old boss, and he said if Hawley would come back he could have his job, he was ready to retire.

We drove to Savona and Hornell often those days, and our relatives came here. Aunt Anna and Uncle Hawley used to call up and tell me to put Doris on a bus, and she'd stay down there for a week. And they'd take her to Rye Point where Bill Arland, a lawyer Hawley knew, had a cottage on Loon Lake on the way to Hornell. Leila Arland and her sister were teachers at the Valley School.

I entertained Mil and Marian with their boyfriends a lot, all the time. I had them here for Easter Sunday one time. I can see Marian, around the time she got engaged to John Temmerman. We had the Christmas tree in the sun room. She held her left hand out in front of the tree, as if she were reaching to touch it, to let me see that John had given her a ring.

Grandpa Eaton came to visit us one Sunday. He was at Lillie's in East Rochester, and got a ride with someone. Mil and Marian were here with boyfriends. I was pregnant for Gene, I remember Mil telling him. Uncle Hawley had brought a pheasant and we had a chicken, so with both we managed. Grandpa had never had a pheasant. Also, I remember Otto Groths lived where Agnes is now, and he brought us a big fish, I think they called them 'lings.' His wife wasn't home and he brought it over and stayed for dinner with us.

Mil recalls that "The last time I saw Grandpa Eaton, he said 'I don't think I ever saw your boyfriend that you're going to marry. In fact I don't think you are going to be married.' I said, 'Yes I am, Grandpa!'"

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At one time, Hawley's brother Ralph lived on Chalford Road, before moving to Dubuque, Iowa. He had ten kids, and two died young: Joe, Harold, Kenneth, William, Howard, Roger, Audrey, Rose, I believe. Audrey sent me a family picture with all the children every year since they had only one. One of Ralph's boys went on ice-breaking expeditions to the north and south poles, both in the army. When he died he was buried in Arlington. He married a girl in Italy.

Three years after Don, on May 1, 1928, Gene was born. I always liked that name, because I had a cousin (Aunt Lona's son), named Eugene. He was born at Mrs. Hanson's house on Delmar Road, the next street over. She was a practical nurse and midwife. I was ill after every child's birth. I doctored for a couple months after Doris, and after Don and Gene I was sick. Dad Trowbridge died just two weeks before Gene was born. He had peritonitis, I believe. An unidentified newspaper clipping reports Del's death:

Delbert H. Trowbridge

Bath, Apr. 19--The funeral of Delbert H. Trowbridge, whose death Wednesday followed a short illness, will be conducted at the Baptist church in Savona Friday afternoon. Burial will be at Howard. Mr. Trowbridge was born at Howard in 1865, a son of the late Joseph and Caphisa (sic) Trowbridge. He had lived at Savona for a term of years, being employed in the Ingersoll-Rand plant at Painted Post. Mr. Trowbridge leaves his widow, formerly Anna Dimmick; sons, Ralph and Jay of Rochester; and a sister, Mrs. H.S. Pettiborne (sic), of Hornell. Mr. Trowbridge was a member of the Savona Masonic Lodge.

When Gene was only a few months old, Uncle Hawley was having some health problems and went to Buffalo and found he had cancer. It was a stigma those days and he didn't want to face the people in the office, so they came here, about supper time. I went into the bedroom and Aunt Anna started to cry and told me what the report was. They stayed the weekend.

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Many Attend Services for Hawley Pettibone Well Known Insurance Man Laid to Rest Yesterday Afternoon in Rural Cemetery

(d. 8/9/1929) Funeral services for the late Hawley S. Pettibone whose death occurred Friday were held yesterday afternoon at the late home, No. 148 Thatcher Street, and were largely attended by friends and associates of the deceased, one of the prominent business men of the city for more than 50 years.

The service was in charge of the Rev. Ward B. Flaxington, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, and was followed by ritual at the grave in Rural cemetery by members of Hornell Lodge No 210 I.O.O.F. Mr. Pettibone had been prominent in Odd Fellowship for more than 40 years and joined the former Oasis Lodge here the night the organization was instituted in Steuben County.

Those attending the funeral from out of town included: Mrs. Estell Pettibone, Mrs. C.F. Cooper and Miss Ella Norton of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. John Troy and son Manderville, and Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey of Olean; Mr. Jay Trowbridge of Elmira; Mr. and Mrs. Hawley Trowbridge and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Trowbridge of Rochester; Mr. C.L. Fairbanks of Buffalo; Edward Monsoy, Sidney Howell, John Hergod and others of the Mutual Benefit Insurance Co., of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Shaver; Mr. and Mrs. Vern Parker and Mrs. Katie Parker of Avoca; Mrs. C. H. Trowbridge and Mrs. Irvin White of Savona; Mrs. Theodore Kane of Addison; Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Howland and son of Andover.

In April of 1920, my Great-grandfather Sprague had died. After that, Grandma Eaton wanted to move into his house in Bath, and I guess she bothered Grandpa enough so he got rid of their home on Mitchellsville Hill Road and they moved. Like Grandpa said later, as long as he was in his own place he had an income. But she wasn't educated enough so she ever realized that. And they had everything paid for and a big vineyard and enough income so they could get by.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

I remember visiting her in Bath around this time, and when she wanted to get a dish from the upper shelf, she put her rubbers on. Then she put a newspaper on a kitchen chair and climbed up to get the dish, got down, took off her rubbers, removed the paper and wiped the chair off. Grandpa had a rocking chair in the kitchen by the back window. Doris recalls visiting them once and she never came out to talk with them, because she was busy.

We (Josephine and grandchildren Rick and Janet) went down there once in the '80s, fifty years after she moved out of that house on Chestnut Street. We were looking at the house when the old lady next door came out. She remembered Grandma Eaton polishing the doorknobs, and remembered how nice Grandpa Eaton was. She said he took their children for ice cream once, and when he watched the back gate of the fair grounds, which was at the end of the block, he would let the children in. They had a pig once and were planning to butcher it, and he said, "I know all about that," and helped them. But she wouldn't let her children go over there, because she knew Grandma Eaton would have to do a lot of cleanup afterwards.

When Gene was very small, I had a serious attack of nerves. I made a fool of myself. I thought I had to do everything and run. "Now when I get done, I'll have to get the diapers." I would stand at the sink and my mind was going with all the things that I had to do. I felt I had to get the work done and had to take Gene down to the end of the street for a walk. I started to feed him one day and fell right off my chair. When I came to, I sent Don, as little as he was, to see Twyla down the street. I had ten convulsions that day, and after that I'd have them occasionally. They sent for my mother, and she was here for about a month.

My left arm was my weak spot. I could feel it in the tips of my fingers and it traveled up my arms, numbness like prickling, and when it hit my heart I passed out. I told myself later I shouldn't try to do so much myself. You know I had to carry the hot water downstairs for the wash, do all the wash, and bathe and clothe the baby every night. And I took him for a walk every day.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

When I think back, that poor circulation I have now goes back years and years, because when Gene was a baby, the clothes on the line I couldn't tell if I'd pinned them, only to see that I did, because I had such numb hands. And I remember when I was a child and used to walk home from school I cried one winter with chilblains and numb hands.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Grandma's Diary, 1930

The same little book that contained the financial information for 1917 also has a diary for 1930, from January 1 to October 29, that Grandma kept. It is typical that she used the spare pages of the notebook that they'd used thirteen years earlier; and in making her entries, Grandma didn't skip any lines: if the entry for one day ended in the middle of a line, she began the next day's entry on the same line—and the pages are only two inches wide.

Jan. 1st 1930. Aunt Anna went home on bus after two weeks at our house.*

Jan 5. Hawley sick with fake pleurisy. Loseys and her people were here in afternoon. Driscolls were here at night.

7-8. I felt punk with nerves again.

9. feel much better. Rained snow and sleet all day. H over to Dukelows tonight.

Jan 11. We all went up to Babe's [Marian's] to see her new radio. At night we called on Wightmans. Hawley got up at 4 o'clock Sun 12 and went with Jim D. on milk route. Jim and Florence came over here at night.

Tues 14. Spring like day. Ray Cummings and wife were here at night. H. let him have our victrola motor. Letter from Aunt Anna. She has been sick since Xmas.

Jan 18 Made Marian a cake for birthday.

19 Cold stayed in all day.

* Her husband, Uncle Hawley, had died at the beginning of August, 1929.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

20 H. didn't work at all. Letter from Mil. She sent H. some ties.
Took baby Gene to Dr. for his kidneys.

Wed 22. Babe and John were down. I took my German letters
over for Mrs. Lowack to read.

Thur. Colder again. Made cookies and a cho. pie. Baby Gene ate
the frosting off.

Sat 25. H. and I went to Auto Show in afternoon, left kids* with
Marian.

Sun. Mr. & Mrs. Parker[†] and the Shannons were here about 2
hours. Had a nice visit. Drove out to the kids at night.

Mon. 26 Doris goes into 5th grade. H. only worked ½ day.

Tuesday 27. Gene broke a glass

Wed. 28. Gene broke another glass. Twyla sick in bed with flu.
Earl sick also. H. came home at noon. We all went over to
Dukelows at night.

Thur. lovely day for a change. Made Twyla a cho. pie. Gene
pulled a basin of parings covered with water on the floor.

Fri. Hawley came home after dinner.

Sat. Hawley went to the Palace at night with Ralph.

Sun Feb 2. Doris went to Sunday school. Snowed all day. All
three have colds and Doris has her second sty. Driscolls
were here at night.

Wed Feb 5. Doris stayed to girls club. Baby Gene has a bad cold,
did not take him out. H. went to lodge. Very cold again.

Thur. 6. Gene very cross. Cold don't seem to be any better. H.
worked nearly all the week so far.

Friday 7. Got our 5th ton of coal. H. turned his ankle over in cellar.

Sat. Feb. 8 Hawley couldn't go to work and could hardly walk so
didn't go to work. We went over to Jim's at night. Mays
were there also.

Sun. 9. Didn't go out at all. Made myself a night gown in after-
noon. H. foot better. Babe and John were down. Babe had

* Letters that are unclear in the original and for which I have made my
best attempt at a reading, have been underlined. The dashes in the entry
for August 3rd indicate four completely indecipherable letters.

† There are Parkers mentioned as attending Uncle Hawley's funeral, p.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

been sick with indigestion.

Tues 11 A beautiful day. I took baby Gene out. Doris and I met Marian at the Riviera and we saw Sunnyside up. John met us afterward and brought us home.

Friday 14. Children got lots of valentines. Ralph helped Hawley hang gutter pipes at Leiths.

Sat. 15. Jay came after dinner.

Sun 16. Hawley Jay and Jim went up to Eagles Hall in afternoon and had steak supper. Jay gave Doris money for her and Joseph* to go to movies in P.M. I took Donald and Gene over to Florence's. Boys didn't get home till nine o'clock.

Mon. 17. Very cold H. didn't work all day. He and Jay were out to Ray's. Got home about 6 o'clock. We washed at night.

17 Don went to his first party at Austin.†

Wed. 19. Jay went with Ralph on milk route.

Thur night. I was sick with cold and sore throat.

Friday 21. Doris stayed home from school. I felt some better.

Sun. 23. Jay went home at 5:50 we took him to train and drove out to E. Rochester.‡ No one home.

Wed 26 Got a letter from Jay that he got home fine.

Thur. H. came home at noon. One of the installers was killed last night. Driscoll came over and Ralph he and H. went up to see him. Got letter from Mil and Mother.

Mar 1st Sat. H. went to Girshen funeral. At night we drove out to Driscolls. His mother and sister were there and Ray C. and his wife came in.

Sun 2. Babe & John came down in afternoon. One of our radio tubes went bad so we didn't have any music. She brought Doris a sweater and scarf. H. all in with a cold.

Mon 3. H. didn't work felt bum.

Tuesday Mar 4. H. didn't work, was out to Rays and brought them back to supper. Had plenty beer etc. Claire's mother came.

Thur. 6. Letter from Aunt Anna. H. had no work all this week.

Sat 8. Letter from Dad and Mil.

* Jim was Jim Dukelow; Joseph was Ralph's son.

† This was Austin Wightman, Clare and Twyla's child.

‡ This must have been to visit Lillie and Clifford Jenkins.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Sun 9. H. and I went for a walk with Gene. No one here, very quiet.

Sat 15. H. birthday. Doris went to Temple to see "The Cohens and Kelleys in Scotland." We drove up town shopping.

Wed 19 Mar. H. met Ralph at noon at creamery no one seen him since.

Sat Mar. 29. Driscolls and Wightmans were both here in the evening. We got phone message from Hornell Aunt Anna injured in auto accident.

Sun. Hawley went to Hornell at 6 oclock A.M.

Thur Apr 3. I went to movie at the school took Doris and Don. Kids all got birthday presents from Mil. Hawley put in his first full week of work.

Sun Apr. 6. Florence had a baby boy. We were out to Driscolls all afternoon and evening to supper. Hermans were down.

Sun Apr 13. We drove up to Strutirs and I went over to see Florence a little while.

Apr. 18. Don birthday. Tommy and David Howe were here for supper. Mamma sent Doris a dress and Don and Gene suits.

Sat 19. We ordered a washer. Brought wine over to Dukelows a few minutes. Strutirs were there.

Sun 20. Don went to Sunday school with Doris.

Wed. Apr 23. Don and I went uptown at noon. Met Marian, she had the afternoon off and went shopping with us. Saw the Easter party for children at Odenbacks, and Babe had a letter from Mama that she was down to Bath. Can hardly wait till I see her.

Friday 25. Dukelows moved today. Hated to see them go.

Sat 26 Apr. Made first payment on washer. Stopped to see Dukelows, they have such a cute place.

Sun 27, Doris birthday. We left all three with the Temmermans went to Hornell to see Aunt Anna. Lovely day, bought some shrubbery for front lawn.

Mon Apr. 28. Some one stole Twylas pocket book with \$10 in it.

Thur. May 1st Gene and Winston 2 years old. Had letters from Mama. Grandpa very ill, she is taking care of him.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Sun, May 4. Babe and John went to Bath after Mother.

Thur 8. Mama went up to Babe's for the day. Then went to Lyons at noon. John on the stand at a trial.* They had supper in Lyons.

Sun May 11. Mothers Day. We all were up to Babe's to dinner. Drove up to Hyland Park to see the lilacs. Mother went home at 5:30.

Thur. May 15. Florence and Jim were here. Hawley tells me that he is through at Hollands'. Some-thing always takes the joy out of life, disgusted. This week we bought cinders and a lawn mower.

Friday 16. Clara and her family left for Dubuque.† Cleaning house, what a job.

Thur 22. We drove out to Driscolls. They had company so we didn't stay.

Friday, Decoration day May 30. We went for a ride, stopped at Dukelows and stayed for supper. Had a lot of fun.

Sun, June 1. We drove to Hornell to see Aunt Anna. Took our dinner, but wind blew so we had to eat in the car.

June 2. Ray C. and his wife were here at night. Baby Gene so cross, and all day.

Sat. June 7. Lillie and Clifford came down at night, stayed till 1:30.

Wed 11 June. We went up to Babe's after Mil, who came the night before. Mrs. Lowack had her baby girl at 6 oclock. I was there from 5:30 on and alone when it came. Sure was exciting.

Friday June 13. Babe, John, Mil and I with the kids all went to Hammondsport. Had a lovely trip down. Stayed to Aunt

* John Temmerman was the Rochester City Chemist, and later Monroe County Chemist.

† See entry for March 19. Clara was Ralph's wife. He left her and the ten children for another woman. Grandma never mentioned this when talking about Ralph. Apparently she didn't care much for Ralph (I got this from a comment Gene made when this book was in progress), but Grandma never spoke harshly about anyone, as all those who knew her agree.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Lona's. Had our supper Friday and Saturday night at the Lake. H. and Doris came Saturday afternoon. Saw lots of people we knew. Sunday we stopped at Charlie's* and up to Grandpa's. Got home about 9:30 Sunday night. Good time was had by all.

Friday June 20. School out today. Mil and I went up town about noon. Met Babe and we all had lunch together. Done some shopping. I bought two green rag rugs, bathroom curtains and sun parlor rug. Doris took care of children.

Sun June 22. Mil and Babe came down for dinner. John is staying at St. Bernard's. We took Marian home, we drove out to E. Rochester. No one home.

Mon washed, I walked down to school. We all drove to Driscolls.

Wed 25. Got 5 ton coal. Marian called Mil on phone to come up.

Thurs 26. Rained terrible hard. Mil went to Elmira yesterday.

Friday June 27. Florence and Jim came down for the evening. Fritz brought Mil home sick.

Sat. 28 Mil went home at 8:16 A.M.

Sun 29. Went to the Lake in afternoon. Terrible hot.

Mon 30. Doris entertained swimming club. Letter from Aunt Anna. Drove out to Ray's.

Wed, July 2. Letter from Mil. Got home in fine shape. We drove up to Dukelows.

Friday 4. We went to Dukelows about 3 oclock. Strutirs came down and we all went to the carnival. Had lots of fun, then they all came down here and we had a weiner roast. Later we went back to Dukelows, the men kept the babies and we went to see the fireworks. Put in a big day.

Sat July 5. Twyla sick.

Sun 6. Babe and John went with us to Nine Mile Point. Took our dinner and watched ball game.

Tues 8. Went after cherries, basket of sweet ones and a basket of

* This must be Uncle Charlie Eaton.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

- sour. Pitted till 10:30.
Wed. Canned peaches. Twyla had another spell. Her birthday.
Friday July 11, Ed and Etheline came down with Dukelows.
Gunther has whooping cough. Claire's mother came.
Sat. 12 Failings here at night. Doris caused a little scandal.
Sun. 13. We went to Hornell to see Aunt Anna. Donald sick before
we got home. H. and Doris both sick before morning.
Monday. Hawley didn't go to work till 10 oclock.
Wed 16. We drove out to Rays. Letter from Jay.
Friday had a busy day, hot.
Sat 19, box from Mil.
Sun 20. Didn't feel very good. Took the kids to the Lake. Had a
chicken dinner.
Mon 21. Washed. Terrible hot, rested all day.
Tues 22. Didn't feel good at all, canned berries and ironed. Jay
came about 4 oclock. Went up to Dukelows at night.
Wed. Went to Rays.
Sun July 27. Terrible hot. Went for a ride to Manitou. Doris went
home with Babe and John Sat night, stayed all night and
went to Grandview beach for the day.
Sun and Mon terrible hot again. We went up town for a ride after
supper.
Wed July 30. Jay went home.
Thur 31. We went out to Rays. Met Ralstons another furnace
man. Men went in swimming.
- Sat Aug 2. Went after groceries about 4 oclock, stopped to Dukel-
ows. Stayed there for supper. Strutirs and Foresters all were
there.
Well here it is August 11. A whole week gone by. Felt horrid all
last week.
Sun Aug 3 we went to Red Men's picnic at Corbett's Glen. I had
a spell of nerves on way up town. We went out to Rays one
night. Mon night they were here and Sun August 10 D----s.
Strutirs, Herthornes and us all went to Ellison Park for a
picnic. It is such a nice place and we had a fine time.
Mon Aug 11 we went out to Driscolls.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Tues 12 Ray C was here, stayed till 12:30.

Wed cold again, letter from Dad.

Thursday. Trying hard to rain.

Sat Aug 23, Ray's, his father-in-law and another girl came about 10 o'clock. Had our first rain in weeks. Got a letter from Mother.

Sunday. Hawley helped Ray paint all the forenoon. We were out there and to Driscolls. Doris stayed all night with Carol. Another week gone by of not feeling like myself. Having our house painted.

Sunday. Didn't go anywhere.

Mon. September 1st. Aunt Anna came up with the Myers to spend the day. We took her back up town.

Tue. Sept 2. Kids started school. Donald is crazy about it. Can't believe he is that old so soon.

Wed afternoon he didn't have to go and he didn't like it either.

Friday. Don didn't go at all and Doris didn't go in afternoon.

Sat. Hawley made arrangements for me to see Dr. Hoenig at 2 o'clock. He was glad to see us, gave me a shot and medicine.

Sun Sept 7 A grand day. Babe and John went on their vacation Friday to Cleveland to Columbus and Cincinnati. How I wish I could have gone.

Sept 9. Still going to Dr. twice a week. Had a card and two letters from Babe. Donald vaccinated today, didn't mind it at all.

Sun Sept 14. We went out to Loseys in afternoon. Stayed for supper, had a good time and a nice supper.

Monday eve we went up to see Babe and John. They had a lovely trip. Brought the kids each something.

Thur 25. We went to the Fair. Took Aunt Anna, met Jay. Babe came down the night before and stayed with kids. Had a good time and saw a few people. Saw Granpa's and he gave us a nice basket of grapes.

October 4. Well here it is a couple of weeks again. Have felt so bum, haven't cared to do anything.

Sat. 4. Doris went up with her daddy to stay over Sun. with Aunt Marian. I had my eyes tested and went to Dr. had the last iron injection. Doris bought new shoes.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Sun 5. Ray C. and his wife were here for dinner. We went for a ride and the rest played golf on the way home. They had lunch and went around eight oclock. Babe and John brought Doris home. Brought us apples and pears.

Monday 6th. Washed. Donald hit Gene in the head with bat. Had a terrible bump.

Friday 10. I went up to Babe with Hawley in A.M. She took me to Dr.'s to see about my eyes. Went over town in afternoon.

Sat October 11. We went to Hornell, stayed at Aunt Anna's all night. Hawley done some work for her. She came home October 12 with us.

Wed Oct 15. We went up town with Hawley to Babe's. Mil was there. Came down the night before with Win. Babe brought us down in afternoon. Mil stayed till Friday 17. She and Aunt Anna made Doris a dress and Aunt Anna made her a dark blue one.

Sun 19. We went out for a ride and brought two bns of apples. Aunt Anna bought me a rug for bath room.

Sun 26. We took Aunt Anna home. She had been about sick with a cold.

Wed 29 Awful tired tonight as usual.

There is one further entry, made a couple years later:

May 16, 1933

Donald went to General with lobar pneumonia. Hardly any work all winter. Aunt Anna came, stayed 3½ weeks. Jay came in July was here a month.

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Hawley's older brother Jay used to come here a lot. I loved Jay. He was very easy to be with. We had more fun on Saturday night, going out for a couple beers. He used to paint the house, climb up the ladder as fast as anybody with two legs. Then he got to know the Dukelows and he painted their house and stayed with them while he was doing it. Don said he could always tell when Uncle Jay was here by the marks from his peg leg on the lawn.

He lost his leg in Connecticut when he was with a friend in the roundhouse working on the train. His friend called to him to hop on, and he did, but lost his balance. The cars threw him off underneath. There was a great beam fell off across his leg and he couldn't get out and they couldn't get to him. He still kept his senses and called out that if they handed him a saw he could cut it off and crawl out. But they had to cut off his leg about the knee. He was twenty-seven at that time, and Hawley was seventeen.

Jay was always a rover, always wandering from the time he was old enough. When he was still living with his parents, he'd take off half the time without them hearing about it. One time they got a card from him he was on the Great Lakes working. He'd pop in unexpectedly, and one time he came to visit on Decoration Day and stayed till Labor Day. Jay was a heavy smoker, like Hawley. I don't think their father, Dell, did. Grandfather Joseph Trowbridge might have smoked a pipe, I'm not sure.

Jay was very good with the kids. When they were putting in the new road here, Don got covered with the oil and I said, "What am I going to do with him?" Jay said "Don't worry," and took him down to the basement and cleaned him up with kerosene.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Charles Eaton Died Monday Evening

[11/9/1931] Pleasant Valley

The death of Charles Eaton, age 41, occurred Monday evening after a four days' illness. He suffered a stroke Friday morning but was unable to recover. He is survived by his wife, Leila Jenkins Eaton and three children, Onolee, Wilford and Wendal, all at home, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Eaton of Bath; brothers Lester of Bath and John of Keuka, and a sister, Lottie, of Cleveland, Ohio. The entire community extends deepest sympathy to his family.

Grandpa Eaton was worried to death about finances. They sold everything in Bath, they had no money coming in. He had earned his living all his life with his vineyards. He wasn't ill, as the newspaper obituary said. He had attempted suicide once. My mother had been visiting him just a few days before, and she made him promise he wouldn't do it again. He walked with her to the train station. Then he shot himself while she was here, stopping before going back to Cleveland. We figured he must have planned it that way.*

III, Aged Bath Man Commits Suicide

Bath, Apr. 10 [1932]—George Eaton, 81, shot and killed himself this morning according to Coroner Zeno Selleck, who issued the certificate of death.

The shooting occurred at Eaton's home in Chestnut Street about 5a.m., when his wife was awakened by the report of a revolver, and hurrying to Mr. Eaton's room discovered her husband in bed, a bullet wound in the head. The revolver lying on the bed. Medical aid was summoned but Eaton was dead before physicians reached him.

Mr. Eaton leaves his widow, two sons, Lester of Bath, and John of Grove Springs and a daughter, Mrs. Ray

* At one time, Grandma said, "Social security came into being before he died, but he thought it was charity and he didn't want to take it." I'm doubtful of this, since he died April 10, 1932.

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Many [sic] of Cleveland. Mr. Eaton was the last charter member of North Cameron Grange.* He was long engaged as a farmer and vineyardist in the town of Urbana and was a member of Pleasant Valley Grange. A long illness had resulted in despondency which is believed to have prompted suicide. The funeral will be conducted Tuesday.

Grandma came home from Grandpa's funeral and shook the rugs out the door and said she wouldn't be able to go to sleep at night if she didn't, after all those people had walked on them. That night we three girls stayed with her. She had a feather bed that was so hot we tossed it on the floor. It's a good thing she didn't know about that.

After Grandpa died, Grandma went to live with Onolee, her Granddaughter, Uncle Charley Eaton's daughter, and she found too much fault. She told her one day "Your floor feels just like sand," and Onolee was a good housekeeper. Then she lived at various places around town, unhappy every place she went, until Lester was able to get her into the Veterans' Home.

Times were hard during the depression. Hawley didn't always have work. We used to give the kids a dime to go to the movies on Lake Avenue on Saturdays, and I remember more than once Don asking me if he could have a little money for candy. There was a store next to the theater, run by Greek people who made their own candy. But times were so hard I used to tell them, and Don has mentioned it to me since, "One treat at a time." We could afford one or the other. In later years, one of his jokes was about going to the festival, and "We spent nickel after nickel, till the whole dime was gone."

During the depression our Saturday night supper was mush and milk. Two or three of us neighbors would buy our flour together, twenty-five pounds or so, and split it up. I saved the fat from the meat, of course, and would use it.

* The Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, was founded in the late 1860s to protect the farmers at a difficult time.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

When the kids were small I used to make our syrup, two cups of brown sugar, about 2/3 cup of water, and a little maple flavoring and cooked it a little, and it was real good. It'd be good today if you fixed it. The kids loved it on their pancakes. We had to save every penny.

Gene had a friend, Al Fahmer, whose grandfather had a farm in the country, and he used to go out there for the weekend with him. Sometimes he would bring Al home and I'd call Gene and the two of them would come down, and I'd fix pancakes, they'd have a huge stack. I didn't have anything to go with them, and he'd have them covered with the syrup, half a cup. One time Gene was over and he said, "As poor as we were and as little food as we had, mother always set a proper table." And I never let the kids get up until we were finished with dinner. They couldn't get down and run.

During the depression, Dad would wait until Christmas Eve to go out to get the tree. Don slept on sheets during the depression made of feed bags. Four of them sewed together. The Bogarts next to us raised chickens, and his wife used the bags for dish towels.

As I mentioned, Hawley did furnace work during the depression. There were quite a few years when he used to travel all around, and I never knew when he'd be home for dinner. When he was working with furnaces he brought an old one home from work and set it out in the back. He got it fixed up and put it in. Before that we had a round coal stove upstairs in the living room.

Once when he wasn't working, or maybe working only one day a week, we went out and came back to find the coal bin full of coke and running over. Coke was about ten dollars a ton then, and we couldn't figure out who sent it. Later we found out it was John Temmerman. He denied it but it was him, and those three tons lasted us the better part of the winter.

The children had a lot of friends around here. Doris used to take Gene by the hand and call him "Dicky," and take him down to the Erwin's to play. She babysat for the little Goss boy on Delmar. We used to get a kick out of it when he would come to the door selling Liberty magazine: "Want to buy a Wibetty?"

That library table that I loved, we had in the dining room by the front window when we first lived here, and I put my books on

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

it. We didn't have bookcases then, the sunparlor wasn't built, and Gene would knock all of them on the floor.

One day I walked over to school to meet Don on the way home. He must have been in first or second grade, and when he saw me he said quietly, so the other boys wouldn't hear, "Just keep on walking—I don't want them to know my mother came to meet me." Around this time, I signed him up for piano lessons and after a couple, he said, "You're ruining my life." So that was the end of that.

Don always had carpenter in his blood. One Christmas Hawley made him a toolbox from a big old wood tool box he had inherited from his grandfather. He cut it down and put a shelf in it, and painted it red, and Mil bought some tools. When Don woke up on Christmas he ran out to the living room. His eyes were as big as all outdoors. "Don't tell me!" he said.

When it was storming and lightning Don would stand in the front doorway and watch. I'd say "Don what are you doing out there?" He liked to watch the storm.

Aunt Anna would come up to visit. Dad would have to meet her at the edge of town because she wouldn't drive in the city. She was awful bossy with children, and she was visiting one time and said something, and I said, "Well it takes people without any children to tell you how to bring up kids." She got right up from the table and left. I felt just awful, I'd never thought when I spoke. And afterwards Hawley said, "I guess you told her off!" She could have a good time, it was just she was the typical old maid type who could never understand why children didn't sit quietly.

I remember her telling about the window washer mumbling "There never was and there never will be." Finally a person asked "What?" "There never was and there never will be a constipated fly." She always had a cat, and she held it and combed it all the time. She was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, and no matter what the Democrats did it wouldn't be right.

I always walked a lot, and the doctor told me to take a walk every day. I had Gene in the baby carriage once and Don walking along side of me and we met the man who ran the grocery store down Denise Road, Peter Sass, and Don piped out, "My mother's

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

not going to trade with you anymore, she's going to the A&P because it's cheaper." He looked at me and said, "Oh yes?" Mil gets mad at me for spilling everything, but Don was a doozy when it came to things like that when he was little. One year at Christmas time, he told Doris, "I got you a present, and it's not garters, either."

I always loved working in the yard, and having a garden. Hawley said I'd never get all the dandelions out. But I think I eventually did. I had one of those tools with the long handle and two prongs.

We had our share of sickness. Two or three winters Hawley had false pleurisy, that is, the pain. Then he had appendicitis and almost died. Then he had an ulcer operation, at Parkside hospital. And he had ruptures all his life and wore a truss since he was a kid.

Don had lobar pneumonia at seven years and nearly died. He was in the hospital sixteen days, and for ten days he didn't know me. Oh boy, talk about fun, try to get your work done, take care of the baby, then take the bus up to the hospital and then come home to get dinner. Everybody had to work and nobody had a car. I sent for Aunt Anna to come and help out.

One winter I was sick with tonsillitis, Doris had the mastoid behind her ear, Gene had felns on his fingers, and Don had inflammatory rheumatism in his legs and couldn't even stand a blanket over them and couldn't even walk. I guess half the time I had to put a mask on to feed him and carry him to the bathroom. This of course was during the depression. We were taking Doris to the clinic, but when I saw the way they were treating her I took her to the specialist Guerinot. He said it's going to be a long treatment, and I have to know where my money's coming from. I told him you'll get every dollar if I have to mortgage my house. That's one of the times we borrowed to the full on Hawley's life insurance.

My father stayed with us often for Christmas. One night he came in on Christmas eve from Bath, when our kids were little yet, and of all things he had a Santa Claus suit. Before he came in he slipped the suit on over his clothes and the whiskers on. And every year he used to bring Don a mouth organ. When he listened

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to the radio, when there was anything sad, he'd say, "Turn it off. I don't want to hear it. I want to hear music." And if he came for a holiday dinner, he'd look at the table and say, "My God!—do you people eat like this all the time?"

In the 30s we used to visit my father in the Valley a lot. The house on the property now is number 8350, North Urbana Road. Dad's house burned. Up until the war Don and Gene spent their summers there every year. Every summer as soon as school was out, Marian and I would take the kids and they'd stay the whole summer. John and Betty and Margaret Duval, there was a whole bunch of them. After Margaret Strehl left her husband, who was a farmer and raised sheep and who drank, she lived in the grape house at the top of the hill with her four children. Then she moved in with her mother (my Aunt Lona) when Lona's second husband, Uncle Henry Neuviller, died. I used to send clothes down to them from Doris, and brought some clothes from Mrs. Seeley on the other street. Those kids didn't have anything.

Margaret worked downtown later and I remember she wanted a cup of coffee one day. She never spent money but for what she had to have, and she couldn't make up her mind to spend the dime for it. Finally she said, "Why not? Live it up!" She was very religious and wanted to be a nun, but Aunt Kate talked her out of it. She had one year of college and taught school awhile.

One year 4th of July they had big doings down in Hammondsport, a greased pole and a greased pig. Gene Feeney was down then and caught the greased pig. Doris remembers staying at Grandma Argus' with Aunt Mil and Aunt Kate. There wasn't any room in Grandpa's house.

Once when we were down there, Uncle Mart bought some whisky and Marian and I drank it all up. She was down there on one of those week-long vacations, and John wasn't there. Another time we went down with the Dukelows and they brought all the food for a Sunday picnic, and Dad had a half barrel of the best wine. It seems somebody was always going back to the barn. Another Sunday we were there at Dad's with the Dukelows, and they disappeared with Mil, and we finally found them at Aunt K's. She

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was playing the piano, and they were all drinking wine and singing.

When our kids were little and we used to visit dad, Aunt Lona would make johnny cake and send it down with one of the kids. She was such a nice lady. I have one letter from her.

Hport

Dec 18

Dear Josephine / 33

Hawley & family—

Don't think that Ive forgotten you all. I keep putting off writing—but hear indirectly through your dad. We are all well & sincerely hope you are so you can come again in the good old Summer time & enjoy Lake Keuka & the kids the kites.

Now Christmas is almost here. That makes extra work, but a great pleasure for the kids. We have had a variety of weather, quite a snow storm & in couple days so warm almost like summer so the snow melted & went into Lake, now it's almost bare ground again. I hope we'll have more snow so it looks like Christmas.

Just now Im having a piece of toast and glass wine. How I'd like to give you & Hawley some. Perhaps you would enjoy it. I will have to cut this short as it's almost my bed time and have several more letters to write. So will say from the bottom of my heart I wish you all a Merry Merry Christmas and most prosperous

New Year I remain

as ever

Aunt Lona—

write when convenient

In the 30s, John Temmerman was seriously ill as a result of hitting his head. The infection from that injury settled in his hip and they had to pull the joint apart by suspending a ten pound weight from his leg. Osteomyelitis, and he was in traction, ten months. And that led to a lot of problems: he developed knee trouble from fa-

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voring the leg. He never complained about it. You'd ask how he was doing and he'd say, "I'm fine." He loved to go to Hammondsport to my father's. He used to say it was the best thing for us, to live that way. Dad used to get his drinking water from Miller's. He didn't have a well. And he never had electricity, but we had more fun there. We'd sit on the porch—Gene was eight-ten years old—at night. No mosquitoes at Grandpa's place. If Dad saw anybody coming up the hill he'd motion to them come on up. People didn't hurry in those days.

Doris would never stay down there for a longer time when we would go for the weekend, though, and when Hawley came back Sunday night she would always come with him. She didn't like the outdoor toilets. Dad put a sign on his outdoor toilet that said, "This is it."

One time we were at dad's when my Gene was little and he got in Dad's car and set the emergency brake off. The car started rolling down the hill, with Don and Gene hanging on to it and everybody yelling to them to let go. It stopped on one white post. That was Dad's old Ford roadster, the one and only car he ever had.

In 1935 we went to bed there one night and we had the worst flood. Marian and I sat on top of the stairs and kneeled by the side of the bed and prayed. Marian said if we live through this night I'll never complain about anything again. The house wasn't built that good, and I was sure it would be washed right off the hill. There was a river along the ditch on the street. The next morning I looked on the lake, and there were wine barrels floating on it. You couldn't see the water for the barrels.

In Laura Swarthout's booklet, "A History of Hammondsport to 1962," she calls this storm, which occurred on July 7, following another storm the previous day, "the most serious catastrophe in Hammondsport's history." Houses were washed away, and the Village was cut off with no drinking water, telephone or telegraph connections. They sent for help by motor boat to Penn Yan. The Lake rose thirty-nine inches overnight, and it took months for the Village to recover. I knew Laura.

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In later years Jay worked for the CC camp. He was quite bright, and they gave him an office job, time keeper. They told him to come up here to Rochester and be fitted for an artificial leg and they would pay for it, at Fuller's. The last time he came up was for the final fitting. He always hitch-hiked, and the next Sunday he was going to get it.

Before he left we had gone out to have a few beers. He said, "If you'll take me to the city limits I can hitchhike from there." This was Thanksgiving week of 1935. He said, "We always have such good dinners. I'll write and tell you how it is." Well time went on and we didn't hear from him. I got a little worried. Then, in the middle of the night the holiday weekend we got a telegram, "Your brother critically ill." That Sunday nobody stopped for Jay and he walked and walked and finally called the CC camp in Dansville and said I can't walk anymore. They told him to stay there and we'll come and get you. But he had ulcers real bad, and when he used to drink he'd suffer for it all the next day, and an ulcer had perforated.

Hawley got Jim Duclose to take him to Dansville, but he was gone when they got down to the camp. And then they went to tell Aunt Anna, and she took on something awful. I think we took Doris with us down to the funeral that day in Hornell. I felt so bad I just cried and cried.

Hawley liked it in Hammondsport. He had the arrangements all made to buy a place there, and I got thinking about the kids, Doris was sixteen-seventeen, they didn't know anybody down there, and what would they do? So we stayed on Chalford Road.

Grandma Eaton lived until 1945 in the Women's Relief Corp. Home. I have two letters from her, both written in pencil, and in very poor handwriting.

Oxford Feb the 9 [1936?]

My Dear Grand Daughter and Family

Intend to write you before this time. But felt so bad I could not. I wrote to Marion and got an answer from her

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so I thought I would write you. I hope this will find you all well and happy. We are having vary cold wether down here. I am very lonsom to day. I am thinking of my home in the Valley whare I can go some day. All I have to do is to think. Well Jo if I live till Spring I am going to Bath. I think in May. I don't here from Lester. He has got no time for Mother. Write soon

From Grandma Eaton

Send this notice to your mother. This is her school friend,
Hellon Roberts

Excuse poor writing

From Grandma Eaton

Write soon

(On this letter are also brief notes from Lottie, Jo, and Doris)

When Doris was about eighteen, around 1937, she began going with Gene Feeney, who lived down the street toward Denise Road. Doris had a little friend at the end of Forgham Road, Minster, and she was walking to see her. Gene was going by in his car and stopped and asked if she would like to go to the movie that night. That was how they first started going together. And every Wednesday night he took Doris and his mother to the movies on Lake Avenue.

I used to be a Den Mother when my Gene was a cub scout. Most of what those kids wanted was something to eat. When Don was in scouts, he would go behind the garage and light a fire, with stones around it, and hold a potato over it on a stick until it was half done. Then he'd eat it and say, "Best potato I ever had."

Gene recalls that he used to go out eight in the morning and not come home till night, not even lunch sometimes. Play in the woods behind the yard. In the winter, Dad used to take the kids to Maplewood Park ice skating and come after them a couple hours later. Once when Don was little his hands got so cold he ran home crying with his skates on.

Once I was in the basement washing and the machine broke, and I had to finish the wash by hand. I was afraid I would hit my ring and was looking for a place to put it where it would be safe.

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Don had a fishing tackle box and I put it in one of the drawers. Then I went upstairs and forgot about it and took a nap. When I woke up I went downstairs and it was gone, and I cried and walked the floor. I remembered vaguely hearing a noise and I wondered if Don knew anything about it. When he came in I didn't even say "Hello, how are you?" but "Do you know anything about my ring?" He said, "You mean this thing?" and he held out his hand. "I thought it was just a ten-cent ring." It was on his little finger. That diamond belonged to Aunt Anna. It had a different kind of setting.

Then there was the time the hot water tank was left on. A steel tank, thirty gallons. It didn't turn off automatically, and the kids were always warned about turning it off when they got finished with their bath. You had to light the tank every time you used it, like lighting the old stoves. We went out for a drive and came back and it was so hot. Eventually it would have exploded. That happened to one of the people in this neighborhood.

We got a lot of use out of the basement. Don spent a whole winter building a boat down there. Then it was too big to get it out and he had to take it apart again. And then it capsized on the lake. He was with another boy and they were rescued by another boater. They got their picture in the paper for that. In later years Hawley built a little bar down there, with tables and fixtures from the 'Wee Blue Inn.'

Then Don was going to leave home once, he was going to the McKnight's to live. And Alice Glendenning had the biggest crush on Don. She was about eight, and he would come home from work and say, "That Alice Glendenning followed me all around the store again today."

We had a neighbor across the street who was a window peeker. We caught him one day, just as he put his head up. We walked into the dining room with the lights out. I guess we knew what he was doing. Gene Feeney caught him once as he was driving along Denise. He stopped the car and called out, "Take a look for me too, Mr. L--!"

For many years, starting in the 30s, my father came up in the winter. I can't tell you how many winters. Thelma Feeney and Peggy Keenahan and Don would stop back here and the four of

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them would play rummy. Dad got to look forward to it and wait for them, and if they didn't get here on time, he'd want to know where they were. He enjoyed a good time. He could tell stories all night. I wish I could remember them all. One I remember was about a man leaving the Orchestrion Hall after having a few. The Hall was on a hill with many stairs to the street. He missed his footing and fell all the way down. As it happened, there were a couple ladies from the WCTU, the temperance organization, going by, and they ran over and said, "My dear man! Are you hurt?" "Hell no—that's the way I always come down those stairs!" Dad was a bad loser at the card games, and I remember one time he lost and was complaining and Don picked him up and carried him through the house. He said that if he could have a bottle of beer and a limburger cheese sandwich on rye bread, he could live on it.

When he was along in years, Dad lost an eye. He had glaucoma, but he lost it before he had that, I think. He told me he walked the floor all one night and said "If I had had a gun I would have shot myself." But after that I don't think he mentioned it again.

At the table, he would constantly move objects around. And he constantly checked his wallet to see how much money he had, so much that when one of us girls would open her handbag another one would say, "There's Fred" or something like that. He was very uneasy all the time. You can see where Mil got it.

We had a big party here for our 25th anniversary. My mother gave us twenty-five silver dollars. Then we added to it and ordered our davenport from Schmitt's. I had them make it to size so it would fit into the space we had.

We used to go down to Goodhue Lake every year, beginning around 1940. That started from Hawley's brother Ralph working for Towner, who owned that tavern, and he got us a cottage there and we went down every year. They had barn dances in that big old barn, and hard cider. The kids used to try to get nickels to play the skee-ball machines, and they had nickelodeons. It got to be a big thing, with the Feeneys and all of us.

We were down there the weekend the war was declared. That Sunday night Gene Feeney was here for supper and he was

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just ready to go out when we got the news over the radio, about Pearl Harbor. That was just four months before he and Doris were married.

The next year Don was graduating from school, and I wanted him to have good things. We didn't have any money, but I believe I had a charge account at the National uptown. I told him to go and buy a jacket, and he bought a good looking tweed. The way we were brought up was you had one outfit for everyday and one for good. Some days he would come downstairs with his topcoat on and rush out of the house without saying anything, and his jacket would be under it and he'd wear it to school. He wanted to look nice and I can't blame him for that.

When Aunt Anna died, in 1940, her money went to the three boys, but Jay was dead so it went to Ralph and Hawley. Mr. Schults called me and said that every week Ralph was coming to him for a hundred or two hundred dollars, and of course he had to give it to him, but he said at that rate he'd spend his share of the fifteen thousand, and finally he bought a bar in Hammondsport. That was the tavern on the point, the Flatiron, right around the corner from the town square toward the Lake. This was in '44. Don used to go down there a lot to see his grandfather. He went down there once and they told him Ralph has a good place here, if he'd stay here. They called it 'Ralph's Inn—or, Ralph's In and Out.' The first thing we did with our share was to pay off the mortgage on this house, and then we bought the stationary tubs in the basement. Then we bought a new car. That might sound funny, but we had been driving old cars that gave us a lot of trouble. It was a sea-green Dodge. With the rest we put it into the Wee Blue Inn, but that was after the war.

During the war Hawley went to work at Delco, all through the war. He walked to Lake Avenue and rode the street car. He wanted to go into the Seabees, but I guess the more he thought about it he changed his mind. I didn't say anything, but he really wanted to go.

Doris and Eugene Eldon Feeney were married April 18th, 1942, and stayed with us until the 4th of July when their house was

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built. They were married at Paddy Hill Church, by Fr. O'Rourke. Gene's mother and I went out to get our dresses together, and got the same style, just different colors.

After the war started, Don went up and enlisted. He wanted to go so badly he said if you don't sign for me (he was only 17), I'll run away. And so Dad said of course he'd sign. He graduated from high school in mid-year and went up and enlisted, and got the letter in February. I remember when the letter came, and he went to Great Lakes for training. In the last year of the war, my son Gene went up and enlisted.

In high school they had one boy from each branch of the service on the stage, and a ceremony. Don was the one from the navy. I went and was so proud of him, but he didn't like the idea, and said if he had known what it was going to be he wouldn't have gone. He went to sea on December 7th, 1943, and came home February 13th, 1944. He went into the Pacific in June 1944, and home February 18th, 1946, from Guam. I hadn't heard from him in the longest time and then he wrote and told me had yellow jaundice and had been in the hospital for a long time, in Panama. He said that the man in the bed next to him had the same thing and Don woke up one morning and during the night the other sailor had died.

Hawley worked steady through the war. He could have gone back to Hammondsport to work for Curtiss, but I didn't want to leave Doris, at that time recently married. I think he would have liked to go back there.

During World War II I worked on the ration board. We used to go to Floss Murphy's at Stonewood and Lake every Friday or Saturday. When gas was being rationed and you were only supposed to do essential driving, we'd walk over there and meet the gang. That was our Saturday night. Jenny and Gil McKnight came from Scotland, and I think George and Floss Murphy did too, because they knew each other. And Hazel and Joe Orden.

In the 40s the bars used to have back rooms. We met Hazel and Joe every Saturday night during the War years at Floss Murphy's, and it got so she said, "Don't sit there at that table, that belongs to the Ordens and the Trowbridges." We had more fun

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with them. We went to Niagara Falls once and it got late and Hazel said, "Why don't we stay here the night and come back tomorrow?" So we did.

There was Mickey Bach, a left-handed violin player, and Roy Williams played the accordion, and we'd dance and sing. Flo had a bad leg and she used to call me to help her take her groceries upstairs. She'd drive over here and pick me up, and then drive back.

My father liked to go there when he came up on a visit. When he was staying with me we would go for walks down Britton Road, to Lake Avenue, and stop there and have a beer and come home.

About 1943—Gene was fifteen—Hawley had a ruptured appendix and almost died. The doctor was treating him for intestinal flu and prescribed hot compresses. He had me putting a hot water bottle on it, and that was the worst thing I could have done. The appendix burst. When they operated on it the specialist said it was all infected and had gangrene, peritonitis, and another day and night he would have been dead. He was at Strong Hospital for that.

Aunt Lona's house burned in 1944-45. That was around the time Uncle Mart was killed by a car, in 1944. Late Saturday night Mart, Dad and Aunt Kate were walking home, and Mart walked a little ahead, and the car came speeding down. The car took off, and they found him. Aunt Blanche had died in 1942, and they didn't have any children together.

In Bath, in later years, Aunt Kate was almost down and out. At the soldier's home she always managed to be downtown on the day they got paid and have somebody to take her out for a drink. There was a row of bars along there. She could drink more than a man. She sold that house on the hill—she couldn't walk downtown anymore—and bought that house on Wood Street in Bath. The money from the house was supposed to go to all the children, but living there she claimed it.

When the war finally ended, we received this letter from Don:

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

August 17, 1945

Dear Mom, Dad and Gene,

What a week this has been—I guess the most exciting and important one I’ve ever seen!

No need to tell you how wonderful we all felt over the surrender—and although we weren’t in a position to celebrate, it was a thoroughly happy day. The strongest feeling was the anxiety and anticipation of getting home and back to normal more than the elation of having won. Everyone started immediately thinking of getting back in terms of “how soon” instead of “if ever,” and “home” became a real thing in place of just wishful thinking and hazy remembrance. But in a few hours, we all got around to thinking and appreciating how much it actually meant to the world. I had a hard time keeping down a giant lump in my throat before I went to sleep that night, thinking over the war years, and the peace that had finally come. I was happy and sad all at once, and I felt like my prayers of thanksgiving were poor efforts and out of proportion to things I was grateful for.

It was plain to see that there was suddenly a great release from strain and uncertainty in everyone, and it was a wonderfully free feeling to know that you were actually safe and that all the people that were safe or alive then would come back some time. And it was good to know that you could make plans with no “if, and or buts”!

I know darned well that it’s going to be a long while before I’m back for good, but I don’t think I’ll mind so much. Naturally, I’m anxious as can be to get out—but I’m going to try and remember that I’ve been so lucky, and that what they have to do with me, like they say, is necessary if we’re going to make winning the war mean what we want it to. Then too, the life will be a lot different and easier than it has been.

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If you thought you had problems and worries with your red and blue points*, you should see these guys fretting over discharge points. For us young single guys, it means nothing, but for the older married men, it is apparently a matter for “high mathematics”—at least it looks it by the amount of adding and subtracting and calculating they’ve all done the past few days.

I mentioned before that this was in another way, a very dull week—it was. Our duty is extremely uneventful and now there won’t even be “possibilities” to anticipate. Anyway, I’m getting in plenty of reading, and I’m sure to be plenty rested for “reconversion”!

You said in your letter that you wish I’d have my picture taken—Gee-whiz!! There isn’t even a place to buy tooth-paste here, let alone a photo-shop! I guess must be you forget that this is the Pacific west of Hawaii!— (“Don’t you know there was a war on?”†) I know what you’re thinking of that, but I’m just kiddin! When I get home, you can take all the pictures of me you want.

We get only a limited amount of news here, and just the highlights, but it sounded like there was some high-falutin’ celebratin in the states for a few days—I was wondering what you did at home—I sort of imagined that you went to the Feeneys, or they went to the Trowbridges and had their own private celebration! I imagined too, that you spent a couple days with your ear glued to the radio—I guess everybody did.

* Beginning in May 1942, commodities were rationed in the U.S. according to a complex system based on household size. Ration stamps were color coded: red stamps were used for meat, butter, and fats; blue stamps for canned goods. Red and blue tokens, worth one point each, were used to make change for the stamps. Red and blue stamps were worth ten points. There were also green, brown, and white stamps. Stamps were valid for a limited time period, and the number of points charged per item fluctuated, depending on its availability.

† “Don’t you know there’s a war on!?” was a popular slogan from WWII. Similar slogan that were reminders of the need for sacrifice were “Do with less so they’ll have enough!” and “Use it up - wear it out - make it do!”

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

I guess by the time you get this the gas and a lot of food rationing will be ended—I'll bet it'll sure seem good to have a little less restriction again.

Well, I could write on all night on how wonderful I feel about the finished war, but it's nothing original and I guess I've said enough now so I'll close.

I'm looking forward anxiously to getting the dope on when I'll be discharged—It'll be swell to be back with you all again, but in the meantime, I'll write all I can, and your letters will be just as important as before.

Lots of love to you all,

Don

I can remember when Don came home from the service. Dad and I were in bed and he rang the front doorbell. A couple days after that, I was going to go shopping at the Thrift Store, where the manager was Maury Rock, or Rick, a Russian Jew. That was on the point near Stone and Lake. Hawley took me, and Don wanted to go up to the store with us. When we finished, Marie was working at the checkout counter. She looked so pretty, she had her hair long. And when Don looked up and saw her he said, "Oh, hello," surprised to see her.

Then we just got home and Don said, "Oh mom, I forgot to get my pack of cigarettes"—as an excuse, he told me later. And he went back and made a date with her for that night. Then he would bring her down here for suppers once in awhile.



Left: Sunday drive with the Stones & Trowbridges. Hawley is standing outside, & Jo is in the back with Doris on her lap. c1921.

Below: Doris, Josephine Trowbridge, Ralph Stone, Hawley, c1920. At Grace Stone's mother's,

on the hill at Pulteney.

Below L: Keuka Lake. Josephine is in the swimming suit on the left, Grace Stone to her right. Doris is sitting with Grace's mother ca 1922. We used to go down there often to see her parents.



Right: Josephine Trowbridge and Grace Stone, c1920. Grace was pregnant.





Left: Hawley, Doris and Aunt Anna, at Lake Ontario c1923. Doris had a little red cape that Mil and Marian gave her, it was the cutest thing, and later I bought her a red straw hat. Doris had to sleep with Aunt Anna when she came up here.

Below: My mother (l.), and Mrs. Wagner. I think that was the woman she rented from after she moved to Cleveland. Aunt Lou and her second husband Jack Rohan (she left Uncle John) lived in the same house my mother did. October, 1924.

Below: Don, 1925, in front of the house on Chalford Road. I bought the baby carriage for Doris and used it for the kids,



and Marian used it for Carole, and Grace Stone used it for her oldest.

Left: Ralph, Don and Doris, winter 1925-6. Taken in our yard, when Ralph lived on Chalford. Road. *Right:* Don and his mother, 1926.





Knowbridge family



Top L: Jo, Don, Doris and Hawley, winter 1925-6.

Top R: Jo with Don, winter 1925-6.



Left: Doris and Don, 1926. Chalford Road.



Left: Don, November 1927, Chalford Road, front yard.

Right: The family, 1926-27.





Top:
Hawley, Jo,
Grandpa,
Babe, and John
Temmerman.
Late
1920s.

HORNELL UNDERWRITERS
AGENCY

Agents
H. S. PETERSON, Mgr.
5 Seneca Street

THE
EUREKA - SECURITY
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1864
22 GARFIELD PLACE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

HORNELL, N. Y.

June 10th
1927

Hawley Trowbridge,
Charlotte, N. Y.,
R. F. D., Dennius Road.

Dear Hawley:

I am writing you regarding the Frank B. Peck Hardware Company. In a conversation with Mr. Peck this morning he wished me to ascertain whether you would contemplate coming to Hornell and taking charge as foreman of his sheet metal shop.

He is offering \$40.00 a week salary and 10 per cent of profits. The job in my opinion is the best thing of its kind in this locality, and right in your line of business. Mr. Peck informs me that the profits last year paid the foreman about \$40.00 a week.

I told Mr. Peck that I would write you and ascertain what you thought about it.

Kindly think it over and let me hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Yours,

H.S.P.

Below:
Eureka
Security
Fire &
Marine
Insurance
(Uncle
Hawley)
offer,
June 10,
1927 for
job as
foreman
of sheet
metal
shop in
Hornell.



Left: Jo, Doris, Don, and 3 month old Gene in the baby carriage, June 1928.

Below R: Doris, Gene and Don on the front steps of Chalford Road, summer 1928.



L: Hawley and the children, summer 1928.

Right: Doris and Don in front of the house on Chalford Rd., detail. There was no lawn, and the street is not paved. Must be 1928-29.





Top L: Gene, Don, and Mother, 1929.

Top R: Hawley and the children, April 1929. Doris is wearing a little velvet jacket and plaid skirt that Marian gave her.



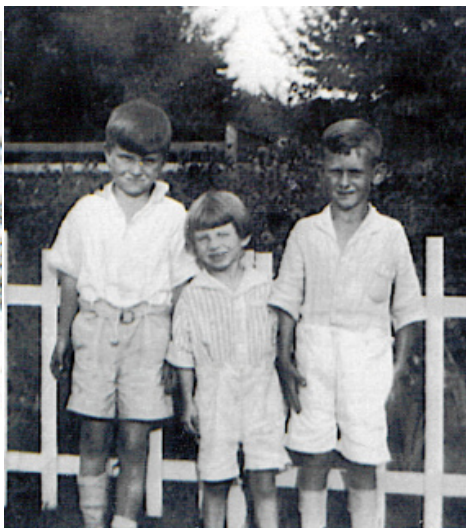
Left: Tryphena & George Eaton, late 1920s.

Bottom L: Gene in carriage, Don, & Jo, 1929.



Right: Jo, Marian, & Babe in front of Chalford Rd c1929.





Top Left: Doris and Gene, 1931.

Top Right: Don, Gene, and Tommy McKnight, 1931. Our back yard, when I had the picket fence.

Above: Gene, Doris, and Don, in the backyard, c1932.

Above R: Jo, Babe, and Mil, 1932.



Left: George Eaton Lottie wrote on the back “Taken March 31, 1932 in Valley see W— pony in the distance” This was at Charles Eaton’s home on Mitchellville Hill. Wendell was Charlie’s son.

Below: Wilfred, Onalee, and George Eaton. March 31st 1932, at Charles Eaton’s home.



Facing page clockwise from top left:

Doris, Gene and Don, Fall 1933 on the front steps of the house on Chalford Rd.

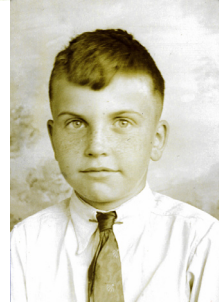
Gene, Fall 1934.

Don, Fall 1934.

Babe, Jo, and Mil, Keuka Lake, 1934.

Jo, Hawley, and the children, mid-30s.

Doris, Don, and Gene mid-30s.





Left: Mil and Win Clark, c.1935.



Below: Gene, Don, and Skippy, November, 1936. You can see Doris and Jo looking out the front door.



Left: Dad (Fred Argus), Gene & Don, and the Temmerman's dog Skippy, July 1934. When we first went down to Dad's with John Temmerman we were a little hesitant, because he had an outdoor toilet and



oil lamps and no running water—we used to carry water from Mrs. Miller's. But John loved it and said it was good for us to see how you could get along. Of course we grew up that way.

Below: Dad, Doris, Gene Feeney, Hawley, Babe, John, and Don and Gene with Skippy, July 11, 1937 at Dad's.

Above: Hawley March 1937.





Top left: Don, Gene and Skippy, July 11, 1937, at Dad's in Hammondsport.

Top right: Doris, Don, and Gene April 10, 1938, in front of our house, Chalford Rd.

Above left: Doris, Spring 1938.

Above right: Hawley and Gene, around 1939.

Right: Don, 1937, on the front steps.





Top: Dad's, Hammondsport, summer 1939. Doris, Gene Feeney, Hawley, 2 unidentified women, Jo, unknown man, Fred Argus, Gene.



Left: Jo and Hawley's 25th wedding anniversary, May 16, 1941. Jo, Hawley, Charlotte Eaton Delaney, and Marian's dog Skippy.

Below: Doris, Mil, Joe, Hawley, Mom, Babe, John, and Gene in front with Skippy, our 25th anniversary.





Above L: Doris and Gene Feeney, wedding day April 18, 1942. That was such a poor fitting suit they gave Gene. The shoulders didn't fit and the sleeves were over his hands. Doris had a lovely dress. They were married by Fr. O'Rourke at Mother of Sorrows. They drove to Florida on their honeymoon, and stayed in Bath overnight.

Above R: Jo and Hawley, c1942.

Middle R: Gene Feeney, Gene, Hawley, Doris, Don, c1942.

Below: Gene Feeney, Doris, Don, and Gene, 1943.





Top L: Jo and Hawley in backyard 1944.

Top R: Hawley with fish. We went to Canada with Clifford and Lillie Jenkins. We caught one fish and everybody had their picture taken with it, c1944.

Middle L: Gene, around 1945.

Middle R: Gene and Tommy McKnight, July 1946.

Left: Don saving the free world. Looks like when he was in Morocco.

Right: Marie Powers, 1945. She and Don went to Charlotte High together, though she was a year ahead of him.



Above: Don in Guam, November, 1945.



Left: Our new Dodge, on Chalford Road, February 1946.



Left: Hawley, 1946.

Right: Jo at the Grand Tetons, September 9, 1946.



Gene and Jo, Virginia, September 1946.





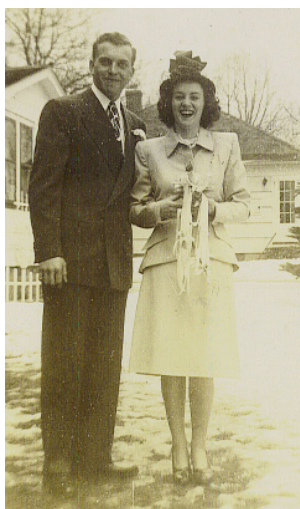
Above: Charlotte Eaton Delaney and Carole Temmerman, July 1947.



Above: Charlotte Delaney, Doris holding Brian, Jo, backyard Charlotte Rd, 1947.



Left: Gene, Marie, Don, 1946.



Left: Don and Marie's wedding, April, 1946, in front, Chalford Rd.



Right: Gene Feeney and Brian, Goodhue Lake, 1947.



Doris, Don, Gene Feeney seated, Marie and Hawley standing. Goodhue Lake, 1947.

Below: Jo holding Rick, must be Fall, 1947.



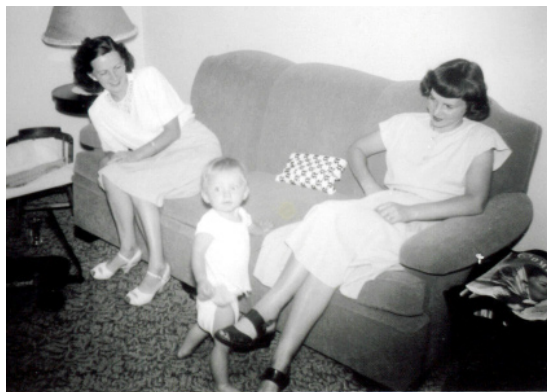
Left: Jo with Brian and Rick, 1948.

Bottom: picnic at Doris and Gene's, on Ronald Dr., where



we had many picnics. From L: Gert Feeney (Austin's wife) holding Brian, Marian, Marie, Don, unidentified woman, Jo holding Rick, Gene, Doris, Hawley, Thelma Feeney holding baby. In front Aus (Gene's brother), with his two sons, Ciel Feeney (wife of Gene's brother Bob), Gene. 1948.





Left: Doris, Rick, Marie, 1948, at Leonard Rd. They lived within walking distance, and spent a good deal of time together. Grandma lived only about a mile from Doris.



Fannon's picnic, 1948, when Don and Gene (standing 3rd from left and far right), and Hawley, seated center all worked there.

Bottom left: Hawley, Win, John, Jo, Mil, Marian, 1948.

Below: Carole, Rick, Jo and Gene, May 1949, picnic Chalford Rd.





Top L: Doris behind Rick, Mom (Charlotte) behind Brian. 1949.

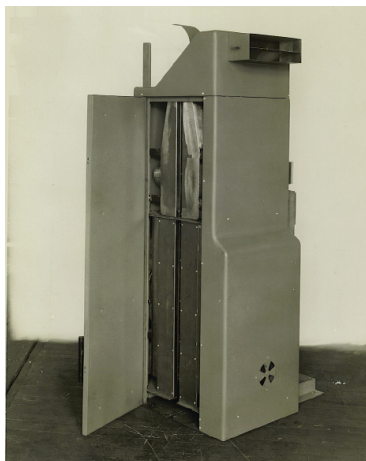
Top R: Babe, Mil, Mom and Joe in front of Doris' home, July 1950.

Center above: Jo, Hawley, Marian and John, Pete DeLaney, Carole, and Mom in the back yard at Chalford Road, summer 1950.

Above L, from left: Gene, Jean Kress, Mom, Pete DeLaney, John Temmerman, Marian, Jo, Doris.

Above R: Carole, John, and Marian, c1949.

Directly above: Dad (Fred Argus), April, 1950.



Top L: Written on back of original photo: 1950-51 Fannon Metal Ind. Check drier Hawley made. (Then in different pen, "also the pattern, it went to Wash. D.C.") *Top R:* Hawley, 1951, at Fannon's. He had just walked in to work and the photographer told him to stop and snapped the picture.

Middle row, L: Gene and Jean, Don and Marie, Gene's wedding day.
R: Gene and Doris, same time.

Right: Gene and Jean Kress' wedding, September 8, 1951. Reception at Roxbury Inn in Brockport.



Below: Jo and Hawley outside the church; Jean on Chalford Rd. the day of the wedding; Fred Argus at Gene and Jeannie's wedding.



Above: Bill Powers, Jr., Gene Feeney, Mil, Marie, Bob Feeney (Gene's brother), Bill Powers at the reception we had for Gene and Jeannie in the basement Hawley fixed up as a bar.

Facing page, bottom photo: Brian, Doris, Gene, Marie, 3 unidentified people, Jo, Jean's father, Jean, Mil, Gene, in our backyard the day of their wedding.



Left: Hawley, Father's Day, 1951. The hammock went from the maple Gene planted in the back yard as a child to the garage.

Right: Grandma with Janet, summer 1951.

Below: Gene and Jean, at home, Christmas 1951.

Bottom L: Rick, Hawley, Grandma holding Janet, Brian. Summer 1951.

Bottom R: Grandma DeLaney with Jiggs, at her apartment in Cleveland, 1951.



Right: Grandma with Janet, April 1952.

Below: Mom and Mil, Christmas 1952.

Center: Rick, Jan, Grandma holding Mike, Grandpa holding Doris & Gene's son Dan. Brian. 1953, living room Chalford Rd.

Bottom: Mike 1 year. 1953. Post Ave, Xmas.



Bottom R: Gene and Jeannie, Mike 1 year and Ken 2 months must be Christmas time 1953. At Don's home on Post Avenue in Greece.





Top: Party on Post Ave, 1953. Gene & Rick, Jeannie, Grandma holding Ken, Marie with Mike, and Grandpa and Janet filling the chair.

Above L: Picnic on Chalford Rd., 1953. Marian, Jean, Carol, Grandma holding Mike, Rick & Brian in background, Gene & John Temmerman.

Above R: Gene, 1953. Probably at his cottage, Honeoye Lake.

Right: Grandpa and Grandma in their living room with Brian holding Danny; Mike, and Ken. 1953, holiday time.







Above: Nelson and Glennis Eaton on their wedding day. Edith and Lester are to their right, with Mary Eaton(?). I believe Glennis' parents are to the left. 1956.

Below: Grandma's sunparlor, on Chalford Road, decorated for Christmas, December 1956.



**Previous
page:**

Top: Jeannie, Don, Marie, Doris holding Jan, Gene with Mike, Brian, Gene holding Dan, 1954.

Middle row, left: Jo, around 1954. This might have been at Gene's cottage on Honeoye Lake.

Middle row, middle: Gene in shadows, Ken?, Grandma, Doris, Gene Feeney at Post Avenue Spring 1955.

Middle row, right: Jo and Hawley, York Beach, Maine, 1954.

Bottom: Rick, Mom, Janet, Grandpa and Grandma T. Dining room of Chalford Rd., 1955.



Top: Hawley in the bar that he fixed up in the basement on Chalford Road, 1956.

Above left: Win and Mil, Hawley, and Mil's dog at their home on the lake, July 1957. "Now don't pose!" Mil always told Jo when they were having their pictures taken.

Middle row, right: Mil and Hawley, Keuka Lake, 1957.

Bottom: The house at 103 Chalford Road, winter 1958.

Right: Marie, Mil, Jo, and Marion, c1958. Carole Temmerman took the picture at their home on Castleman Road. You can see Strong Memorial hospital in the background.



Left: Don and Hawley, c1958.

Below: Jo and Hawley, Decoration Day, 1958.



Above: Mil, Jo, and Marian in Jo's little kitchen, Christmas, 1959.



Above: Family picnic Chalford Rd. 1959. Front row: Jan, Mike, Ann, Tim, Bob, Dan, Ken. 2nd row: Marie with John, Hawley, Jim, Jo, Doris, Jeannie holding Dave. Top row Gene, Don, Rick, John Temmerman, Gene, Brian.



Left: Jo and Hawley and friends celebrating New Year 1960.

R: Jim, Rick, Grandma, John, Jan. Montezuma Castle, Arizona, 1961.

Below: Grandma in front of her garage, June 1970.



Above: Mil, Marian, and Jo summer 1968.



Above: Grandma's grandchildren, 1961. The little guys in front are, from left to right, Jim, David and John. The row behind, Janet, Mike, Bob, Tim, Dan, Ken, Ann; and the teenagers in back are Rick and Brian.



Above: NoraJo and Donnie. 1971. Don's children from 2nd marriage in Arizona.



Above: Jo and Hawley in Arizona, 1960.

Right: Grandma and me in her sun-parlor, 1973.



Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Hawley and I had planned for years we were going to take a trip by car to California, and after the War, in 1946, we got our chance. Don and Marie weren't married yet, and we took them to Cleveland with us to visit my mother and Win and Mil. We stayed the weekend. They were having the first cross country air races and Win got tickets. Then Don and Marie went back on the train and we went on to California. We didn't plan anything, but we knew what we wanted to see. We went through Iowa to South Dakota into Wyoming and saw the Wild Bill Cody monument, and into Yosemite Park, across the corner of Idaho and into Utah and Salt Lake City, and across the Salt Lake Desert to Los Angeles and Griffith State Park, and then crossed the Mojave Desert, I think it was, into Arizona.

There was a mountain in Wyoming with hairpin turns, and finally I said to Hawley, "Why is it we keep driving and I keep seeing the same spot on the mountain across from us?" And he explained to me about the switchbacks. The only place you could pull off was right on the edge of the cliff, and there wasn't any guard railing. When he got to the bottom, he backed up into a parking spot of the wide area of the canyon road, and by that time I was so nervous, I just slipped off the seat of the car onto the floor and began to cry, and Hawley said, "What in the world is the matter with you!" I couldn't sleep that night, thinking what else we had ahead of us.

The motels were nothing like they have today. A home-made bed, the room was about the size of my kitchen, a little stove with a bucket of wood—and we needed it.

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* * *

As I was finishing up Grandma's biography I remembered to ask Mom about the vacation diary she had mentioned she had from Grandma. When I asked where she got it from she pointed and said "The wood cabinet," and no more.

Every page of this little brown spiral notebook is written on. The last trip is in blue ballpoint, and in this section she covered the complete upper margin of the pages and wrote at least two lines for every ruled line. Of course she skipped no lines for different days—that I've done to make reading easier.

Sept. 1946

Our trip across the country

Sun. A.M 6 oclock, Marie, Don, Dad and I went to Cleveland. It was a beautiful day. Grandma had a nice chicken dinner for us. Mil & Win came over to see us. They took Marie and Don downtown, let them off to go to a show and picked them up later. They stayed all night with them.

Mon. A.M. we went to their place and at 10 oclock went to the Cleveland Nat. air races. We were there untill 5 oclock. It was wonderful and full of thrills. We took Marie and Don back to Grandma's. She had supper for us and they came back to R. on midnight train.

Tues. 3 we started, drove through Ohio and stayed the first night in Gary Ind. 10 miles from Ill state line.

Sept. 4 had a good breakfast in Seneca. At noon we drove through Rockford Ill., a big city. One oclock we were in Freeport Ill. stayed there 3 hours to clean the radiator and eat lunch. Stayed in Dyersville, small hotel good room. Had a home cooked roast beef supper for 65¢ very good.

Thur. 5 at 10-45 we stopped in Webster City to stretch, very warm. 94°. Stayed in Sioux City at Jackson Hotel—no good.

Friday 6 we stayed in Evans Hotel in Rushville, Neb. Typical western town. Had a good room for \$2.00. Rained hard in the night. So far all we have seen were miles and miles of corn and

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where they do their farming in a big way such big machines in the fields.

Sat. A.M. 7 we had the radiator steamed out in Chadron Neb. at the refinery. Such big ranches and they all have wind mills. Miles and miles not a single tree only sometimes a few by the houses. Most of the houses are out of sight. At 10 oclock we were in S. Dakota. At 11 oclock we saw the Hot Springs, the largest in the world. It changes 16 times daily, fed by hot water, comes out of the earth. Call the Evans plunge, also have the original Indian hot spring there; feel the hot steam when you lean over to look in. We went on up to the Needles highway. Hundreds of rock formations they group to a peak. One has a big opening at the top called the needles eye. It is along a gorge with no guard rails. It is beautiful. Drove through Custer State park, the roads are one hairpin curve after another.

Went to Mt. Rushmore to see the Presidents faces carved in the rock, but it was so misty couldn't see a thing. We were so disappointed. Drove over the Iron Mt. ele. 5500 ft. was beautiful, lost our way and drove over the same route, 37 miles to New Castle Wyo. Drove through such a peculiar storm, raining hard lightning on all sides, after dark when the sun came out and was as bright as day. Tonight we had a wonderful dinner. Dad had roast sirloin and I had beef stew with veg. cottage cheese lettuce and tomatoe coffee and ice cream 75¢ and 60¢. Tonight we have a cabin in a motor court, breakfast nook, gas plate and shower.

Sun. Sept. 8 we drove over Big Horn Mt. What a drive, about 80 miles over the rock gorge with one hairpin curve after another, no guard rails, could count four roads below that we would soon be on. Road is cut out of solid rock Mt. just wide enough for two cars to pass. Have to see this to appreciate it, but I think once is enough for me. I was ready for tears more than once. Thought we would never get off from there. Sure is a trailer year, they are so thick on there road. Staying in Cody Wyo. tonight, a nice place and well furnished right across from Buffalo Bill museum. We went there, saw all of his things saddles, guns etc. also the first pony mail express. Took us about 4 hours to make Big Horn trip. Stopped on the top to fill thermos jug. Saw what looked like thou-

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sands of sheep there, also a herd of buffalo. There is a big statue of Buffalo Bill near the museum on a black horse life size.

Mon. 9. The drive from Cody to Yellowstone is the prettiest we have seen, cut through the rocks. Went through three tunnels cut out of solid rock. Saw the Cody dam, cost nearly a million and half dollars. The Sylvan pass in Yellowstone is beautiful, there are miles and miles of just forest, beautiful lakes and gorges. The Yellowstone falls larger than Niagara and saw Old Faithful in action. Also several others. We saw the Dragons mouth, water coming out of a tunnel in the Mt. that boils all the time. Was heard a long distance in 1870. Then the Mud Volcano was boiling mud water coming out of a tunnel. This one recedes at times and leaves banks of mud. All over that section is water boiling out of the ground. Another big place it looks like plaster. On one of the stone peaks we saw an eagles nest with the young. Saw a natural bridge of solid rock. Also saw moose, deer and several bears along the road. Have to see all this to appreciate it.

Tonight Mon. 9 we are staying on the XX Ranch at the foot of the Rockies. They are covered with snow, can look out our window and see them. The first we have cooked a meal. Old rancher has a long beard and is going on a hunting trip tonight for his winters meat. We have a oil lamp wood stove, and all home made furniture even the bed. It was fun, the place is called Moose.

Tues. Sept. 10 we stopped in Jackson to have car greased, went into the Cowboy bar and one other, both nicer than any we have seen. One all rustic and the other chesterfield style and carpeted between bar and sitting room. Back room red leather booths and round chrome tables. Road around Bear Lake. Idaho tues. P.M. very pretty. Left Wyo. into Idaho at 3:10 Tues. from Idaho into Utah at 4:30 Tues P.M. All high bear Mts. around Bear Lake. About 5 oclock we climbed another Mt. all hair pin curves, nearly as high as any in Wyo. 7500 ft. altitude. For four days now we have climbed Mts. and still going. For miles we drove through high Mts. before coming into Logan Utah. They were beautiful. Stayed in Brigham Utah in a motel. Was a very nice place, sitting room kitchen, bedroom and bath. Took a long walk up town, for supper. Took a shower and bed at 9 oclock.

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Wed. 11 at 11·30 we were in Timpanogos, very hot. Stayed in Cedar City in a motel—not too bad. Very warm day, mostly level driving, had a few hills to climb, came through Salt Lake City, a big place. Have seen miles and miles of sage brush since we were in Wyo., most of the hills are covered.

Thur. 12 this A.M. we saw a Rock Museum, rocks that look like animals, birds, etc, also petrified wood and animals. The farther west in Utah the more Mts. Such desolate country, getting along toward Las Vegas, now there are cactus trees as well as sage, millions of them and very hot. All the trucks we meet have smoke pipes on one side. We crossed the corner of Arizona at 10·10.

Thur. 12. Not a tree in sight. Mts. in the distance all sides and miles of just sage. Now we are in the Nevada desert, stopped to see the snake and wild animal farm. 11 oclock we crossed state line into Nevada. Stopped in Glendale had a coke, apple pie and ice cream, boiling hot. We spent the whole after noon in Las Vegas having radiator boiled out 94°. We saw a movie of “Beauty” a western horse. What a gambling town, every place on the street full of gambling machines. We went into the Gold Nugget, a big place. Stayed in Boulder city.

Friday A.M. 13 we saw Boulder Dam, a beautiful sight. Lake Mead and Colorado River. At 10·45 we crossed the state line into Cal. All desert and very warm. Car inspection for agriculture. Stopped in Baker Cal. at noon 110° in the shade. At 3·30 we were in Oro Grande, still beastly hot. Stopped in Victor Valley for a coke and milk shake at 3·30. Stayed in San Bernardino in a motel all night. Was so sleepy all day I fell asleep several times in the car. Took off my girdle socks shoes and even my blouse for awhile.

Sat. A.M. At last we are nearly into L.A. I will be glad as I may get a letter from Don. Saw the P.O. the first thing, went in, but no letter, am so disappointed. We drove to Long Beach, what a place, beautiful hotels big auditorium where Les Browns orchestra is playing another name band there also. Too hot for words. We came back to P.O. but closed, drove all around the City, saw Tom Brennaman’s place, Hollywood N.B.C. Went in there saw Reg. Denbys hobby shop and went upon the hill to Griffith observation

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tower. Started into Beverly Hills but was so steep we changed our minds. A terrible City to find your way around. Now we are out in San Fernando Valley, have a beautiful motel for \$5.00, rose spread and rugs, dressing table and lamp, 2 chairs venetian blinds and flowered drapes. I'd be glad to have this at home.

Sun. Sept. 15. 9 oclock, we are climbing Mts. already and through passes. Very warm, breakfast in San Fernando. Saw the Garrett Wine Co. and orange groves in San Bernardino. Noon time we stopped in Barstow, had a qt. bottle of beer, the first was any good for some time. Not a tree in sight, miles and miles of desert with old dried up sage. Not much like Cal. I pictured. Saw a big Marine Corp field with bull dosers and hundreds of crates of material, doesn't look as though they had ever been opened. We drove 12 miles from one small (corners) before there was a house, just a 2x4, and 8 more miles before we came to Bagdad, a gas station and about 6 cottages—what towns. At 5 oclock we were in Needles Cal. Had a wonderful dinner, tomatoe juice, cottage cheese and lettuce salad, roast rib beef & had steak with pineapple, baked potatoe carrots and peas, bread butter, iced tea, milk. ice cream and cantaloupe. Dads ham was \$1.00 and the beef \$1.00. We crossed a big river into Arizona at 6 oclock. Stayed in Kingman Arizona, went out for a beer the best we had for some time—the A-1 brand.

Mon. A.M. we drove by about 8 miles of planes about 7000 of them we were told. Stopped in Peach Springs for breakfast (cold toast) right by an Indian res. The Hualpai, the place was full of them. Begins to look a little greener, but still no trees much. Nearly into Williams Ariz. at noon and it begins to look some different greener and forest. Kaibab Nat. forest, entering Grand Canyon Road torn up for about 10 miles. We hadn't gone far when we were stuck. A kid about 10 years old comes with a truck pulls us out and charges us \$2.00 for about 10 minutes work.

What a beautiful sight the Grand Canyon is. Another thing we have seen, that you can't describe, it is so wide and so deep. Yaki point over 7000 ele. passed dead Indian Canyon. Little Col. gorge. We drove about 25 miles along that. On our way back to Flagstaff it was 60 miles before we saw a house of any kind, and

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the last 20 more just one nice brick house and barn. The rest, only a few were very small places. Drove by another Ind. res. Navajos, saw some of their small huts. We saw the first farms I think since leaving Neb. corn and what looked like beans. Indian women working in the field. Tonight we had a very good dinner veg soup, lettuce and tomatoe salad, warmed potatoes, roast chicken, dressing, peas bread coffee & pudding. The chicken was delicious. Was cool enough to wear a jacket.

Tues a nice cool morning. We started at 7:45. Had breakfast in Winslow. Saw the Painted desert. Miles of sand hills, red, purple, green, and blue, just beautiful. Seldom see a house between these towns and the towns are few and far between. Saw an Indian village, a half a doz. round huts—what homes. Stopped at an Indian trading post, had our pictures taken on a horse. There was a small zoo and I bought a piece of petrified wood. Navajo post. Crossed state line into New Mexico at 1 o'clock

Tues. 17. We have only seen 2 towns since we left Grand Canyon yesterday, just gas stations and trading posts. Held up for a new fuel pump on the car. Crossed the Continental divide in N. Mexico about 4:30. Saw an Indian driving a covered wagon, with a couple kids in back and a woman on horse back. My mistake, we saw a whole caravan of Indians. What a sight, I counted 50 of them and I think we had all ready passed that many. Horse back riders with every wagon.

Saw quite a few sheep ranches. Also along the road on a high stone Mt. sat a tiny stone church, there were about a half doz. small houses around. We saw 3 or 4 Indian villages all tiny square and round huts with mud and straw roofs. Some had window frames—(minus the glass) and others didn't seem to have any window, then once in a while one with glass. Their outside toilets right in between huts, facing the road and doors open. Tonight we are in Albuquerque N.M. Have a nice clean cabin in a motor court but a poor dinner. H. had pork and I had a veg. plate.

Wed. 18. a nice morning, leaving Albuquerque about 8 o'clock looks like a nice big city. We drove through a range of Mts. just outside the city, winding roads and evergreens. Passed an Army Air field. Stopped in Santa Rosa, a small town, had a beer.

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Hawley went into one called the oldest Bar of the West, the Deer Bar. Heard a radio announcement that winter had set in Mont. and Wyo. 10 ins of snow in Mont. Very desolate country in N.M. now. We entered Texas at 3 oclock. Wed. Sept. 18. The ranches look very nice saw lots of men working in the fields. All flat country so far and wonderful roads. Tonight we are in Amarillo Tex. have a nice room in an auto court, the Elk court. It is upstairs over the garage. The only one we have had like it. Has a walnut bed, dressing table, stool and 2 chairs, nice bath and shower. Door opens onto a balcony.

Thur. A.M. raining and cool. We saw a car down into a hole off the road. The Texas farms are beautiful, so big and nearly all flat country. Saw the Army air base in Amarillo. Now we are in Oklahoma 12 oclock noon Thur. 19. We have seen more cattle in Texas than any other place. We crossed the south Canadian bridge I believe the longest we were ever over. Saw the Federal reformatory in Oklahoma. Tonight we are in an auto court in Oklahoma City. Seems more like home now, green fields, lawns and flowers. A pretty place where we are, evergreen trees and a flowering tree outside each court and petunias. Nicely furnished room, walnut bed and dressing table gas heater, blinds red drapes and rug—3.50. The Boyer motor court.

In Tulsa around noon Friday, drove around the residential section beautiful homes. Looks like a wonderful city. Crossed the Arkansas R. the second time. In Haskell we saw Hospital for negro insane and home for deaf and blind negro children. Crossed Illinois R. at 5 oclock Friday we are in Arkansas. Crossed the Arkansas R. into Fort Smith a nice big place, also Muskogee Oklahoma was a nice big place. Tonight we are staying in Clarksville Ark. where they close the drug stores at 8 oclock, but play hill-billy music when we went to bed and woke us up with it. Couldn't even buy a post card.

Crossed the White R. in Ark at 12:30 Sat. All day we saw mules cotton fields and negroes. What shacks they live in. Saw them taking cotton in the wagons to the mills. Crossed into Tenn. about 4 oclock. State line right in the middle of the Miss R. Staying in an auto court in outskirts of Memphis. Quite warm tonight. We took a

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walk after we ate. Between Tulsa and Clarksville we drove through the Guachita Mts. very pretty a continuation of the Ozarks.

Sun. Sept. 22 rainy day again. At 12:30 we crossed Tenn. R. another toll bridge 55¢. Alvin York memorial bridge. Hills in Tenn and much poor looking shacks for white people. Crossed the Miss. R. again 50¢ toll. We have the nicest cabin we have had yet for \$3.50, red maple furniture 2 chairs, and table, glass smoking stand, dressing table, lamps, electric fan, tile bath and shower. The manager told us of a nice place to eat, the Maple Manor, route 31. We had a wonderful dinner, tomatoe juice, salad, soup, southern fried chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, hot biscuits, celery, radishes, dills, jelly, coffee & peach ice cream for \$1.30 each. Tomorrow we are going to the P.O to see if we have any mail from home.

Mon. 23 poured all night and still raining hard this A.M. 10:30 A.M. We are now in Kentucky, we saw a R. filled with large growing trees, odd looking sight. We drove along that for quite a few miles Today the 23 we went to Mammoth Cave. Called Doris on phone this A.M. She was glad to hear us and everything is O.K. at home. She told us Gene was in Hospital in Norfolk. The cave is another thing we have seen that you can't describe, it is just beautiful. We took the boat trip. This afternoon we drove through a small town called Bardstown, where Stephen Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." The old home is still there, open to visitors. Also an old tavern here built in 1779 on Main St. Very hilly in eastern part of Kentucky, saw some beautiful places with white fences around them. Saw two large liquor distilleries. Have a nice clean little cabin, but no improvements. Crossed Kentucky R. in late afternoon.

Tues. Sept. 24 lots of hills with winding roads. Saw tobacco growing and drying and coal mines. Crossed Ohio R. into W. Virginia about 1 oclock Tues. Kanawaha R. in Charleston W. Vir. Charleston is a big city. These are real mts. to climb all hair pin turns and very pretty. Staying in a little cabin in the Mts. no hot water and outside toilet.

Wed. chilly and so foggy, had to drive very slow for miles. We drove through Mts. from 2 oclock yesterday and still more mts. at 11:30 today. All curved roads and beautiful but makes slow

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driving. At 10:30 this A.M. we were in Covington Vir. Driving through the George Washington Nat. forest nearly all day. Drove over the Blue ridge Mts. what a view, we are so high up in the Mts, can look down through the gorge and see a small town. It is just beautiful. Crossed the James R. in Richmond at 4 oclock. Got into Newport News about 6:30 all we saw was colored people on the streets. Had to take the ferry to Norfolk, about 20 min. ride. Stayed in a hotel.

Thur. Sept. 26 found the hospital and got permission to see Gene at 10 oclock. Found him in the canteen drinking coke, he was so glad to see us. We had sandwiches and milk with him. He found he had leave over night, so he dressed and went out with us. Dad let him drive the car, we found a cottage at Ocean View and he stayed overnight with us. We had a nice roast beef & ham dinner. Spent a long time on the beach and took pictures. It was swell to be together. We drove to the pier and saw the Ranger, the carrier that Gene had been on in Fla. We were so thrilled to see it, but they wouldn't let us take pictures. Nearly 2000 men on that ship. We saw so many ships in the harbor and out in Ocean from our cottage.

Friday we got up at 6 oclock so we could get Gene back to hospital by 7. We hated to leave him there. Got back into Richmond little after 10 oclock. Elevated street cars and mounted police in Richmond. Crossed Potomac R. at 12:30. At 1:30 we were in Wash. D.C. Didn't stop there but saw Wash. monument the Capital and quite a few buildings. At 1:45 in Maryland, and 3:30 we were in Pa. Drove through Baltimore. Beautiful ride along the Susquehanna R. We rode untill 7 oclock before we found a place to stay. A very nice tourist home. Had a good fish supper. H. had pork chops.

Sat. A.M. we left Sunburry, our last day. We stopped in H.port about noon to see Dad and home at supper time. How the baby [Brian] had changed and we were so glad to see them all. What a wonderful trip we had and how much we saw. Wish we had stayed another week and longer at some of the places.

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When Don and Marie were married, we had the reception here. We had the old oak dining room set, and I thought, Oh dear, we should have some better furniture than that. The next year we bought the set I had for the rest of my life.

Around this time, the big Argus house above Keuka Lake burned. Aunt Kate had sold the house a few years before. The fire was caused by flying sparks from the fireplace, while the owners at that time were out and a baby-sitter there. No-one was hurt, but the house was destroyed.

After the war, Hawley left Delco and went to work for Fannon on West Main and Broad, a rickety building on the third floor, right where the two streets come together. About that time Don came home from the service and went to work with him. And while he was there we bought the Wee Blue Inn, at the corner of Thurston and Brooks Avenue

Hawley was friends with Bill Romig [Romig's bar is still in business at the corner of Dewey and Bennington, in 2008] and was encouraged by him to get the bar. He was so anxious to get into business. We put a four thousand dollar mortgage on our house. And that's where it all went: we lost it all, and went into debt. Part of the trouble was that we didn't know the first thing about running a business. Then there were a couple bartenders from the previous owner, and later Dad told me we had enough help with Don and Gene, but they were there, and so we kept them. Gene was still overseas when we bought it, but when he got back he worked there too.

When Gene got home from the service, he first got a job at Fannon's, and he met Jeannie when he was there. Jeannie was from Spencerport. She was working at Graflex, on Main and Broad

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Streets in Rochester, and he was working across the street at Fannon's. They met at a café when they were both going to lunch. He wasn't at Fannon's long, and then he worked at the Wee Blue Inn for a while.

There was a big stout fellow, named Rocky, an Italian, and he was the cook. He used to make the fishfries and spaghetti on Friday. Rocky Lavecchia, and he told the boys he wanted to become somebody, make something of himself. I wonder what became of him. He had a friend who used to come in sometimes. He had a beautiful singing voice and we got him to sing. Marie and Jeannie used to wait on tables on Friday night.

After we'd had it a while, Don stopped in one day and said, "Mom, we've got to get out of that business right now before Dad loses everything he's got." We only had it a year or so. The first year we broke even, but the second we ran behind. We paid twelve thousand dollars for it and sold it for eight. Dad went right back to Fannon's where he had worked before, and they were delighted to have him back. And then they built a place on Jefferson and he stayed there until his emphysema got so bad. Don went to work for Fannon's then too.

The people next door had a springer spaniel, and one night when Hawley was on the way home, the dog was standing out by the road, so he stopped and let the dog in. The dog jumped right beside him, and Hawley drove in to our driveway to the garage and let him out. And after that the dog would wait for him every night for a ride.

When Rick was on the way, work wasn't so good for his father. Marie was here and my mother gave her ten dollars and told her to buy things for the baby. Don and Marie lived here when they were first married, and when their house was being built on Leonard Road, and again when the house was being built on Post Avenue. The first place that Don and Marie had, on Union Street, was a huge house cut up into apartments. It belonged to Donald Argus, a grandson of Jake Argus, Martin's brother, but they never got acquainted. Apartments were hard to find after the war. Don and Marie went down there and he told them he didn't have any-

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thing, but the people upstairs were moving out soon. And then they heard noises upstairs, and he said, "I guess they're moving out now!" There were many times when Don didn't have much work and I used to fix up a box of food and baking items for them.

They were living on Union Street when Rick was born. Marie was in the hospital for several days. When she came home they didn't go back to their apartment, but came directly here. We used the bassinet for Rick that I had used for Gene, and for Carole Temmerman. Then, when they were here I heard about the veterans' housing, I forget how I found out. I believe it was the newspaper. I called Don right away about it, and they were delighted. There were three blocks of them, the houses built for veterans, and you didn't need any down payment. They went down and got it right away. So by the time Rick was a few weeks old they all moved there, on Leonard Road, half a mile from Doris and Gene's.

When Don and Marie lived on Leonard Road and worked at the Wee Blue Inn, I took care of Rick. And then, when Marie worked at Kodak, I took care of him. I had his red coaster cart and used to pull him. Marie would drop him off in the morning when she went to work and I would take him for a walk and then give him something to eat and put him in for his nap, and in the afternoon she would come to pick him up.

My father did all different things in his later years: he tried selling around to the neighbors for a while. He had lived alone for quite a few years, and no radio and no television. He played the violin for hours on end. He'd spend the entire evening walking around the room and playing.

In the late '40s his house burned. This might have been about five years before he died. He was there alone, had an oil cook stove in the kitchen. It had three burners and he had filled it that morning. The tank was on one end, and he ran it over a little bit. When he went to light one of the burners that surplus oil caught fire. The calendar behind caught fire and then the curtains—it was next to a window. He opened the door, he had the idea of pulling the stove outside, but when he opened the door the fire spread faster.

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He was in his nightclothes and stood watching the house go. He went all to pieces, he just stood there and cried. He didn't have any money, and he was on old age assistance. Ralph called Marian. They took him to the hotel and gave him a place to sleep and right away people brought him clothes and the hotel let him stay there until he got on his feet again. I think he stayed there all summer. He lost everything. The house was old and it was dry weather. He cried about that violin, that was the only thing he really cared about. He broke the bedroom window and pulled the dresser over to the window to reach in and pull out the little money he had on it.

Right up to the time the house burned he had no electricity. We had to plan on it when we went down there, John and Marian and Hawley and I, and the first thing we'd do would be to check because he'd forget and use up the oil and not get any more.

Fred Argus Home Destroyed by Fire

Hammondsport—The village firemen were called to the home of Fred Argus on North Urbana Hill Friday morning, about 9 o'clock, where a kerosene stove had exploded setting fire to the house.

As there are no telephones in the vicinity, the fire had gained quite a headway when seen by Norman Emilson, an agent of the B&H Railroad Co., who turned in the alarm. Prompt action on the part of the firemen, however, saved other buildings in that vicinity.

The house and contents were completely demolished. Mr. Argus, who lost all of his clothing, was brought to the village and completely outfitted by the firemen.

They gave him a room at the Park Inn for a few months, and he got a room after that. The Argus home must have burned before that, because Aunt Katherine moved out to Bath before his house burned. I have a couple letters from him from around this time. One is postmarked from Bath, June 15, 1952:

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Sat A.M.

Dear Joe,

In ans to your inq about box you sent me will say yes I rec it O.K. and thanks a lot, and about Memorial day, I went up to Veterans home instead of H'port, a big celebration up there 4 bands and drum corpse and big parade.

I also saw Lou Rowan, the former Lou Eaton. She greeted me with a handshake I hardly knew her. She looked good. She said she had a letter from you. I went down to H'port a few days ago, it is awful quiet down there, everyone working, no one there what used to be, most all passed out. Just got card Grandfathers day from Eugene Doris and Brian. Nice to be remembered.

love—Dad

Glad to hear that Don is building a house. That is the best way to get a home while one is young.

Another is a note from 1953, also from Bath:

June 2nd

Dear Joe,

Just a few lines as I am writing this in Bath post office and also in a hurry. As I had nothing else to do yesterday on my B'day I went down to H'port. Caught a ride down and came back on 6-30 bus, as it was such a nice day and did not rain. I do hope we will have settled weather now.

I am feeling quite good at present. I have times when things don't look bright guess we all have our ups and downs. am sorry about Hawley losing his eye, as he will miss it. I did mine. Well how is all your family, Doris – Donny – and Eugene familys. It sure is nice to have lots of children. This is all for this time, and write soon everything looks so nice now.

love as ever

Dad

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My father died in March 1954. For the last two years of his life, he was in a rooming house at 208 Campbell Street in Hammondsport. The landlady found him. She had three or four other boarders, and he used to take a walk every evening. The night before, he had been for a walk. The next morning he didn't come down to breakfast at the usual time and when she went up later to check, he was dead. He was half dressed and had just fallen back. He was getting dressed in the morning and had a heart attack and just fell on the bed. He was eighty-four. I never knew my father to be in bed sick for a day in his life, only for a broken bone. He broke his arm when a plank broke when he was crossing the Miller's bridge next door, and another time he broke his leg. When he died, that left only Aunt Kate, who was living in Bath at that time. The previous October, Aunt Mary Kniffen had died in Mount Washington. She and Uncle Gid had celebrated their sixtieth anniversary that Spring.

That same year, my mother was taken sick around Decoration Day. Mil was in Cleveland and went to the doctor with her, and the doctor called her out and told her that mom had cancer. I went out there four times. She kept going until the end, and when she took to bed, she didn't get up, from Decoration Day to 4th of July. Then on the 4th of July weekend we both went on the train and brought her back here. I rode in the ambulance with her all the way from Cleveland. We drove to John and Marian's and Marian got into the ambulance and we went right to Strong Hospital. John had already made the arrangements.

In July we took a trip to Nova Scotia and Gaspé with the Keegans.

Sat. July 10, 6 A.M. Tom and Harriett Keegan came to pick us up in their new Dodge. We had coffee, then loaded up. It was a beautiful day, we took the through way then across Vt. and spent our first night in Keen N.H. Crossed the Hudson at Troy. We decided the last few days to go up the coast of Maine so we could have

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some beer on Sun, but was the joke ever on us, no place to go in with women till we got to Halifax. However we could get package goods if it was a little warm. We had a bottle of coke and plenty of good laughs over that.

Sun. was beautiful, took pictures of York Beach Me. rained toward night so we stayed in Glen Cove. Nice people when we got back home found the door key in H's pocket, which we mailed back. The owner French man divided his only 2 small bottles of Pabst blue ribbon with the men in the back room. We saw the beautiful Franklin Pierce home in H.H. Crossed the Merremak R.

Mon 12 we crossed a big bridge on Penobscott R. had a good breakfast in Ellsworth. In Vt. we also saw the Hogback Mt. skyline, it was beautiful. Last night Tommy stood on the corner trying to find the light till Har. got him straightened out how we laughed. We were at Eastport Me. the most eastern pt. on U.S. We had a delicious dinner clam chowder and steak in a cabin by the sea. Looked like thousand Is. beautiful country. We took pictures at St. Andrews on the wharf. Drove thro' Calais N.B. We stayed Mon. night in Pocologan on the bay of Fundy. I had planned to put my feet in the bay after we had dinner—but by that time it was so foggy we couldn't even see the water. A door missing on the wash room. Tommy says they will send her one before we go back again.

Tues. July 13 we had coffee and fried cakes at Tony's place, had so much fun there over their dry laws. In St. John's we had a tour of the court house. Tommy sat in the Judge's chair we saw the low tide. The highest tides in the world in the bay of Fundy—rained. Saw a couple kids with ice skates and a drunk on the street in this dry town. Entrance here to Nova Scotia. It was so beautiful, sunken flower beds beautiful farm land but small homes. No big places here at all. Lots of lumber mills. In Parrsborough we saw the fine Islands a beautiful sight, also Mina's basin. In Halifax we toured the city. Stayed over night in the Lord Nelson Hotel very nice hotel also very crowded. Drove upon Citadel Hill and went through the old museum old ships etc. Picked up stones from there. Of course the one I wanted was about 3 ft. in diameter, but for some reason Tommy didn't want to bring it.

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Thur. 15 Tommy called us on the phone about 7 from the room. A rainy morning and so foggy we couldn't see and were told the scenery was out of this world on the south shore of N.S. Drove with lights on all the morning. At noon we stopped at a Log Cabin for lunch right in the woods and so pretty. Good food. Ham mac. salad home made bread. These cabins were on a lake. Along here were old wharves rugged shore and islands. We saw the first ox cart. We stopped in Yarmouth, took pictures and bought souvenirs. On the north shore we saw the oldest wooden Catholic church in Canada, Also saw St. Ann's College. We stayed all night in Bridgetown. Woman was so nice had dinner on her porch and she brought us some cold beer at the cabin. We had tomatoe soup with rice, spare ribs mashed potatoes, string beans, coffee and a delicious desert, like an omelette with currant jam.

Friday 16—We saw the land of Arcadia Evangeline Park, what a peaceful place. All my life I wanted to see it and I am so thrilled. Beautiful old church used as a museum, dishes and pictures dated 1730. The beautiful statue of Evangeline in the park and the old willow trees were centuries old. Drove through a town called Economy and Economy Mt. In Spring Hill we saw the oldest looking houses weather beaten and small. Annapolis Royal—Ft. Anne was marked the oldest town in N.S. Saw the Sailors barracks. Saw a covered bridge outside Dorchester.

Friday 16—we were in a cute double cabin on a small lake very pretty. I had lobster plate and strawberry shortcake. At Memramcook we had breakfast with fresh made donuts right out of the kettle. In Moncton we saw the magnetic hill, where the cars go backward up the hill on their own power. Took pictures and bought souvenirs there. Met two couples from Kalamazoo Mich. In Chatham N.B., very old town, saw a big Royal Air force flying field and barracks. Very desolate country. Hugh lumber mills and such poor shacks where they live. No doors or windows. Took the ferry across Miramichi Bay from Chatham to Newcastle, for free. The bay is full of logs. We can see the mountainous coast of Gaspé P. Saw the fishermen putting out their nets. We were in the Hotel Reshigonche in cocktail room in Matapedia. Had cabins outside Matapedia. Haw. & I went to a little French Church, so bare, such

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a big priest with a big voice, only lasted 1/2 hour when we left. All French couldn't understand a word but Eh? Drove thro' another covered bridge, paying 44¢ a gal. for gas. The second bridge in an hour. Rode along Baie De Chaleur, lots of fishing big nets and lobster cages.

Sun. 18. in the town of St. Charles De Caplan all the houses decorated religious figures and flags. Several towns the same priests and sisters on the streets. We were told later they were having a mass wedding if I remember around 165 couples. About 2:30 we stopped at the Hotel Villa Ama for lunch and a beer. Met 2 girls from Cleveland there. Drove thro' Port Daniel a good many covered bridges. Houses right on the road and no sidewalks at all. Took a picture there of a very pretty point and a pier.

Got into Perce about 5:15. Told them to save us a cabin and went on the boat trip around Bonaventure Island. A bird haven on one and a few farms on the other. Was such a nice trip. Took lots of pictures. The "Rock" is there, one of the greatest sights we have seen took 1 hr. 20 min for the trip. We had our dinner that night in a beautiful hotel. Seemed to be a good many tourist there. Gaspé is an Indian word meaning "Lands End." There is a big cross in Gaspé marking where Cartier settled. We drove upon a very steep hill where there was a beautiful big T.B. Sanitarium, very modern. Village of Gaspé is on the ocean at the foot of a Mt. 49¢ for gas today. Went out to see the salmon and trout hatchery. Had lunch there and bought 4 T. shirts for the kids. We crossed the York R. saw a crippled man in a dog cart. Had seen him hours before. Such poor looking houses. Now is one small village after another in the coves. We could look down from the Mt. tops. The mts. out of Gaspé are so big down one, up another like a huge bowl covered with forest. Through Cloridorn the kids run out in front of the cars selling toy boats. Saw lots of dog carts.

Tues. 8 o'clock pouring rain. French men all wear barrets and ride in 2 wheel carts. Ecole means school. Very rocky shore line and beautiful. A long strip of bad road. At St. Anne Des Monts we saw a line of trucks loaded with pulp wood logs being loaded on boats for England. Rode through dense fog for miles. A low tide on the St. Lawrence, saw beach combers there. Matani is the first

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town in days where we saw a side walk. Houses all on the road. We stopped at a nice looking place where a French chef gave us hot ham sandwiches as well as hot beer. He ask us to order a fifth for him every time. Very funny, we sure had some good laughs with him, Matis beach means "birch" a beautiful place. We were on the dock at Pointe au Pere. Took pictures of the Monarch, the Bermuda boat. We stopped there at an old hotel had a sign over the door, Madam F.D. Roosevelt was here. Riviere Du Loup is a very pretty place.

Wed. 21 foggy again this A.M. Horses and carriages are out. Tommy saw a woman empty a pot out the door. Took a tour of Quebec City, wouldn't have missed it for anything. The old walled city and the new. So many religious places. Our guide was wonderful explaining every thing. Of the 70 churches in Quebec 50 are Catholic and all French people. Saw girls and boys schools, White sisters Convent. The oldest Catholic church "Notre Dame" every thing inside was imported from France beautiful paintings. The wall where the soldiers came over where Wolfe and Montcalm battle that lasted 45 min. Both were killed. The docks etc. Also took the tour of Montreal. Saw the ships in St. Josephs Mt. Royal, the flower gardens and public buildings are beautiful. Beautiful statues and Joan of Arc.

At one place we saw a troupe of Scotch girls in uniform playing bagpipes in a restaurant. We had pictures taken in the flower gardens of multimillionaire Campbell's home. Saw hotel where King and Queen of England stay, & where the money is made and burned. We saw the Oslo boat Liverpool from England and the Cunard Line. Catholic sailors club & the Protestant club. At Pointe Au Pere we saw the change of Pilots. We had a grand place on the water our last night in Canada. Had some beer in our cabin and ham sa. were only 15¢ apiece. Were in an old hotel our last night. Owner told us to go upstairs and pick our own room.

Home Friday P.M. a wonderful trip and such a good time. In Maine we saw where they had big forest fires. Tommy got into trouble, scratching in the corner locking himself out and pushing on the door when Har. was trying to pull. Just a wonderful trip and the most fun we agree with everyone so congenial.

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My mother died in September. Mil came up the last week. I stayed at Marian's, and spent a lot of time at Strong. The last night we spent the night at the hospital. When she was sick, a lady, Mrs. Cudnick, did a lot for her. She was over three or four times a day, and she converted her to a Catholic. She told her, "Now your three daughters are all Catholic, and you want to see them after you die, don't you?"

During the 50s we often had picnics here on Chalford Road in the summer, and Don and Gene would bring their families over almost every week. Doris only lived a mile away, at 26 Ronald Drive, all her married life, so we saw them a lot, too. They had three children. Brian was my first Grandchild, born July 14, 1946. Dan was born about six years later, and then Tim, about three years after Dan. Gene and Jeannie were married in September 1951. We had the reception here. They always lived toward the country, and in the 1960s moved to 600 Shumway Road in Brockport where they stayed. They had five children. Mike, Ken, Bob, Ann Marie, and David. David joined the airforce and lived out of state, but all the other Grandchildren stayed around this area. Don and Marie had four children: Rick, born a year after Brian, Janet Marie, born four years after Rick, James, five years after her, and John, born just a year before they moved to Phoenix. Then after they broke up, Don and his second wife Pat had two children, Norah Jo, born in October 1967, and Don Jr., born a year and a-half later.

When Don moved to Webster I'd take the bus out there to visit them and help Marie. When Jannie saw me walking down their street, she'd be on the way to school and call out, "Grandma, Grandma, will you be there when I come home?" I'd bring Marie a five pound bag of flour sometime, and some Crisco. I knew she liked to bake. Then she'd drive me back home at night.

Around 1955, Hawley got emphysema. The first time he knew he had any breathing trouble the boys were here and they had trouble getting the car started. He came in and said "I don't know what happened to me, I couldn't push the car at all." He went to the doctor, who told him he had emphysema, and if he

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didn't quit smoking it would kill him. Hawley had smoked since he was on his own, from about the time he was fourteen. But he left the doctor's office and never smoked another cigarette. I think with the emphysema what affected him most was tearing down the furnaces, and working at Fannon sheet metal. Then he had a heart attack, angina, and was in the hospital a month at Northside.

Hawley made several pieces of copper, lamps and pitchers, in the basement. The rose on the marble paperweight was from a lamp he made. He made a check drier* for Fannon. He designed it and made it himself, and Fannon had an open house mostly to show that. It was something they'd never had before. They told him what they wanted and he spent a lot of time making the pattern and working and working on it. This was the last big thing he did for them. It had duct work in the inside, all chutes, and it looked machine made.

He had glaucoma, and he lost one eye, before he retired. At that time they didn't test for it. Hawley had problems with his eyes. He hit his eye one morning when he was washing and had to have two operations to fix it, and neither one worked. After work he usually went into the living room, read the paper and fell asleep, and he did that one night. After a while he came out and said, "Well it's happened. I lost my eyesight in one eye." That was a Friday, and he went to work the next day. The retina had come loose and the doctor said that was the worst possible thing he could have done, it had moved around. Don was living in Webster at the time, and took him to the doctor Saturday uptown. They operated and it was pretty good for a month. He went back to work a few days and it came loose and they had to operate again, at Genesee Hospital. Dr. Pressburg said he had seven tears on his eye. It came loose again, but Hawley said "You operated twice and I'm not going in again."

I remember the day he came into the back door with his tool box and said, "This is it. I'm putting away my tools." Fan-

* Grandma always referred to this as a "check washer." When this biography was all but finished, Mike (Gene's son), gave me several papers and photos, including one of this object, identified on the back as a "check drier".

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non wanted him to come back and lay out another one of those check driers, and he told him on the phone, "I'd like to do it, but I just can't." His last day of work was October 17th, 1959. Don had moved to Arizona with his family not two months before. He sent his father a long letter when he heard.

Nov 3 '59

Dear Dad—I mean "Howdy",

. . . . Well, I read with some surprise that you've "hung up your tin-shears" for good. Even though we have talked about it for some time, when you finally did it, it came with a slight shock. Congratulations! I think working is a bad habit, and some days I wish I could give it up myself! I can only imagine, but I'll bet in some way it's strange to realize that you don't have to wrestle with any more sheet iron. Did you ever stop and think how many thousands of sq. feet of sheet metal you've cut up in your life?

Well Dad, I guess it's a little sad in some ways to realize your working days are over, and you'll never have to punch a time clock again, but I think its appropriate to say what Generals say after the battle, and the manager tells the team after the game—you deserve it also—Well Done!! It should make you at least a little proud to think back on your career, and the expert and conscientious job you have always done for every boss. What I've been thinking is that they're not turning out the kind of working man that you and your generation were now days. Men who had pride in they're work and ability, realized they had an obligation to they're employers, and did the best they could every day and every job! I know you were never afraid of a full days work or a tough job. I guess we've talked about this before—you know how I feel. As I get older myself I have a growing respect for the kind of worker that you were! As I said before "Well done Dad."

I often think when I'm working on the job, and I stand back to look at what I've accomplished "I wonder

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if Dad would be satisfied with it?” And I think of one time in particular when I worked for you at Fannons that you told me that I’d just have to take more pains and have more patience in finishing my jobs before I’d ever make a mechanic. I realized then what a high standard you worked to in finishing your own work, and the pride you took in your ability.

I think you would be proud of my work now. You know that I’m doing trim work all the time, and I’ve enjoyed it very much. It pleases me to do my work better than the next guy. It’s a nice feeling to know that the boss and the men you work with respect your ability. My boss is very good to me, and I make top wages in the company. . . .

I did a job today that you would have enjoyed, and incidentally, was able to use a little of my sheet-metal experience. This was on that \$63,000 house, and of course they want every thing “just so.” We have a fire-place that is paneled all around in birch, it’s off the floor about 16” and no hearth. They wanted to “picture frame” it with a copper angle all around, and then surround that with a large molding. I’ll try to draw you a scetch if I can—my art work is terrible if I don’t use instruments! As you can see, my perspective drawings are not one of my best skills! At any rate, all I had was a pair of airplane snips, and you know they aren’t the best things to use on soft copper, they leave a little rough imprint from the shear blade—well, you know how airplain snips cut! The copper came ready formed to a 90o angle so I made my miters very carefully, and left enough stock to turn down a tab at the inside corners. Actually, it came out pretty good, and the boss was delighted. The miters came up nice and tight, and I only had to touch them with a file. With that damned soft copper, you know you only have one chance, you have to be right the first time cause you can’t re-work it, or touch a hammer to it. It makes a pretty fireplace though—wish you could see it. . . .

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Our greatest hope is that you feel good Dad, and wish you many happy years ahead.

Marie and the kids send their love, and give our best to the whole family.

With love

Your Son, Don

In January of 1960 we took the train out to visit them. We didn't know it then, but Don didn't have any work at that time. He'd go out every day as if he were going to the job.

Hawley lived about six years after retiring. The last year or two that he was alive, he used to sit outside on the front step with a bag of peanuts and I think popcorn too, and feed the squirrels, and they'd come right up to him.

It was so nice living on Chalford Road. Some of the ladies say they'd like to live their life over, but I don't know if I would. I might have made worse mistakes.

One thing I did that wasn't a mistake was marrying Hawley. But there's one thing I don't like to remember, how he looked at the end. He went to the hospital the last five days, and it was so awful, he went into like a coma. I'd been to the hospital every day and they let us stay until about midnight because he was so bad. The last night the doctor told me, "Mrs. Trowbridge you might as well go home. I don't know how long it's going to be, I don't know how he hangs on." Then when he died they called Marian and she called Ralph who was here, and he told me, and I started to cry and then I said, "No, at least he's out of his suffering." What a terrible year the last year he put in. He was in the hospital the winter before that with bronchial pneumonia, terrible sick that time, and I said afterwards that it would have been better if he had died then, he was so bad. He had been in the hospital every year for several years, and I said to Marian, "Here we go again."

"And I don't mind going. I know you'll soon be with me," he said. And now its over twenty years. I put a little picture of the two of us in the casket under his head. He died on January 17th, 1966. We lacked just a few months of being married fifty years.

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

Hawley was buried in Pleasant Valley Cemetery, and I had everybody go down there. The weather was so bad, an ice storm, the worst you could imagine. People were crawling all the way down. Afterwards I thought I should have postponed the burial, but at that time I wasn't thinking.

John Temmerman's health was failing at the same time. John and Marian came over one day and told me they were going to Spain and Portugal. "We're going, provided you go with us." I just threw up my hands. I said, "You don't mean it!" Marian hadn't been too enthused when John suggested the trip, but when he said "How about if your sister would go?" that put a different light on it for her. That was in the fall, in October 1972, and he died the next April. He was sick all that winter. I think he knew he wasn't going to live long. In fact I know that he knew it, because he told me without telling Marian, that his doctor had advised him not to go. But he'd planned on it, and he wanted to see Fatima. At Fatima she didn't want to climb the steps but John said, "You have to, that's what we came for," and he took her arm. Marian told me different mornings John didn't sleep at night, he was up walking the streets.

John had been the Rochester city chemist from 1924 to 1961, when he became the first director of the Monroe County Public Safety Laboratory. He retired in 1972, just a little over a year before he died. He never took a full vacation, and said, "I spent many Christmas Days checking out burned buildings for possible arson cases." He went to church every day. He was frequently in the papers during his career, and the city made some pioneering advances through his work.

I know that from this time on the children remember the years here on Chalford Road. They seem like yesterday to me, with many good times and bad times. Think we had our share of illness too, but always plenty to be thankful for. We met many good people, with neighborhood parties, and the friends Hawley worked with. We met the Cummings and the Driscolls, and had lots of parties

Always Plenty to Be Thankful For

at their homes. Now Ray and Ed are gone, but Madge still visits, and Helen once in awhile. Lillie and Clifford Jenkins were in East Rochester all those years, and lifelong friends. Their only child was born in May the same year as Gene, but only lived to be nine months old. Dad and I had some nice long trips, twice across the country, once with the Keegans, and also to the New England states, and once to Florida. I saw my two boys serve in the Navy during the Second World War. My children all had nice church weddings, and now I have fourteen grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

The three Argus homes on North Urbana Hill have since burned, and the Valley School also, where I have so many pleasant memories. Lillie and I are alone now, but we talk often and see each other occasionally. We have spent the last two New Year's Eves together. The Loseys have been friends too, nearly all our married lives. For a few years we didn't see each other much, and then got together again. Jess delivered the groceries to us in Hammondsport when we were first married.

A Word from the Children

In September, 1981, Don came back from Phoenix for Doris and Gene's son Dan's wedding. During that visit, he reminisced a bit about his childhood and about Hammondsport.

Grandpa [Fred Argus] had a keen sense of not just the ridiculous, but of humanness. The stories of Jake Pilgrim aren't funny, but indicative of. . . What's funny about Jake Pilgrim, the story of taking two dollars for the boy? Who but Grandpa would think that it was funny? There was a store at the foot of the hill. The men used to congregate there and sit for hours. One time somebody says, "I hear you grew big strawberries, Jake." "Yehhh," he said. He spoke everything with a low grumble. "How big?" "(Grumble) So big it only took a teacup full to make a quart." You'd ask him, "Like buttermilk, Jake?" "Yuuuppp," he'd say, in a real low drawl, dragging out the 'yup.' "I hear your wife left you." "Yuhhh. . . I didn't mind so much about the wife, but I wouldn't have taken two dollars for the boy." But it was the undertone that always tickled me.

There were other characters in Hammondsport. Hap Hazard, and Tater Bug. Hap wore buckle up shoes and smoked a corncob pipe, and at the Park Inn Hotel there they'd sit.

And the stories Grandpa told about his brother in school—but get the description, his insight into what was really funny about it. He was in a recital and found a knothole he could belabor with

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his foot in the floor, and gave it his whole attention, his eyes down. Finally he said his line (in a high-squeaky voice): “God is love.”

Another little boy came out and his line was—he stood there and stood there without saying a word and his teacher’s whispering loudly offstage: “We loved him.” The kid’s still just standing there and unable to say a word. “We loved him,” she prompted, loud enough for everybody to hear. Finally he got it out: “We loved him!”—and ran off the stage.

When Grandpa was a boy, he went to a school where the teacher’s name was Joad. Some of the farm boys who went there were really men, big men in size, even though they were still boys. And they didn’t always want to be there. He said one of them picked the teacher up once and held him by his ankles out the window. But Grandpa he was a performer, he used to tell everything with a little Barrymore. We’d go up there in the summer and spend two-three weeks. It was like a picture postcard there on the lake. They had a long front porch. For years—this was his own little joke on the world—he had a big sign hung out that said, ‘This is Hollywood.’ I don’t know where he got it. About a sixteen foot sign.

He was a small man, a little bit disheveled always, like he’d get his tie over the collar band of his shirt, or if he had cuffs with two buttons, one would be buttoned on the first, the other on the second.

He had a lot of songs: “Don’t send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad!” he’d sing. He’d stop playing and sing off into space. And ‘The Ship That Never Returned.’

When he visited us, at dinner time he’d say, “Thank God for that bite—many a man would have made a meal of it!”

My father was slowly self-taught in math. He took an ICS course, on Long Island. I have his notebooks and ICS books. He was a self-effacing man, I think truly a humble man. I think his humility was sometimes a vanity to him. He never spanked us without telling us that he didn’t have a mother to disobey. Furnace work and gutter work during the depression were really beneath him, but he did it. He’d say, “The only tinsmith who ever went to hell tried soldering with a cold iron.”

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I remember one year my dad's income for Christmas week was three dollars. The nicest gift I ever had was, my father, and he was a painstaking craftsman, made me a red toolbox. It was done lovingly with a gray interior, tray and simple tools, and I had that way up till the war and used it for lots of different things. I was intrigued with physical labor. Pat [his second wife] finds it justified through astrology. For years I carried the workman's prayer to St. Joseph in my wallet.

My father at times would stop and share a nickel beer with a buddy. He enjoyed his Saturdays, he'd go out and have his car worked on and have a few beers. My father read few books—he had a Pappy Boyngton—but when he started reading he was intrigued. He read the paper every day after work, sitting in the chair in the living room.

My father unerringly referred to her as 'Mother.' He was content to let her make virtually all the decisions. He disciplined at her command. I think he almost wanted to be absolved of the responsibility.

His Uncle Hawley was the biggest influence on him, and he quoted some of his words as if they were chiseled in stone. Uncle Hawley was a health nut and started every day with exercises. He slept with the window open.

Aunt Anna was a dour, gothic woman. She learned to drive as a very old lady, a '33 Pontiac coupé. She'd drive on country roads, but when she got to the city limits she would call dad and he'd have to come out and escort her through the city. She was impatient with us children. I had a real ability to say the wrong thing.

Dad always professed such a hatred of farms. One time he said, "I'm not fond of even visiting farms. I spent my time working on farms." He used to plow, and that must have been difficult for him, because he wasn't big or heavy. You get the traces of the plow to tip the plow over to get to the next furrow, when you got to the end turn it over so you could go back. I guess there was no time for him to play.

Pop Stickles when I went to forty-two school, till eleven, I skipped two half-grades. I made a surveyor's transit with a pea shooter tube and thread. When I was in high school, I build a boat

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downstairs. My father said in his quiet way, "Hm. I don't think you're going to get it out of the basement." Never mentioned it again after that.

I guess I've always been a dreamer, I've dreamed more than my capacity. But you can be the Curies or Pasteur in your dreams. I think that kind of dream sustained people more than they do now. I read that thirty to forty percent of our time is spent in day-dreaming, and the people who don't are the ones who have stress. I'm one of those who daydream probably fifty percent of the time. I'll pick up a novel and after a few pages I become engrossed in my thoughts and I can't even tell you what I'm thinking about, but for a few minutes I'm with Perry crossing the ice. Sometimes I get carried away and believe my own magnificence.

I was intrigued with sea stories when I was young: Masefield, London, Cooper. . . I used to practice walking in the woods behind the house, with my feet in a straight line [he got up and demonstrated] so I wouldn't be like the duck-walked white-eyes.

When I was young I honestly felt there was nothing I couldn't do or learn. I admire people who could narrow themselves down to a goal. At Fannon's I'd go into casting, plating, metal spinning places and I'd be gone on a delivery for two-three hours looking over the other shops. I dreamed of doing what they did, and would say to myself, 'I could do that. . .' But you reach a point in your life you have to start laying those frivolous dreams aside. Up till a year ago I still dreamed I'd learn to water-ski. And that is where a big crisis appears in your life, something where your body and mind start telling you, Hey, you've got to lay these things aside.

I would have to say I got a lot out of reading. The most I did was in the service. I'm woefully lacking in reading. If I could advise anybody the first thing to read—poetry. I think it touches you. In the first place, I think there's a lot of knowledge. They touch people very closely. I remember a book with a character who commented that a man should cling to a narrow ledge for a thousand years rather than give up his life. Certain things cause a line like that to pop into my mind, over the years. And another thing: I still have a copy of *War and Peace*, with a long introduction by Clifton

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Fadiman. To this day I've never read the book through. That's one of the very big things that makes me wish I've had the discipline of education. And I'd like to know, why was this the greatest novel?

I hope that there can be some kind of rapport [between his two families]. They have nothing but the fondest lovingest feelings about all of you. And they ask repeatedly for me to 'Tell me again' about this, some event, which is which. . .

The story about when I was a scout and ate a whole can of peas, it's not a great story, but it's a ritual. I *must* do that, when we have peas. The same stories, and if I tell them the elephant story about shooting him in my pajamas, I told them five hundred times, and that really annoys Pat. But she never had a family life.

For one thing, she has to be totally, always always busy. I told you she never daydreams, look up and into space. I never see her watch tv without a book too. She has absorbed herself in astrology. She has long since become a master of the discipline, while keeping an agnostic attitude. We have the Harvard 25-volume set of astrology. You wouldn't think there was so much written on it. She could probably support herself doing her charts: she does two to five charts a week, she works six days a week. She plays bingo, again an absolute need to keep busy, much too. Anything to keep her attention. She embraced bingo almost with a mathematical perception. She keeps the calculator to click off the numbers—fifty-three is the typical amount of numbers called before somebody has a bingo. She uses a number of cards, twenty-four, in the same precise order.

But my beef is that this leaves nothing for the family. She cannot idly stand by and watch the beans boil for ten minutes without reading a chapter in her book. These are besides the one hundred fifty, two hundred novels she reads a year. All of this with the stress, the discipline of her job. [Pat was a jewelry buyer for I. Magnin's.] She takes astrology tapes when she drives on a trip. She's not willing to be second best at a game of chance. I think she wills herself to get a particular number. And she's pathetic, with a vague lonesomeness that draws me back. But I'm weary. She could have a book written about her. She's profound, she's very bright, and has a natural interest in history.

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She was an only child. Her father was a professional bartender and her mother, Mabel, was squirrely. With a spark of brilliance, but a warped mind, a great curiosity, widely read, and a crashing bore for all that. Mabel Creadon, with all the prejudices and biases that go along with a pure Irish background. I guess Pat lived two or three places and went to books because that was all she was offered.

In any crisis she can read right through it. When she went to the hospital with a heart attack, I had to bring her a bag of books. And she is escaping reality. She is on speaking terms with all the prominent people in our town. As bright and compartmentalized as she is, the real and surreal, the honest world is mixed up in her mind and I think it would take a lifetime of threading needles to get to the girl she was once. . .

What do I do? I still work hard, for the last four years I've done supervising and I'm very good, but haven't had the work to sustain me, and have gone back to subcontracting. There won't be too many years I'll be able to do it, every summer these days of over one hundred degree temperature.

I'll forever love oreo cookies, because you can play with them. You can tell a man's character by the way he eats them. The *timid* man takes them apart. . .

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Gene lived on Shumway Road in Brockport since 1964. Of his and Jean's five children, four lived in the area; David, the youngest, who had retired from the Air Force a couple years prior, was living in Arkansas with his two sons. When I was gathering information and photos for this biography they were very gracious, and one time when Alice and I came over together, they served a lovely turkey dinner. At this time, their twenty year-old grandson, Ann's son Mike, was living with them. We started by going through the photo album.

Uncle Hawley wanted Dad to come down and sell insurance with him in Hornell. And he wanted my dad to be in that business so bad. He had a lot of chances to do a lot of things in his lifetime. Mother would have, at the drop of a hat, gone back to Hammond-sport to live. But he didn't want to, with the family.

Uncle Hawley died when I was just a baby, but I remember Aunt Anna visiting us in the 30s. She had a fairly decent car, a 1937 coupe. But she would never drive it into town. She'd stop in Henrietta and call and dad and somebody else would go down and drive her car in, or she'd follow them.

I went to school on Latta Road then, 38 school, and it was a two-mile walk. One day it was raining and she took me to school. She was a terrible driver. I don't know how many times she had to go back and forth to get out of the driveway.

Aunt Anna would buy a pound of hamburger and we'd say—there were six of us!—We'd say, "Well, couldn't you buy a pound and a-half?" And she say, "We'll get a pound and you'll like it!" On Sunday she'd buy a pint of ice cream, for the six of us, and we'd all have a spoonful." He held up his hand as if it demonstrating—

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obviously enjoying the stories more than he would have the ice cream or the hamburg.

When we were kids after school got out, my Grandfather lived on route 54, and we stayed the summer there, every year. I can remember going down right up till the time I went into the navy. There were a lot of us kids. Did Grandma ever tell you about the big flood in '36? The rain flooded the wineries and the lake was covered with wine barrels. That was a good time to go swimming! You could drink the water and feel pretty good. I slept through it. It was about '48 when his house burned down. Kerosene stove, and he opened the window and the curtain blew across the stove, and then the whole house went up.

Discussion about the big Argus house and when it burned down. "That was a beautiful house. I can't imagine what it would be worth now, and with all the antiques there. I never thought much about it when I went down there, but when I think back. Aunt Katherine lived there when I was little, or Kate as they called her.

Fred's home was beyond the Millers, like a city block, and there was a well in their yard where we went to get water. Grandpa had a well, I don't know why we had to go there, but we did. Mrs. Miller was very deaf, and if she saw us she'd come out and talk and talk, and want to know everything: how many of us there were, how long we were staying. And she couldn't hear what you said.

Fred would come and stay with us a couple months in the winter. We played a lot of cards, a lot of rummy. And Winfield and Mildred came up every year at holiday time, and I always used to like that, I guess the idea that they would come and visit us.

When we were kids, we never saw the tree before Christmas morning. Dad would get it out and they'd decorate it after we went to sleep.

Win died from an aneurism. He was doing what he loved to do. They took the boat down to Florida to Big Pine Key Fishing Lodge every year, and he'd go fishing. They were playing cards with friends and he died right there.

Win worked for NCR as a young man. They moved around a lot. They lived in Cleveland, a couple places in Ohio, and Indiana.

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In the second world war they moved to Michigan, Kalamazoo. He had a gas station and tire recapping place. Win always did a lot of fishing. He took his gear when he went on the road selling, and if he found a good place to fish, he'd have to stay an extra day.

There's Pete! I didn't think we had any pictures of him. The nicest guy. An Irishman, soft-spoken—and the more he drank, the lower his voice got.

Pete always had a good job, he worked in a machine shop. He was a tool and die maker. You could say he was an odd guy, but you'd love to talk with him. The kind of guy if you sat down next to him you'd just naturally get into a conversation. My grandmother was a typical grandmother, had to feed us when we came over.

Pete never drove a car. 694 East 91st Street was their address. They had an apartment, I can still remember the number. After dinner sometimes we went for a walk, and Pete would say "Hi, Mrs. So-and-so." "Hi, Pete." He'd say hi to all the neighbors. People nowadays can live in the same building and not know who their neighbors are. Or care.

They had a railroad behind the house and he'd walk down the tracks to work and back every day. In those days a dollar was hard to come by, and there'd always be people hanging out by the tracks and he'd hand out a little bit here, and a little bit there, and tell them, "Go get a cup of coffee," but he knew what they'd do with it.

I remember Grandma saying, "Pete would you please pick up that bottle!" Next to his bed, he had a stain on the hard wood floor where he always set his bottle. And another one somewhere else. But he was so good to Grandma.

They lived just outside Euclid, and there was a big amusement park, and he would send me there. Pete would say, "Gene, do you want to go to the amusement park?" He couldn't go—he wouldn't be able to drink. And she couldn't get out. Well, she went shopping, but she couldn't go anywhere she had to walk. He'd call a cab for me and tell the driver to take me to Euclid, and then to come and meet me two hours later and make sure we knew where to meet, and give me some money to spend.

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Grandma was quite a cook, though. She would come to visit and I would come home from school and be hungry—I guess like all kids, like kids still are today. She and my mother would be fixing dinner, and Mother would say, “Go into the other room,” but Grandma would tell her, “Now, Jo, he’s hungry,” and give me something.

When we visited Uncle John and Aunt Marian, John used to say to me, “Let’s go to the dump and take Skippy for a walk”, and that little fox terrier was so quick, he’d catch a rat every time. And the dog just loved that. He’d shake it a couple times, and the rat would be dead.

My father said he was so lonely when he was young. His brothers were older. So he would go out and talk to the horse. I was always told that he lived on different farms when he was a boy. Those were bad years for him, after his mother died. He was working on a milk route, working on a dairy farm, and taking the milk to town when he met mother.

He didn’t know how to be a father. Mother did everything. She took the place of two. Of course he was working all the time. When I got up for school he was gone, and when I got home he wasn’t there. . . Even in later years, in the War, we just never hit it off with our Dad. It seemed like your father when he was a teenager was always having disagreements with him.

Uncle Gene had the original picture of Grandpa at 11. I noticed that the cardboard frame had indented in it, “Shaver Photo Works, Avoca.” I mentioned that Floyd Shaver must have been a photographer. That’s how we got those photos of Grandpa and of Uncle Hawley. When Grandma and I were looking over photos years ago, she had said of one of them, “Floyd Shaver took that picture.” I thought that was interesting. After all, she didn’t even meet Hawley until years after it had been taken.

One day they came up on a Sunday, and Don and I were throwing the ball around, and they said ‘Tell those boys to come in. They can’t play ball on Sunday!’

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I can remember Dad would take a stick and go into the bedroom when Don was in the crib. He wouldn't go to sleep. Don would just defy him.

But I never remember him hitting us. Dad didn't know how to handle us kids, all the punishment was from her. I remember my mother saying "Wait till your father comes home!" and my eyes would get big and I'd say, "Okay." Because I knew he wouldn't do anything.

The one time though, mother had a broom and was going to hit Don and he grabbed it and it broke. And then she was mad at him because her broom was broken.

The McKnights were a part of our family then. There were two McKnights on the street, and people were very close. Neighbors were closer in those days. Of course there weren't near as many houses on the street, and everybody knew each other. You never locked your doors, and when you visited, you just knocked and went in. "Did you have breakfast?" Mrs. McKnight would ask. "Well, sit down."

Next to McKnights' was a big field, and we'd go there and play ball. We lived for that. And at nine o'clock the mothers would call for their children to come in.

Things were much easier in those days. More pleasant. There's more stress now. It's the way life is. That's why you can't blame the way things are on the people.

We always had a car, and most people didn't. And on Sunday we'd get up and go to church, and I couldn't tell you how many people Dad got into that car. He was good like that. And then pick us up.

We had Thursday Scouts, at school, and I'd walk home from school and have dinner and sometimes ask my mother if Dad could drive me up to Scouts. It was two miles. And she'd say, "No he can't. And don't ask him." Well, he didn't have money for gas. So I'd walk up to school and back twice on Scouts night.

Don was always the last one to leave the house. He was never in a hurry to get to school. We were never close. Well, there was three years difference.

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There was a time when we were first married, he'd call and say "Let's take Dad out for a beer" and we'd go get a couple beers, and then stop at Palumbo's in Charlotte. Every time we'd end up getting something to eat. Your father always had an appetite. Dad never ate anything. I don't remember if he ever had anything when he went with us. One time Dad said, "Why don't we forget the beer and go right up to Charlotte."

Dad was always nervous, he was one of these (taps his fingers nervously on the table), and when he was driving he'd pull up to an intersection, and if he had to wait he'd say, "Well, the big parade is on." When Rick was about three, he was in the car once, in the back seat, and kind of standing up between the front seats and they got to the corner and a line of cars coming, and you said, "The big parade is on, Grandpa!" They said he looked at you and his face got red. He didn't know what to say.

Jean was from Spencerport, and her father had a farm. Jean said, "My father got up and milked the cows, and came in and had breakfast and then got the horses and went out on the farm. Just before Thanksgiving every year we killed a cow and a pig.

"Then we made corn beef and had salt pork, and my mother canned a lot of beef. I think in Holley there was a cold storage and my father took some up there. We had ten acres of grapes and a big garden. He rented out a lot of land to the neighbors."

Gene chuckled and asked Jean if she remembered, The first year we got married I got two pigs, and every day I'd come home and go get them. They'd get out of the barn and would be in the apple orchard. Then we took them up to Town Pump on Washington Street and they killed them. I remember your father saying to me, "Maybe you'll have a pig farm someday." But that was the extent of my farming."

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Aunt Doris was wearing an off white knit pullover sweater with a pastel pink and green flower print and a crucifix necklace. She had round-rim glasses with a gold frame, two rings on her right hand and a gold bracelet. In her early eighties, she was still active and healthy, and living in the house in Greece where she had been since getting married fifty-eight years earlier. Six years ago her husband had died, and her three sons all lived nearby and visited often. A few years earlier she had had serious arthritis in her back, but that has improved greatly.

We sat in the kitchen at her small round wood table. The floor was near-white linoleum with a square pattern and little gray diamonds in the corners of the squares. The walls had white ceramic tiles halfway up, with a black border. On the wall above the table was a print of a sleeping cat in a coffee cup, with the caption "I don't do mornings." A sort of tiffany lamp cover hanging from the ceiling over the table.

I asked how the children were and she said "Fine. Kathy [Brian's wife] was going to come down today. She does Mary Kay, and was going to show me how to do the makeup, but she must have gotten busy." After chatting awhile, we took out the photo album.

"I could recognize Great-grandma Eaton from that photo, because she always had her hair straight and pulled back, you could see her ears. Like she was trying not to look good. She was such a stern person, she never smiled. I remember my mother in later years took me to Bath to see her, and here I was a great-grandchild, and I don't think she ever acknowledged me.

We used to go up to Aunt Lona's, who lived next to Dad's. Margaret was there and her children, Mary and Betty and John.

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Mary used to call, and I got a card from her last Christmas. We were going to get together—I'll have to give her a call.

When I stayed with Uncle Hawley and Aunt Anna, Uncle Hawley worked downtown and walked to work. I would go to meet him, and he'd pick me up. There was a little store next door to them, a deli, and he'd say "I'm going to go next door to buy some ice cream," and he'd buy a pint for the three of us, the three flavored kind, and then cut it in three parts.

I wonder what happened to the girl who lived across the street—Jean Karnes—and we'd play. Aunt Anna had a subscription to *Lady's Home Journal* and we'd get the magazines together and cut out the paper dolls. (That made me think that I, Rick, used to go through the *McCall's* magazines in the sunporch at Grandma's when I was little and the adults talking in the kitchen, and cut out the Betsy McCall paper dolls and clothing.)

My Grandfather [Del] came to get me, and I remember them warming bricks and wrapping them in towels. They didn't have heaters in the cars.

Once when Aunt Anna visited us she was going to buy the meat, and said—these were the depression days—"We'll get some hamburg and make meatloaf. . . Now get a pound." And I just loved meatloaf, I said, "Oh couldn't we get a little more?" Then I could have more than one slice. She said, "We'll get a pound!" (Shaking her finger, with great strictness). Hamburg was ten cents a pound in those days.

We only had the two bedrooms downstairs, and I had to sleep with her. Agnes used to get a big kick out of the time she was with me and I heard Aunt Anna was coming, and went, "Oh, gee!" She said, "You're looking forward to that aren't you!"

Aunt Doris's house was comfortable, and very neat. She had invited Alice and me for dinner, and as we talked she went about the preparations. She warmed a dish in the microwave and said "I couldn't get along without it now. I have a lot of leftovers, and use it all the time." There were new light wood kitchen cupboards, a window over the sink looking out into the deep back yard. At the end of the cupboards by the kitchen table were four shelves with little items, mostly old china creamers.

A Word from the Children

When my parents first moved onto Chalford Road, the house was in the back, just a little garage house. And they brought it forward. Mom had so many friends on that street. In later years there weren't many of the neighbors from the old days around, but she met some of the new people. She didn't know Ida, but they went to the same church. And then Ida's husband died and Mom called her and said she'd like to come down to visit. That was Mom, she just took an interest in people. Of course there was Agnes, and Mrs. McKnight when we were kids. . . The McKnights made their house open to everybody.

Dad had that yellow and black Dodge, and a young kid flew right out of Britton Road on to Dewey and ran into him. The car was ruined, and I don't think he ever drove again.

I went to Thirty-eight School on Latta Road. It's apartments now. Near Lake. I went there till sixth grade. Then we went to Charlotte, and it was so old. I think it was history class we had to run from the old building to the new, until the new building was finished.

I missed her so, Gert (her sister-in-law). We used to see each other every day, just living down the street from each other. Then after she died, Aus lived alone for a few years. He had sugar and then went into a home and lost a leg. Then he lost the other one. Their son Dennis stops every year around Christmas, and his wife is so nice.

She [Gert] talked me into going to work at the school. She said I'd like it. I worked for seven years at Parkland School in the cafeteria, and then went to Lakeshore. I worked thirteen years in all. I liked it. I especially liked cashiering because you could talk to the kids and they'd tell me what they did on the weekends. I couldn't believe thirteen years went by so fast.

Now I belong to a craft club, and you hear the girls talking about their daughters-in-law. I'm really fortunate, all of my daughters-in-law are so nice. They hold the craft club in a church hall. We meet every Tuesday, and every once in awhile they bring somebody in who can teach different crafts. I'm not really a very 'crafty' person. I like to knit and crochet, and I take my things and have coffee. The next meeting we'll be having a pot luck dinner. Everybody brings a dish to pass. It's nice to get together.

A Word from the Children

When we first joined they had to turn people away, they could only let forty in. The last time there were nineteen. Some people have died, and some are in a home, and some have moved or just stopped coming. Lately I've been going up here on Wednesday to Bethany to play bingo.

She was wearing brown-gray slacks and matching shoes. Her hair is light light brown, waved, just to her ears, and she wore double hoop earrings.

Beth hired the firehall on Long Pond for the twins' sixteenth birthday, and they had a deejay. Hard to believe they're that old!

Yes—and Kelly is fourteen. Melissa is still going to school by Buffalo. The last time I saw her I asked how the studies were going, and she said okay, but I had the idea it's not easy for her. I'm just hoping she'll find something to do that she enjoys. I don't think it's easy to be a teacher.

We ate in the dining room. On the inside wall were built-in cupboards with knick-knacks. On one shelf was a radio-tape player, with a case of tapes by it. Pictures of her children and grandchildren throughout the house, a large display frame with maybe twenty photos next to the shelves.

There was an old cupboard on the north wall, a small low table built on a sort of lyre-shaped base on the south wall by the front window. "That little table, I thought we needed another table in the dining room when we first bought our furniture. I went up to Lauer's and bought that." Alice thought the style was Duncan Fife. In front of the window were old wooden stacking tables with an eighteen inch Christmas tree. We had a bit of difficulty turning the lights on.

The room had a gold-green verticle pattern wallpaper, and archways into the little front entryway. Rich beige carpet throughout. An old baroque oval mirror and a matching shelf under it in the entryway. In the dining room was an unframed mirror with baroque gold fluting on the corners and on the top center. Mahogany veneer furniture.

We had a couple cups of coffee after dinner. My husband didn't drink coffee or tea. There's something. . . 'friendly' about having coffee. We agreed.

A Word from the Children

We had Thanksgiving dinner here. I like doing it, but I get so tired! I guess it must be my age. So I just did a little bit at a time. I set the table the day before. There were nine here. I was expecting Melissa, but they had that big snowstorm in Buffalo the day before, and Brian said he didn't want her driving if the weather was bad. All the girls pitch in, they're a big help. Beth is so good. All the girls are. Tim plays football every Thanksgiving with some friends. He said he could come over here before or after that and help get the turkey ready, but I could do that. And Brian is great on cleaning up. "There's one in every family," Alice said, winking at me.

She was so nice. I just loved my Grandmother. I can remember when I was young thinking if anything happens to my Grandmother I'll feel so bad.

Pete Delaney. The more he drank, the more soft-spoken he got, and he'd get so quiet. He really didn't talk much. Pete took Jiggs for a walk in the park and he got mugged. And he always carried a lot of money with him.

Grandma said she would stay with him [her first husband] until the girls all left home, and then she left. Then she moved to Bath. They never had anything. With Pete, she had some things she never had. He was good to her.

Dad died a terrible death I think, not being able to breathe. I can see him in intensive care, and he couldn't get his breath. He couldn't get his breath and he couldn't speak. Then we left, and she didn't want to go. It was like she thought she wouldn't see him again. I remember him watching us as we left, following us with his eyes.

I think there's a plan, and things end up the way they're supposed to be.

I remember Don asking me how I was and I said my knees hurt in the joints, and he said, "Well stay out of those joints."

I asked her when Uncle Gene died and she went to get the Bible where Grandma had kept many different records, in order to be sure when it was.

"How did you meet?" I asked.

"I was visiting my friend Lorraine Herman, who lived right next to the Feeneys, and I was walking home and

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Gene stopped as he was driving by and asked if I'd like a ride. It was only a few houses away! But I said yes, and then he asked if I would like to go for a drink. I said I'd have to ask my mother, so we stopped and I told her 'One of the Feeney boys asked me out for a drink.' She said, 'Well, it better be Gene, because Aus has been going out with Gert for a long time.'

"Then Gene and I went together for a long time, and one day my mother said, 'You'd better ask him what his intentions are, because if he's not going to marry you, he's wasting a lot of your time!' So I asked him, and he said, 'I was trying to save up enough to make a down payment on a house.'

"The only thing around when we moved here was the one building on the west corner of Dewey and Britton, and it was a grocery store, and then a liquor store. It's been everything. Now it's empty." She laughed, slightly.

"When we got married, we had this house built. Mom saw a house on Stonecliff, and she said I think you would like it, and I went over and it was nice. Then mom said, 'I'll be she'd let us come in,' so I guess we went and knocked on the door. She showed us around, and we did copy the plans. It was just the kitchen we changed. They had a bathroom downstairs, but it took space from the kitchen and made it so small. So we just had the one bathroom, upstairs.

"The little room—I call it the tv room—I love it. I can fall asleep there very easily. It used to be the nursery, and then the kids' room. It was a bedroom in the house we modeled from."

A Word from the Children

Grandma had three children, Mil had none, and Marian had one daughter, Carole, who married the policeman Tony Day and had two daughters, Leanna and Lauren. Carole visited Grandma often, and after Grandma died, we visited occasionally.

"Aunt Jo was a great pie maker." she said as we were having lunch one day. "She put all the leftovers in, and then she'd put in custard as a filling. I asked her how many pies she made in her life and she said, 'Oh about two a week for fifty years or so.' She said custard was a great filling, it would go a long way.

I once mentioned to my mother, "Aunt Jo makes the best cookies." They were so thick. She said, "Aren't my cookies good?" But hers were so thick!

They were just destitute in the depression, Aunt Jo's family. The women got together to buy flour, and she made pies, put all the leftovers in them. My dad was one of the only civil servants the City didn't let go during the depression. He said he was his mother's sole support. Of course he had nine brothers. . .

I remember what Doris said when Don was born: "Mother, you're making such a fuss over the baby. Do you love him more than me?" She couldn't understand why her mother spent so much time with the baby.

She made coats for your dad and Uncle Gene out of. . . who gave her that material? She put the zippers in herself. She said. . . Oh I wish I could remember. . . It was from her mother. She said "Take this coat," and Aunt Jo said I can make two coats out of this with all the material. And she said "I tailored them for my boys and I put the zipper in." She was proud of that. I thought it was so

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ironic, because her mother had done the same thing for her and her sisters with the coats her brother sent them from Sing Sing. [Uncle Mart, who was a guard there.]

Carole also shared some memories of visiting her Grandmother Delaney (Charlotte Eaton), in Cleveland: St. Claire was the main street at the end of the street, and streetcars ran along it. The only meal I remember eating at Grandma Delaney's apartment in Cleveland was a chicken dinner, and she brought out a huge bowl of gravy with dumplings on top and mashed potatoes. It was a 4-family building. All the buildings on the street were brick, and the street itself was brick. Across the street were two-family flats. I went there when I was five or six, and she said, "There's a little girl I want you to meet." So I did, that was Florence Cudnick. They had a two-bedroom flat, and seven children I believe. They slept in bunk beds. Mrs. Cudnick was a lovely immigrant woman, very religious and devoted exclusively to her family. She took me under her wing, and we had the best time."

It was like a row of brick apartments with a few steps to the front door. In the back was a sort of porch. I remember getting up on the ledge of the porch and standing there for a long time, thinking, I want to jump off that ledge. It was high up, because you had to go up about six steps to get into their apartment. I thought, This will be the only time I'll do it. And then I did! It's funny how memories of little things like that stay with you.

I followed Grandma down to the basement when she shovelled coal into the furnace. She had asthma and was coughing, gasping and wheezing. I thought, How can she do this? I should be doing it for her. And she told me to stand back not to get dirty.

She said, "Thank God for Franklin Roosevelt—at least you will get social security." She loved Franklin Roosevelt, she thought he was the savior of the country.

She was always bringing in stray animals.

Grandma told us not to go to the park behind them, and of course that's where Florence and I wanted to go. There wasn't anywhere else around to play. So we went and there were two nude statues, and I thought that's why Grandma didn't want us to go there. Forty-five years later I was talking with Gene and he told

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me Pete was mugged there and his wallet stolen, and I realized that it wasn't because of the statues.

When my parents had their house on Castleman Road built in 1936 it was the last house in that neighborhood, and there was nothing around there. It was like country. In the Korean war, from 1950 to 1953, we had barracks, or row houses, on Castleman. The UofR had an intensive program to train doctors as fast as they could. My mother looked out and said "All I see is kids and dogs."

My mother gave me a ring when I was a little girl that said "EFA 1919." It didn't mean anything to me then, but now I realize it was her high school ring from Elmira Free Academy. I don't understand how she got the ring when she didn't have money for books.

My dad was very sick and was in the hospital for a straight year in traction, with osteomyelitis, and the day he came home from the hospital after being there for a year the dog went crazy, jumping around all night. He couldn't get to sleep, with the dog jumping on the bed. Skippy stayed with Gene for that year and slept in bed with him.

I remember that restaurant they had on Thurston Road. Your Grandmother said that the work was exhausting, there was no air conditioning, no dish washer. They would serve the last drink at two a.m., and the last hangers-on would stay till three or so. They'd be washing dishes at three. We went there many times.

"Yes, there's Grandpa," she said, looking at the photo of Fred Argus at Gene's wedding. "This is how I remember him, with the hat, the jacket, the hankie, and the one eye. He had blue eyes, but you could tell he was blind in that one eye. Whenever I go to Bath I look and can see Fred walking down the street. I can see him walking down the street waving to us as we left. He lived in a converted garage, and it had a woodburning stove in the center. Maybe the converted garage was in the back. Then he moved in the boarding house in the front. I sat there in his bedroom and it had a curtain across it. He didn't have a door, and he had the violin under the bed. He was on the main floor. It was an old big

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house. There were several bedrooms off the main entranceway. I felt sorry for him living in that connected garage.”

Looking at a picture of Aunt Mil, she laughed. “My hair was always blond, you just don’t remember,” she quoted. I picked Mil up from the airport coming in from Florida, in April 1984. My daughter was in seventh grade. It was cold here and she got off the plane in white vinyl pants and open-toed sandals, complaining about the cold: “What am I doing here?” We were talking and I said, “I see you’re a blond now,” and she said, “My hair was always blond, you just don’t remember.” I chuckled about that all the way home.

Those pies! “Oh, two a week for fifty years or so.”

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"Well, who's here?" Grandma said as she stood on the steps of her high-gloss gray painted entryway and opened the side screen door for me. "Did you come down on the bus?" Her white hair was neatly curled, and she was wearing large round bifocals, thin lenses, and silver half-frames.

"Hi Grandma! Yep, to Britton Road and walked over."

"Come on in. I looked for you to get here just about this time. Put your things in the other room. Dinner's just about ready."

"It's good to see you," I said and kissed her cheek.

Her yellow kitchen was no more than ten feet by ten feet, and had very little counter space. When half opened, the door at the top of the three steps pushed against one of the two chairs at the kitchen table. A skeleton key was inserted in the inner side.

"There's some papers on the dining room table there I want you to take a look at," she said. "That lady in Bath wrote back earlier this week, and I was waiting for you to come up so we can make sense of them."

I went into the dining room. It was small too, just big enough for the mahogany table and a narrow passage between it and the cabinets and small stands against the wall. The room had wallpaper of a pale yellow-green bouquet print on an off-white background, and windows to the north and west. The north window was too high to look out of. To the left as you walked in was the passage to the living room, a six-foot opening ringed with the gumwood trim used throughout the house.

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There were several sheets of handwritten paper, a couple of them small scrap pieces, sitting on the envelope. The table, with its curved and grooved legs, was seldom used for meals anymore. On the yellowing lace tablecloth were a few photos and a recent department store purchase, along with the centerpiece fruit bowl from her Grandmother Eaton.

She came in to make sure I'd found the material. Wearing a polyester dress with small black and white checks, and an apple pin in the left collar. Earrings, as always. She said that the first thing her mother did every day was put in her earrings, and Grandma was the same way. These were a small gold rose. "How's your mother?" she asked.

"Good. They're going to an antique show tomorrow."

"Oh, I'm sure they'll enjoy that. Marie and I used to visit different shops in the country. She was with me when I found this creamer." She picked up a six inch brown and white pitcher in the shape of a moosehead. There were over a hundred creamers of all sizes and shapes throughout the house. Most were in this room, crowded on glass shelves in the high north window, and in the glass-doored bookcase on the south wall next to the wide opening. I looked up at the creamers, and then over to the old glass-door cabinet to the left of them.

She noticed my glance, and said, "There's lots of antiques here! That square sauce dish came from Germany with Grandma Argus. The glass butter dish next to it—Aunt Anna took me to the attic in her house, she had the milk pail and that, and I don't know what else from Hawley's grandmother, and gave them to me. I think I had been married only a year or so. The Corning cut glass creamer and sugar bowl were from Aunt Anna, too. I was there on my birthday and she had them sitting on my plate, she never said a word. . . I'll bet you'd like a cup of coffee while you're looking over that material."

"That sounds great," I said. I took the papers to the living room and sat in the cushioned chair that had been re-covered in a rough pale lime fabric. There was a round dark red wood table at the right, with a tall ceramic lamp. Under the lamp was a lace doily. I took out my pocket-sized notebook and set it on the table.

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“Well I tell ya, I think this is going to be fascinating,” she said as she came in a couple minutes later. “Some of the queerest names. . .” We drank instant coffee out of rectangular cups with rounded edges, with a turquoise phoenix bird on the side.

She had written away to Mrs. Springer, the Steuben County Historian, for some information about our ancestors, and had gotten a response a few days before. The sheets were all written somewhat haphazardly, lists of names, locations, and dates copied from census records. My first thought was, This is not going to be any help. But then I began to find names I knew next to other names or dates I didn’t.

“There was something here that tickled me. I know there was some Bronsons, and I remember them living in the Valley. . . I wrote her the letter, and also to send me the charges, and she doesn’t say a word. Here she’s got something written. You can figure it out a lot better than I can.”

I started going through the sheets, and she went into the kitchen to look after the food.

“I’m so disgusted,” she said as she returned. “I had two nice paring knives, and I lost the one just this last week. That leaves me without any paring knives that amount to anything.”

“Now, what would you do with a paring knife?”

“I must have put it somewhere. I hope I didn’t throw it out with the parings.”

By the time dinner was ready, about twenty minutes later, I was still going through the information.

“Well, you can take that literature there and when you get it straightened out as to who’s who, I’d be glad to know.” She went to the oven and took out a pan with pieces of chicken on it and set it on the stove. “I’ll just stick it in to get a little brown. I put something different on it and it didn’t get very brown. I just love chicken. I wish the boys had come. I made plenty.”

Beside chicken, we had macaroni salad with egg and sliced olives and beans. We used her everyday china, lovely old plates with a pale green and yellow design. The glaze was cracked into

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intricate patterns. Her chair was very close to the stove. There was hardly any room between her chair and the metal cabinet behind her, and the oven right next to that. Her kitchen is just big enough for a little gray formica-top table that folded down on two sides. The side by the outer wall was always folded down.

We spent a lot of time at that table. The formica had a pattern with little black squiggly lines. It had thin chrome legs, slightly curved, with two cane seated chairs with green pads. A double window with orange voile curtains faced to the north, looking across the driveway to the neighbor's house, which had originally belonged to the Bogarts. An oil lamp converted to electricity swung out over the table on a sculpted brass extension. The room is filled with knick-knacks, gifts from three children, fourteen grandchildren, and now there are five great-grandchildren. A miniature coffee cup and saucer with "Florida" on it in blue letters, colored plastic (faux stained glass) birds in three of the window sections. On the top of the window sill a little ceramic watering can and a translucent green creamer. She had a metal tray on a board outside the window with birdseed. Although cooking was not one of Grandma's talents, the chicken wasn't bad, and I accepted another piece when she offered.

Dinner being finished, she went over to the placemat-sized counter of gray linoleum to the right of the sink to get our dessert. "This is a sour cherry pie, and I just love them. They take a lot of sugar. Like rutabaga pie. Uncle Hawley was here one time and he said there wasn't enough sugar you could add to make a rutabaga pie taste good. . . . But I think this'll be okay. Depending on how it is, we'll see whether we offer Mil a piece later."

"It's fine," I munched.

"I had some cherries frozen and I wanted to get them out of my refrigerator. So this morning I got them out and made that little cherry pie. That's the first pie I've made in a year. I'm not a very good cook anymore. . . . Oh, I wish I knew what I did with my good paring knife. I lost my good one, and then when Aunt Marian went over to the home she gave me one, and now I've lost that one."

"Not many places it could go."

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"I guess not," she said, surveying the room. We finished dessert, and she did the dishes. She never wanted me to help, though some times she'd let me dry. Then we turned our attention back to genealogy. "When I was going over that information, I got out that picture of my mother when she was young. Did you see it on the dining room table?"

"Mm-hmm."

She went to get it. "She must have had nice clothes judging from that picture, and knowing my Grandfather Eaton. He probably saw to it. He must have thought she was the only thing that ever happened. I know I have that pin, that gold brooch. I think she was just such a pretty girl, much nicer than my Grandmother, who was so stern looking. Of course I never saw her with curly hair. Their hair is like they wear now. . ."

"I never had a picture of my Grandfather Argus, but my Aunt Katherine painted one of both her parents and they used to have easels, and she had it sitting on an easel in the parlor. It seemed to me he was sort of short, a heavy built man."

As we made more connections, we grew quieter, concentrating on the information from the County Historian. "This one kep' a tavern," she said, pointing to one name. "John Yost and Jacob Yost kep' a tavern too. . . This is very nice of her. I should send her something. It would have to be money. What do you think would be right?"

"Ten dollars. Or five dollars."

"You figure out what's right. It must take quite a lot of time to do all this. . . I'd love to go to Cameron and look at all these cemeteries."

"I see Sprague was a Captain in the war of 1812."

"Well that would have to go back. My great-grandfather was in the Civil War. So you'd have to figure out. What war?"

"1812."

"Ha! Just think of that. . . Now here's a name I recognize."

"What's that?"

"That my mother had told me about somebody by the name of Anabel. . . Oh, she copied a lot of this of other people. I see she just has these two names marked here that. . . This B. Eaton was

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born in New Hampshire and came here in 1849 and settled in the Gulf. I don't know where that is. Somewhere near Thurston. Now that has to be my grandfather's father, because he married late. . . Oh yes. . . and had two children. That's my grandparents." She held the papers up closely in front of her eyes. "And he came to Cameron around 1849, and in 1852 he was assessed a hundred acres. Isn't that funny? And he married Yost, born in 1814.

"And the Sprague family, (she chuckles) nearly two hundred years. Isn't that something? Here he married this woman's name was Salome. Isn't that something! . . . Y'know I was so dumb, I would give anything if I had asked my mother about this. All I remember is her mentioning these names." After another moment, still engrossed in the papers, she said, "I was supposed to be named after my grandmother Phena. I guess my mother didn't have the courage to name me Tryphena, so she called me Josephine. None of us girls were given a middle name when we were born."

Although the door was open, it was warm inside. Grandma, of course, never had air conditioning. Outside, it was a pleasant western New York evening when the days are longest. We decided to leave the genealogy and go out to the back. Grandma got a folding lawn chair and set it in the shade.

"Do you mind getting up on a ladder? I've got a little job you could do for me later. My gutter last week with all the rain was running over, maybe you could take a look at it. I don't know what it could be: Brian cleaned all the gutters out last fall and again this spring. And then there's an evergreen out front that has a branch falling away. I thought we could take a string and tie it to the main stem."

After a few minutes she said the breeze was a little cold on her back, and moved the chair to the sun. She put her feet up on the picnic table bench and sat with her hands clasped on her lap, eyes closed. White polished shoes. Her hair, a bit thin, was tinted a shiny silver-blue and curled. She wore a watch with a gold band, and had fine silver-colored hair along her upper lip. June bugs swarmed around, hitting the leaves, sounding like rain falling. "Now it's funny, she said. "John Sprague was in that war, and his

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grandson was in the Civil War, and his grandson Lester was in World War I, and his children were all in the second World War. All four of them, I think.” Then after a couple minutes, “Eight generations! . . . Grandmother Trowbridge told me they traced back their family to a Bartholemey or Bartholemew in the Revolutionary War.” I had heard this story many times. “She had nine solid silver teaspoons they had purchased in the Revolutionary war, and after Aunt Anna died they got lost. . . I wonder what happened to their house down there. . .

“I wouldn’t take anything for the life we had when we were kids, because it was the country, and we had the fields and the farms. We didn’t have much, but it was a case we didn’t know any different. Charlie Slater’s last letter, he said ‘Your Grandmother Argus didn’t have a very easy life.’ And she didn’t. She was a hard working woman. She used to work in the fields with the men. I don’t know if she told me this, but the family. No, Grandma didn’t tell me much, she was old, and we didn’t see her a lot when we went over. Aunt Katherine told me she never knew her mother much, she wasn’t around. She pulled brush in the fields. She used to walk downtown with eggs and butter and turn them in for other things.

“You know, nobody in my family lived as long as I have. Not one of them. What do you lay that to? I know what I lay it to: walking. When I was going to school, I walked two miles each way.”

Next door, Mil is just coming back from her shopping trip with Agnes. Agnes’ eight year-old grand-daughter comes over carrying a plastic shopping bag.

“Hi Amy,” Grandma greeted her. “Oh, you got my shampoo. How much do I owe you? [\$3.73] Let me go see if I have change.” Amy followed Grandma and came back with a cookie. She ate it and said she liked it well enough that she could eat another. A few minutes later, a boy of about four in a navy tee shirt with a number on it came over, following his father, and stood hesitantly by the side of the house.

“Well, Robbie, you woke up!” Grandma said, putting her arms around and hugging him. “Did you fall asleep in the car?”

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"I can't remember."

"Are you awake enough to eat a cookie?"

"I'm awake enough to eat a cookie!" he said shyly, being polite.

"I'll get you one."

"What did you do to deserve a treat?" his father teased him.

"Here you are. Oh, I'd better get one for Larry. Will you give this one to Larry when you get home?"

It was warm and still sunny. There had been a few clouds around noon, but it was all clear now, around seven. There was the constant whistling of birds, fluffs from the cottonwoods carried through the near-still air. Occasionally a child's voice from down the street.

In the garden the poppies and iris and snowballs were gone. Hydrangea weren't out yet, but all the border beds against the rusted wire fence in between Grandma's and Agnes' yards were green and full and bright with lemon lilies and purple wild flowers. Rhubarb in the corner by the grape vines. Yellow marigolds around the stump of a snowball tree that had been cut down years ago. The bed behind the house held a giant red rose bush, Japanese keria, and yellow and purple wild flowers.

After Aunt Mil finished helping Agnes take her purchases inside, she came over. She was wearing a salmon colored blouse and tan slacks. Slender, and looking younger than her years with her Florida tan, she had oversized glasses, and short, well-coifed hair.

She tapped me on the shoulder. She enjoyed company, and like Grandma was easy to visit with. "Well, how are you Rick? Awful nice to see ya."

"Good to see you! How's Agnes?"

"Oh, she has a lot of trouble getting around. We managed. Did Grandma feed you?"

"Yep. We saved you some sour cherry pie."

"Oh, mercy, I couldn't eat another thing. We stopped down at the Crossroads for dinner and I couldn't even finish that. I had chicken, and they brought me a big salad, and a potato, and the plate was like this." She demonstrated the size of the serving with

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both hands. She added, "Agnes had the meatloaf and finished it all."

"Well at least you didn't go away hungry."

"Ha! I hope t' tell ya! How are you, Jo?" she said clasping her hands behind her back and leaning forward a bit. She had a way of moistening her lower lip that seemed to convey a message something like, 'This is all in fun.'

"Oh, I'm okay. Just enjoying the cool breeze."

"Uh-huh. That's nice. . . ." Mil nodded, with a sort of playful expectancy. A moment later she looked at her watch and said, "Let's go in, *Love Boat's* starting!"

"Oh, I don't know. It's so nice out here. I think I'll sit for awhile."

"Well I'm going in. Don't you want to see it?" She moved the red metal chair she had been leaning on an inch to the side. "Jo, did you know you have a chair here that needs to have one of those strips of fabric put in?" Brings it over.

"Mil, would you put that back, I don't want to see it. There's been so many jobs with the painting, I don't want to think about it."

"Just thought you'd like to know," Mil said, shrugging and raising her eyebrows to me, still with a playful look.

After Mil went in, Grandma said, "One day I got ambitious and scraped all the paint off the windows in the garage and painted them, and around there on that bottom board—see where it's rotted—and dug all the dirt out around it. I thought if the dirt was away it wouldn't rot anymore, and then I gave it two coats of paint."

After a few minutes we got up and joined Mil in the living room. Soon we were engrossed in the world of cruises, romance, and humor.

"She's still in love with him," Grandma commented. "You know me, sit here and have the stories all figured out."

"Look at the fun they're having on that ship. Wouldn't that be great," Mil said.

"Square dancing, I'll say so."

"That's Kathy's room I'll bet."

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At a funny line, they'd laugh and Grandma would turn around in her chair to me. She was sitting in the chair closer to the teevee in order to hear better.

—“Kathy, this ring is non-returnable, so if you don't say yes, I'm out eleven dollars.”—

“Be beautiful on a boat, wouldn't it, like that?”

The living room was about ten by sixteen feet with two recovered armchairs, a small green sofa with a cover over the cushions, three throw pillows on it and two more perched on the back, and another chair with polished wooden arms and patterned cover next to the teevee. There were pictures on each wall but the front, where the front door and a window took up almost all the space. And that wall had a little tropical landscape in silhouette that Gene had brought back from the navy. Behind the green chair was a pastel by her Aunt Katherine of a cowboy on a horse, riding straight toward the viewer. The front door, of dark wood, was paneled and seldom opened, with a fan window at the top. The room was a little dark. The front window had an awning, and cyprus bushes grew up to the casing outside. Light to the side window was filtered by a thin curtain, and another eternally guardian cyprus close to the house, and eastern light was blocked by the extension of the sun parlor.

On the wall above the teevee there was a watercolor painting of a vase with daisies painted by her Aunt Katherine. Next to this picture the double-width opening to the dining room, and a three foot high chest that held her photos, and on it wedding pictures of two of her grandchildren, a bud vase and a glass candle-holder, all gifts. Next to that a lower oval table on which was her radio, which she never played. On top of it was a copy of a praying hands sculpture.

After the show they both went to finish cleaning up the kitchen, and I tagged along, always ready for another cup of coffee. Mil carried the frying pan over to the sink in little loud steps. “Grandma Eaton.”

“Did she used to walk like that?”

“Sure. She'd trot.”

“Never saw her sit down. Always on the go. Always something to do.”

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Mil: "Take your spiders out of there."

"Well, if that isn't an old-fashioned expression she used to say." She explained to me: "That's what they used to call a frying pan."

"Did Johnny [my brother] go to the races?" Mil asked.

"Yep. He went to Oswego, and then he's going to Saratoga Springs for a rock concert."

"Oh, what kind of races?"

"They call them super-modifieds."

"Horse races?"

"Cars."

She took a cardboard package whose contents we had finished up, dropped it on the floor, and carefully stepped on it a few times. "You do this to your boxes and you can fit more in the bag."

"Oh yeh? I thought you did it because you enjoyed it."

I went downstairs to get something from the fruit cellar, and when I came back up they had an old yardstick and asked me to measure them. I did, against the refrigerator. Grandma was four foot ten, Mil five foot one and a-half.

"I know I'm taller than that, darn it. Everybody down in Florida, I told them I was five three and a-half, so I guess I lied."

The cloth Mil used to clean the table was just a rag. Grandma stepped out of the room for a moment, and Mil said, "I brought a pack of paper towels up. She used one sheet till it wore out and the rest got put away somewhere."

When Grandma returned, she was holding a little dowel. "I don't know what this stick is. It has a slit in it." She held it out to Aunt Mil, who took it and examined it and then handed it back. "I'm going to get rid of it." Then she said, following a thought association that I didn't follow, "Did I ever tell you about the time—this house was a great runway for the kids. Around the hall and kitchen you can make a circle. I don't know if Gene was born yet. Your father got running around and around and finally he ran his head right on the doorframe. I was upstairs, but Doris was always a little mother and before she called me she laid Don out on the daybed and put a cloth over his head."

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"Seems like something was always happening with your kids."

"He was an awful baby to take care of."

"Who?"

"Don. Cried all the time. He was born with a rupture, and a couple times he fell and it came out. I had a truss for him. I just wonder where he got his disposition from. I never figured that out."

"Oh look, Jo, here's Doris."

Grandma went to the kitchen window and peered out. "Oh yes, she said she was going to stop by before they left on vacation."

"Oh hello Rick," Doris said when she came in. "I thought you might be outside, it's so nice out."

"We were, until *Love Boat* came on."

"Oh, that's right. I know you couldn't miss that." She looked at me and gave me an expression that said something like, "How cute." She was dressed in peach shorts and a print peach tank top. She wore oversize bifocals, and had two rings on her right hand and white earrings, a gold necklace.

"Are you ready for your trip?" Aunt Mil asked.

"I was finishing packing, and thought I'd better get over here before it got too late." Every year she and her children's families rented a cabin in the Adirondacks. "The only thing we have to do is take the dog to the doctor at 10:30. . . I don't know, in the shape he's in to leave him with anybody, and then they say to board him. He's just too much of a problem now. I'm just hoping the doctor will say to put him to sleep."

"I remember when Mamma had her little dog put to sleep. They told me that when Pete came home from work she didn't have any dinner on the table."

"She loved that little dog," Mil remembered. "It was hard for her to walk it every day, though. As she got older, she got so heavy."

"Grandma Eaton's Grandmother, that would be Mamma's Great-grandmother, was stout," Grandma said. Then she added, as

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the thought occurred to her, “And Grandma’s Mother-in-law lived with them and smoked a clay pipe. Can you imagine her having somebody who lived with her who smoked?”

Doris said, “I remember going there in Bath in the house the other side of the fairground and we sat in the dining room because nobody went into the living room. There was the table and straight chairs, and I can remember Grandpa because he talked to us, but she was busy in the kitchen.”

“How’s your family?” I asked.

“Oh everybody’s fine—Melissa’s ten months old today,” she said, and rested her chin on her hand. “I didn’t think to bring my purse over with the latest pictures. The boys love her. They can throw her around now.”

Grandma laughed and sat forward on her chair. “Judy called today,” Doris continued. “She and Albert are leaving for vacation tomorrow too.”

Grandma explained to me, “That’s the neighbor’s relative—or they used to be our neighbors. You know Agnes’ house, and this one here, and the one on the other side, are the oldest houses on the street. And the first ones who lived on the other side were named Bogart, and he worked in the Reed Glass factory. Your Grandfather would take him to work. They didn’t have any children, but their nephew Leland came to live with them. Now he’s gone, but Doris is good friends with his wife Judy.

Doris said, “He was a farmer and he would go outside every morning about the time Dad did, and look up at the sky and say”—she drawled slowly—“Well, I guess it’ll be a good day today.” Dad used to mimic him.”

Grandma laughed again. “After that article in the paper, I had a note from her.”

“That’s nice.”

“And Pat sent me a note, too. Did I tell you I got a Mother’s Day card from Pat?” she asked me. That was my father—Don’s—second wife. She went to the dining room to get it. “This card says it all: ‘I really do love you a lot and miss seeing you and hearing from you, regardless of the pain over the past few years. I was so thrilled to see that article about you in the paper—how proud you

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all must be over the communication of love that it shows. Congratulations! Pat'

"I remember that time I went there to visit them. I used to take Donnie out for a walk every day, in a cart they had, when she was at work. He was about a year old. Pat was taking him to a nursery school and she said 'I'll keep on unless you want to have him.' So I'd give his bath and feed him and take him for a walk. Then he'd take a nap and I'd read to him. Norah was going to nursery school. I'd like to see that house again before your father sells it."

Doris looked at her watch: "Oh, I've got to get going. I just wanted to see you before leaving."

After Doris left, Aunt Mil picked up the tv-insert from the newspaper. "How come Lawrence Welk isn't on tonight? You like that, don't you?" she asked me.

"I think they were having something special on tonight."

"Well, that's nice. Did you call Marian and tell her?"

"Oh yes, I called her after dinner."

"And don't forget to take your pills." Mil picked up one of the bottles on the kitchen table and set it down again. "Here. Do you want them now?" She picked it up again.

"As soon as I finish up here." She turned to me, and said, "She waits on me. I don't know what I'd do—"

"Well, just be quiet, I'm not a nurse yet. . . I wanted to be when I was young, though."

"She went into training," Grandma told me.

"Yep. But I was going with a boy then and I didn't want to be tied down." She continued, "I remember that time I came back here to have an operation to have my tonsils out and I got off the train and had a little blood here—"she ran a finger along the side of her mouth—"and Jo fainted right away."

"Well I got over that. My kids all had serious sickness. But I fainted again when you had your arm set in Bath."

"I was here when you were treating Doris' ear," Mil went on.

"Mastoid."

"Oh my, that was awful. I was here when you were taking her to the hospital."

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"That girl suffered for ten people. Babe took us to the hospital a lot, because I had no way to get around, and she'd just draw her knees up. . . ." Grandma, cleaning up while she talked, leaned over in front of Mil to replace a glass, forcing her to get out of the way quick. "Never mind me!" Mil said, pointedly.

"Never mind me, I'll go in rags," Grandma recited. "I don't know what brought that on, but that's another song Dad used to get off."

"You know if you'd quit talking and let me finish, you could go into the other room and spend some time with Rick."

"I'm all done." She hung the towel back on the oven handle.

"My work is done, why wait."

"Oh murder!" Mil exclaimed.

We went to the living room and after chatting for a couple minutes, Grandma said she had a photo album I probably hadn't seen. She pulled her chair over and opened the drawer in the oval table. Mil came into the room and began going through the paper. On top in the drawer was a little box mailed to Grandpa on Cady Street when he was taking ICS courses, from the Technical Supply Company. "And I've got matches from Spain when I was over there." Another box, six by ten inches. Some old straight pens. Old pencils, a green crayon. Another mechanical pencil, "from Dad when he worked at Fannon's." An old memo book, leather case, with an insertible pad, and 1929 calendar, H.S. Pettibone in gold on the cover. A pocket magnifying glass. Another address book, old. In the front cover was written 'Don came home from Guam Feb 18, 1946.' "I'm going to throw these things away now."

On the bottom was a thin old photo album bound with string and she turned through the pages.

"My father's main object in life was having a good time and making music," she commented as we looked at a picture of him. Mil, who had joined us, laughed.

"Let me see," she said.

"I wonder how they met, my mother and father. He lived on one side of North Urbana Hill, and she lived on the other. I guess it might have been at the Grange dances. My mother told me she belonged to the Grange when she was young and attended all their

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affairs. She went out with Uncle Charley a few times before she went out with my father”

“Well at least I know how you and Grandpa met.”

“Oh yeh, over by the old mill stream.”

“There’s Aunt Kate.”

Mil said, “Oh dear, oh dear. I was so mad at her!”

“I know for years she didn’t have any kind of income.”

“She, when I married Win, she asked me not to get married,”

Mil said, and added, “We were married on Decoration Day.”

Grandma pointed to another photo. “My mother gave that chest to me when we got married, and I carried it to Buffalo, and to Hempstead, then back to Savona and Rochester, and then I got rid of it. And it was hers! I could kick myself now, all those things.

“And I had your Grandfather’s old razor, I kept it long after he died, and then I threw that out. I’m having trouble with my voice talking,” she said, putting her fingers to her throat. Usually, when she spoke, Grandma made her throat tight so her voice was a little constricted and hoarse, instead of passing easily through a relaxed throat.

“It’s tension, I know it is, because I can start out okay in the morning, and as the day goes on, it gets bad. But it’s no joking matter, it shuts my throat up.”

“In all these years I haven’t dreamed about Grandpa (Hawley) until a few nights ago when I dreamed about him, that he took me by the hand and said, ‘Come on with me,’ and led me apart from some other people.”

“I dreamed of Win once,” Mil said. “I was in a field. Here was a hill, and a hill on the other side, covered with grass, real lovely, and in the middle a valley, and I was in the middle and looked over and saw John Temmerman lying stretched out, just lying peaceful, and I went over and wanted to talk to him. He put his finger over his mouth, not to say anything, and then I looked and there was Win walking down the other hill, in a brown silk suit. . . and he looked so nice.”

Grandma: “I dreamed just the other night about my pocket book and I was going somewhere and couldn’t find it. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve had that dream. I’ve also dreamed about

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packing my suitcase and I can't get it filled, and I'm packing it and packing, and can't get the things in."

Grandma said that she and both her sisters lacked only a few months of celebrating their fiftieth anniversary. Hawley died January seventeenth and they would have been married fifty years that May sixth; Win died January twenty-fourth, and they would have been married fifty years that May thirtieth. And Marian's husband, John, died just a couple months before their fiftieth anniversary.

"Oh, I remember that day," Mil said. "We had just got in, back from Florida, and Win said, 'Don't unpack anything, we have to go to Rochester—John passed away.' We'd just gotten in from driving fifteen hundred miles." She was quiet for a moment. "It's funny how things turn out. I never thought I'd be living in a trailer in Florida. You know what I want on my grave?"

"Don't tell me. A mountain ash."

"Yes! I think they're so pretty. Even if it's just a little one." She held her hand out about three feet off the ground. "And all the birds can come and eat the berries. Win bought me one in Michigan and it was beautiful. The birds would come all the time."

"Don't you wonder about the afterlife?" I asked Grandma.

"I guess we're supposed to believe in an afterlife," she replied without interest.

We looked through some letters from dad, and mom, and she told the story of her trip to Watkins Glen with Clifford, Lilly, and Hawley, the 4th of July. "Lilly packed the lunch. We rented a livery, from the livery stable. . . . That Clifford Jenkins was so full of hell. He did the darnedest things. Did I tell you his father told him he couldn't take the horse out, because he'd been using it, and he spread horse blankets down until he had gotten it out of hearing and then he hitched it up. And he opened the window of the school and we climbed in when the door was closed."

"I told you about Mil fell out of the cherry tree. And then she jumped across the creek in Penn Yan (that was at the Carey's) and didn't make it, and cut her head open again. She was a tomboy. I remember Mrs. Carey. I liked her daughters so much, one of them was my best friend, Beatrice. Once her mother told her 'I like Jo,

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she can come over, but Mildred is too much of a tomboy.” She closed up the drawer.

“Well, that’s just the way I was,” Mil said. Then she remembered that she still had to put the freshly cleaned sheets on her bed. Grandma said she was tired and laid down on the sofa, and I wrote in my notebook.

“Oh how nice to have a place to lay your weary head. I tell you, I appreciate my home.” After a moment she added, “And I can see the shadow of the sun coming up in the backyard, and I stand there and look at it lately and think, How pretty.” And then, after a couple minutes, she said, “You know you can forget what you did yesterday, but I can recall years ago around here as clear as anything. I can see Janet in that high chair out in my kitchen, how she used to raise the tray and let the cereal rise up till it came down on her head. You were staying here, waiting for the house to be ready on Post Avenue. . .

“Do you remember that great big log on Post Avenue your father put across the creek? He wanted to show what he could do, his strength, so he picked it up and moved it himself. You used to walk across it on that creek. You were going to build me a shack. Remember? You told me you were going to build me a shack by the creek so I could live by you.”

Mil came out and said, “Come on, Jo. Are you going to stay up all night?”

“No ma’am,” Grandma replied, and swung her feet to the floor. “I usually stay up to watch the eleven o’clock news, but I think I’ll go to bed early tonight.” She went into the kitchen to take a pill, and the two of them straightened up a bit and got things ready for the morning. Mil said, “What’s that song, ‘I’ve got plenty of—’?”

Grandma: “Nothing.”

Mil: “And nothing’s—”

“Plenty for me.”

“Well for goodness sake, why don’t you sing? You know it better than me.”

“Oh I can’t sing.”

“Isn’t that funny, you could never sing?”

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“I don’t think it’s funny,” Grandma replied.

I looked at my watch. “Well, I guess it’s time,” I said and went up stairs. Mil and Grandma usually exchange a few words before retiring. Tonight I hear Mil: “Goodnight, sister. Who’s that sound like?”

Grandma: “Yes, Miss Parker.”

Mil breaks into her sudden burst of laughter: “*Ah-hah!*”

* * *

Grandma's Recipes

[She had a scrap book with a number of recipes that she'd had all her married life, and I went through it one day and selected some things that she pointed out.]

Gingerbread

"Delicious"

½ cup shortening

½ cup molasses

½ cup sugar

Throw in a little salt, half tsp. cinnamon and ginger

1 ½ cups flour

1 level tsp. baking powder

1 egg

level tsp. soda

½ cup boiling water.

Mix together.

Apple dumplings

A biscuit dough rolled out thin, put a cored quartered apple, then bring up each corner and pinch it, and bake it. It takes about 45 minutes, I think.

For the topping, 1 teaspoon cornstarch. Thicken with flour. 1 cup of milk or more. About 1/3 cup of sugar. A little piece of butter and some vanilla. You have to stir every moment so it doesn't burn.

Recipes

Bran muffins

“Oh boy are they ever good!”

2 tblsp shortening

¼ cup sugar

1 egg

1 cup sour milk (put a tsp. vinegar in sweet milk and let it stand awhile, it's just as good)

a cup of all-bran (cereal)

cup of flour

½ tsp. soda

tsp. baking powder

½ tsp. salt

If sweet milk is used, omit soda and use 3 tsp. baking powder.

Chili con carne

“That's good.”

1 large onion, sliced

Fry 1 lb. hamburger

Add can kidney beans

½ can tomatoes

season with hot red pepper

That's a real good recipe in the wintertime.

Grandma Delaney's Mulligan

½ lb cooked wide noodles

1 lb ground beef, fried

3 onions fried

Now when I do things like this I fry the onions first.

Add can of corn.

Can of tomatoes

Put in layers and pour tomato juice over the top and bake an hour.

Recipes

Corn chowder

“I just love this in the winter. Did I give you the recipe?”

3 tbs salt pork or bacon. I like the bacon.

Small onion

3 large potatoes thinly sliced

2 cups cooked corn

tsp. salt

½ tsp. pepper

quart of milk

That makes a thick chowder, but you have to add then 2 tblspns flour (mix up with a tblspn milk first so it's not lumpy.)

Fry pork, add onion, cook until tender; add potatoes with 1½ cups boiling water; cook until tender (sic). Then you add the corn, seasonings and milk and bring to a boil. Moisten the flour with a tblspn cold milk and add, stirring well, cook 3 minutes.

Coleslaw

“Here's my coleslaw recipe that I just love and I make quite often instead of cabbage salad.”

Mix tsp dry mustard

½ cup sugar

tsp salt

add ¼ cup vinegar

2 tblsp melted butter or oil

dissolve over heat (keep stirring) and cool before using on chopped cabbage. After it's cooked, add tsp celery seed. Don't forget that celery seed, that's what makes it.

“I remember making that when Marian and John were here and he loved it. He said that's the best way to make cabbage.”

Sweet potato snowballs

Mold cooked, mashed, seasoned sweet potatoes into balls. Top each with half a marsh mallow and a pineapple chunk. Bake until marshmallows melt and chunks turn golden brown.

Recipes

Jeanie's Christmas cookies

"They're good!"

1/3 cup sugar

2 cups oleo (2 sticks)

1 egg

3 ½ cups flour

1 tsp baking powder

2 tablespoons water

mix and chill to roll

Carmel nut cookies

1 cup soft shortening

2 cups brown sugar

2 eggs

3 ½ cups sifted flour

½ tsp salt

1 tsp soda

1 cup chopped nuts

mix and form in rolls

chill overnight and slice. Bake at 400 degrees

Hot rice pudding

"Do you ever make your mother's rice pudding? She gave me that recipe, and it's the only one I use. One quart of milk in a double boiler and half a cup of raw rice. It takes quite a while, about an hour, to cook in the double boiler. And you add about half a teaspoon of salt to it. And when the rice is done you beat an egg in a separate bowl, and add some of the rice to that. What you do is take about three or four teaspoons of the rice and mix that in, so the egg doesn't curdle. And you add about half a cup of sugar to the whole thing. And put some raisins in it. I don't like rice pudding [without raisins?].

"Then when it's done, you keep eating the rice till you find it's done—Ha! that's what I do—and then you put it in a casserole

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dish and sprinkle sugar and cinnamon. Just a light sprinkling of sugar and cinnamon.

“Now that’s your mother’s recipe. She gave me that when you lived on Post Avenue, and the applesauce cake is Grandma Trowbridge’s, and I’ve made it all my married life. I ought to be able to make it with my eyes shut, hadn’t I?”

Applesauce Cake

It calls for one and a-half cups of unsweetened applesauce. I’ve never made it with canned applesauce, but I imagine it would be okay. Juicy applesauce. I peel and core three or four apples. Dissolve one and a-half teaspoons of baking soda in it. Add half a cup of shortening, and one and a-half cups of sugar. You can skimp a little on the sugar. Then it calls for one teaspoon of cloves, and a teaspoon of cinnamon. Two and a-half cups of flour. I put about half a cup of raisins in it, and you can add a handful of chopped nutmeats, to. Bake it for about three-quarters of an hour.

Johnny cake

½ cup sugar	1 egg
salt	1 cup sour milk
1 tsp soda	2 ½ cups corn meal and flour
1 tblsp short	

I guess at it, more corn meal than flour.

Banana bread

1 cup sugar	½ cup short
2 eggs	1 tsp soda
2 cups flour	¾ cups nuts
3 crushed bananas	

Bake at 350 for one hour

Recipes

Lemon dessert

“Good.”

1 pkg lemon jello

1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups boiling water. Pour over jello. When cool, whip, add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar; juice and rind of 1 lemon. 1 tall can evaporated milk, chilled very cold, whip until thick and add to above mixture. Whip all together. Line a pan with 12 graham crackers, rolled fine. Put in pan and sprinkle on top, put in ice box until cold.

Unbaked cookies

2 cups sugar, 6 tbsl cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening. Blend together.

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, and let come to a full boil. Remove from heat; add 3 cups oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut; $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vanilla.

Apple Pudding

Take a round tablespoon of shortening, the size of an egg. Cream it together with one egg. One cup of milk, and flour to make batter, and one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix this into a batter and put a layer of it in a greased baking dish and cover with sliced apples. I put about three apples in. Cover with sugar and cinnamon, no more than one-half cup of sugar. Cover with the rest of the batter and bake it about three-quarters of an hour at about four hundred degrees. Then serve it warm with milk or cool whip or however you like it.

Sugar cookies

2 eggs

2 cups sugar

1 scant cup melted Crisco

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water with 1 large tsp soda in it

2 tsp baking powder

flavoring and salt. Flour enough to roll.

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Working on *Always Plenty* (I asked Grandma what she would like to title her biography and she didn't know, so I chose from her own words) has been like being involved in a long-term relationship. When I began, more than twenty-five years ago, Grandma and her children were all fairly hale. And now. . . only Doris is still here, and she moved from her home on Ronald Drive to The Legacy retirement living community two years ago.

Those who are interested in getting to know a little better the people (and some others) whose stories are told in the preceding pages may be interested in my roman à clef *The Longbow*.

It is my hope that the descendants of Jo and Hawley—or of George and Tryphena Eaton, Cyrenius and Mary Trowbridge (Argus, Bartholomew, *etc.*)—will feel their lives enriched by knowing more about the families' histories. And perhaps someone unrelated to any of those who appear in this volume will find pleasure and even life lessons in this little book. Greetings to you! It would be nice to share a cup of coffee and visit. May you too always find plenty to be thankful for.

Rick

